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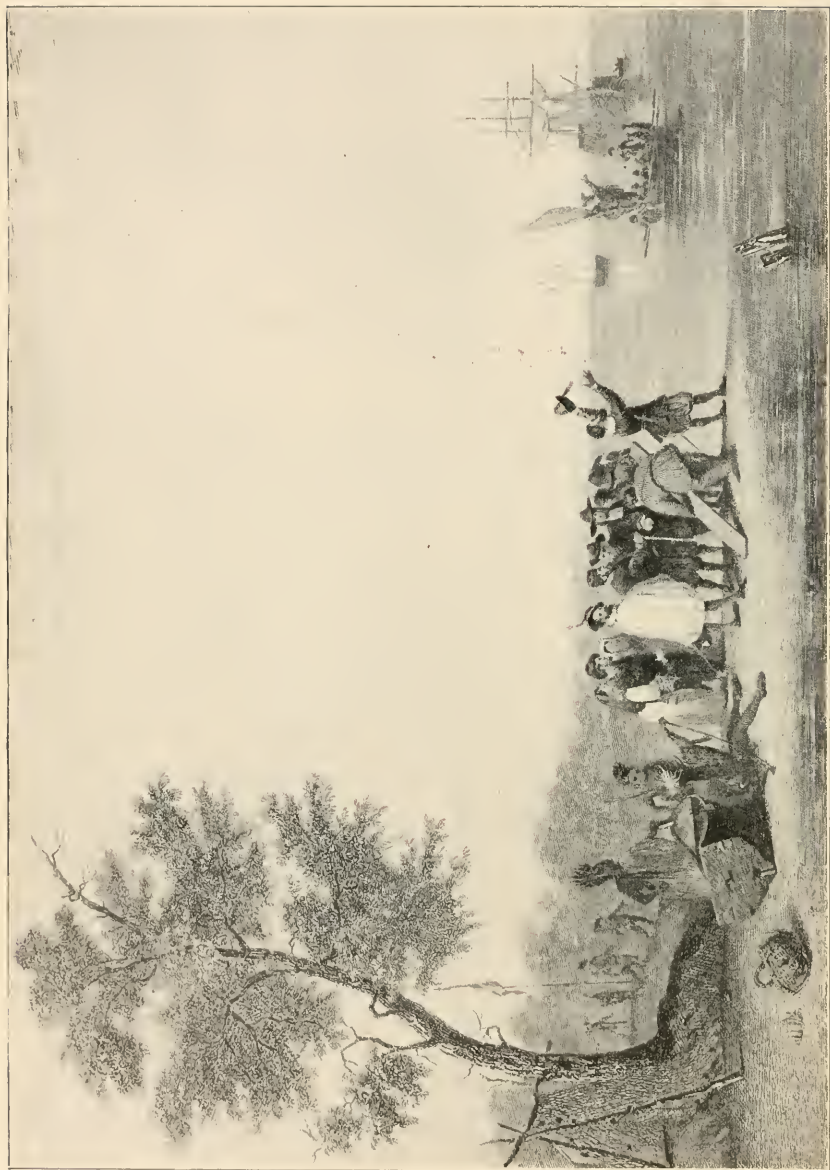
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THE LANDING AT JAMESTOWN

LETTERS

from

Colonial Children

BY, EVA MARCH TAPPAN



BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

The Riverside Press Cambridge

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Published September 1908

PREFACE

THESE letters are planned to give an idea of how life in some of the representative American colonies might have seemed to children, not necessarily the children of 1607 or 1733, as it may be, for, save in the case of one or two colonies, material for such precision of delineation is utterly lacking, but to the child mind rather than the adult mind. I have aimed at historical accuracy except in regard to the language employed. To sprinkle the pages with seventeenth-century phrases would have been a simple matter; but to reproduce with any degree of verisimilitude the familiar parlance of the children of three centuries ago would have been impossible. It seemed wiser, therefore, to trust to modern English and not attempt what must at best have been only an unsatisfactory imitation.

EVA MARCH TAPPAN.

Worcester, Massachusetts,

February 4, 1908.

CONTENTS

I. A Letter written by Will Newton, an English boy in Virginia, to a boy friend in England 1

The voyage to America—Captain John Smith—what happened at the Canary Islands—the Western Islands—strange birds and beasts—new food—lost on the ocean—going ashore—an attack by the Indians—who shall be councilors?—Indian courtesies—an invitation to dinner—a real chief—founding a city—treatment of Captain Smith—recompense.

II. A Second Letter from Will Newton in Virginia to a boy friend in England 20

A famine—Captain Smith gets food—the Okee—exploring the Chickahominy—Captain Smith is taken prisoner—sends a message to Jamestown—he is brought before Powhatan—is rescued by Pocahontas—returns to Jamestown—visits of Pocahontas—arrival of Captain Newport—trading with Powhatan—the blue beads—a search for gold—going home.

III. A Letter written by Henri Lamotte in Canada to his little brother Guillaume in France 40

Newfoundland—the demon of Percé Rock—trouble at Tadousac—the Saguenay—up the St. Lawrence to Quebec—“The Rock”—choosing a place for a settlement—why cannon are needed—Champlain’s three wishes—building

CONTENTS

the houses — the Indians and their eels — making ready for cold weather — winter occupations — the Indians in the river — Indian dreams — sickness at Quebec — visions of Brouage — the coming of spring — stories of Port Royal — the arrival of Pontgravé — Champlain's Indian visitors — the expedition against the Iroquois — the Indians' gift to Champlain — Indian beliefs — presents for the king and for Guillaume.

IV. A Second Letter from Henri Lamotte in Canada to his brother Guillaume in France . . . 78

The visits of the white boy and the Indian boy — unwelcome fur traders — the Indians greet Champlain — good news for the two brothers.

V. A Letter written at Plymouth by John Billington to his Grandmother in England . . . 85

An aggrieved boy — the Compact — kindness of Captain Miles Standish — searching for a place to settle — Corn Hill — the Place of the First Encounter — shipwreck — landing at Plymouth — building — fishing — the single man — Billington Sea — lost in the woods — meeting wolves — sickness — signs of Indians — Samoset visits Plymouth — the coming of Massasoit's men — Squanto — Massasoit and Quadequina are entertained at Plymouth — catching eels — Mr. Billington's troubles — an unwilling Pilgrim.

VI. A Second Letter from John Billington to his Grandmother in England . . . 113

Squanto's teachings — a visit to Massasoit — John starts for Virginia — visits the Indians at Nauset — taken home by the Pilgrims — greeting of the Governor — interview with Captain Standish — discontent of John's parents.

CONTENTS

- VII. A Third Letter from John Billington to his
Grandmother in England 123

An Indian declaration of war—a fortified village—the plague—Christmas games—good resolutions—an invitation.

- VIII. A Letter from Adelina Herrington, on her
way to Maryland, to Clarice Armitage in Paris 128

Leaving the convent—a new kind of English girl—to go to America or not?—the independence of Maryland—what to carry into a wilderness—a business girl—leaving Gravesend—called back—a terrible storm—the story of Father White—the three pirates—among the islands.

- IX. A Second Letter from Adelina Herrington of
Maryland to Clarice Armitage in Paris 141

The coming of the English ship—a visit to Virginia—the Potomac—landing on St. Clement's Island—building an altar—setting up a cross—reception at an American court—the visit of the emperor and other Indian guests—dedicating a church—Aunt Alicia and the velvet gown—"Supposing?"

- X. A Letter from Harry Maxon of Naumkeag
(Salem), in Massachusetts, to his Aunt Eleanor
in England 156

Mr. Higginson's farewell—how Harry came to start for Massachusetts—he becomes an heir—friends on board—ocean sights—a discussion—the death of Nero—losing a ship—nearing Cape Ann—Harry finds a home.

CONTENTS

XI. A Second Letter from Harry Maxon to his Aunt in England 164

Harry seven years older — “a real merchant” — starving times — the coming of the charter — Morton of Merry Mount and his arrest — forming a church — shall the prayer-book be permitted? — Governor Endicott cuts the cross from the flag — Roger Williams — Harry’s plans.

XII. A Letter written by Thomas Angell of Providence to his Uncle in England 175

A search for Roger Williams — his house is discovered — Mr. Williams decides to found a settlement — where shall it be? — “What cheer!” — a Rhode Island feast — Roger Williams’s visit to Canonius — the coming of colonists — hard times in Providence — Mr. Winslow’s visit — how Providence was named and laid out.

XIII. A Letter written by Polly Bergen of New Amsterdam to her Aunt in England 188

The will of Polly’s father — first views of America — the Dutch people on the wharf — the coming of Uncle Pieter and Aunt Catarina — the houses of New Amsterdam — Governor Stuyvesant — “home.”

XIV. A Second Letter from Polly Bergen to her Aunt in England 201

Polly’s first night in America — the cowherd — Polly’s room — Dutch eatables — the kitchen — the dark parlor — the spinning-room — the sitting-room — the kos — no girl friends — the fireplace, cupboard, bookshelf, Bible, slaapbank —

CONTENTS

New Amsterdam girls and amusements — bees — reading
Shakespeare.

XV. A Third Letter from Polly Bergen to her Aunt in England 218

The pincushion across the road — the Indians and their ways
— Indian money — a false alarm — the coming of the English
ships — the meeting of the council — Colonel Nicoll's letter
— a strong-willed governor — the surrender of the town.

XVI. A Fourth Letter from Polly Bergen to her Aunt in England 232

Polly's wish comes true.

XVII. A Letter written by Judith March of New- bury, Massachusetts, to her cousin, Anna Mait- land, in England 233

A spoiled birthday — Judith's punishment — the coming of a
stranger — great news — the opening of Albania — the silken
hood and scarf — the reading of the proclamation.

XVIII. A Second Letter from Judith March of Newbury to her cousin, Anna Maitland, in England 240

Judith's father goes to Albania — the new settlement — a
good chance for colonists — a fertile land — catching her-
ring — the sale of Albania — the coming of Philip Carteret
— a tardy welcome — the new governor's promises — a new
name for the province.

CONTENTS

XIX. A Letter written by Timothy Holden of Pennsylvania to his Cousin Henry in England 249

How to begin a letter — Timothy longs to see London — a Quaker meeting — coming to America — Timothy's Indian playmate Tamaqua — catching wild turkeys — how to make a canoe — visiting Tamaqua's father — Timothy "conforms" — the plans of William Penn — Penn and the king — uncertainty of Penn's coming — the arrival of William Markham — how Pennsylvania was named — Penn's letters to the colonists and to the Indians — choosing a site for the city — Timothy and Tamaqua go to meet the governor — taking seisin — the homes of the Swedish settlers — sailing up the river with the governor — celebrating as the "world's people" do — the two boys land at Chester — "worldly pride."

XX. A Second Letter from Timothy Holden to his Cousin Henry 272

Some great news — a visit to Philadelphia — the governor and the Indians — the governor leaps higher than they — the plan of the town — building the house — how the boys went to market — the market of the Swedes and the Indians — pop-robins — the kindness of the Indians — the treaty at Shackamaxon — the wampum belt — the caves — the houses of Philadelphia — Pennsbury — the names of the streets — the boys rent a cave — going to school — the post rider.

XXI. A Letter written by Bessie Clinton of London to "Sister Margaret" 289

The make-believe sister — the country home — Bessie's homes in London — trying to find work — a meeting with Daniel Defoe — the baker's bill — Bessie's wish.

CONTENTS

XXII. A Second Letter from Bessie Clinton to " Sister Margaret " 296

Bessie's wish comes true — Bessie's old friend Alice — the day when " Robinson Crusoe " was sold — turned out of doors — the meeting with Governor Oglethorpe — the new land — the debtors' prison — on shipboard.

XXIII. A Third Letter from Bessie Clinton to " Sister Margaret " 306

The first sight of land — going ashore — kindness of the people of Charleston and Beaufort — going to Savannah — putting up the first shelters — a busy morning — Governor Oglethorpe's visit to Tomo-chi-chi — the coming of the Indians — the council — how Tomo-chi-chi managed his men — forgotten details — the silkworms.



LETTERS

FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

I

*A Letter written by Will Newton, an English boy
in Virginia, to a boy friend in England*

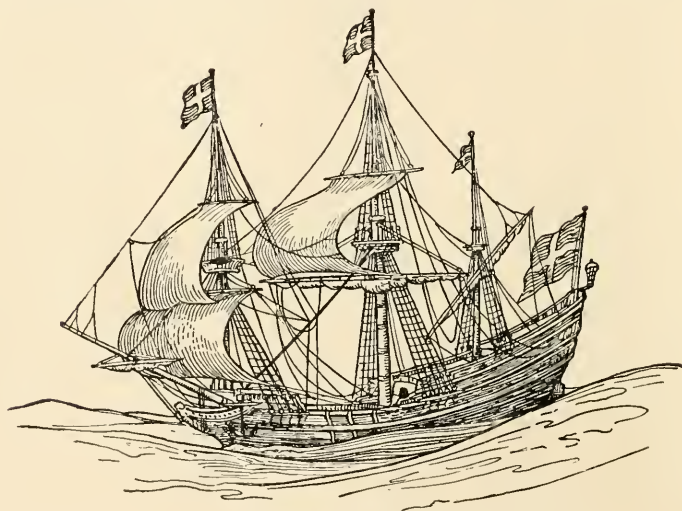
*Jamestown in Virginia,
June 15, 1607.*

I LEANED over the gunwale and waved my cap and watched you wave yours till you looked like a post shaking its head. Then I could n't see any head. Then the post was only a dot. Then there was not even a dot. Somehow I had not realized till that minute that I could n't go to America without leaving England, and for a little while I almost wished I was a real wooden post on the wharf just to be back again.

All that was nearly six months ago, and now I am a great traveler, colonist, and explorer. What do you think of that, Dicky boy ? I've seen more strange sights in one day than you could see in England in a month of Sundays. There are three of us boys, and we stick together fairly well ; but I'd give up the other two for you any time of day or night. Even those

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

first six weeks on the ship would n't have been so bad if you had been there. The wind blew from every point of the compass except the right one ; the water was so rough that more than half the men were seasick ; and the boat was so crowded that they were lucky if they could find an inch of room to lie down on deck. Master Hunt, our preacher, was so badly off that the doctor was afraid he would never see his home again—and all this time he could almost catch sight of his own chim-



A SHIP OF THE PERIOD

ney, for that whole six weeks we hung just off the coast of England. Sometimes there was only a bank of fog, but sometimes we could see the cliffs ; and it is no wonder that we all began to feel sober. The worst of it was the day before Christ-

WILL NEWTON OF JAMESTOWN

mas. We thought of the good times everybody would have on land while we were tossing about on the water, and not getting ahead any more than if we were tied to the bottom of the ocean.

I don't know what we should have done if it had not been for Captain Smith. Captain Newport is the captain of our ship; Captain Gosnold, who made a voyage to the New World four years ago, is captain of the other; Captain Ratcliffe com-



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH'S FIRST COMBAT WITH THE TURKS

mands the pinnace; and Captain John Smith is a captain in the army. He is twenty-seven years old, only twelve years older than you and I; but he has been everywhere and seen everything. He has fought the Spaniards and the Turks; he

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

has been a slave in Turkey and worn around his neck an iron collar with a hook to it so it would be easier to catch him if he tried to run away. He says that he has had enough of fighting, and he has come to Virginia to try his luck in the New World. He does not put on any airs, and he is just as ready to talk to us boys as to the gentlemen. It is rather hard to get



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH'S SECOND COMBAT WITH THE TURKS

him started to talking about his adventures; but when he has once begun, he'll tell the best stories you ever heard. As I said, I don't know how we should ever have gone through Christmas if it had not been for him. He went about from one to another, trying to cheer people up, and we boys followed on to hear what he would say. "Come, rouse up!" he called

WILL NEWTON OF JAMESTOWN

out to one man. "You're an Englishman, and wherever an Englishman is, he must be jolly on Christmas." He cheered us up in spite of ourselves. He started some games, and we played them as well as we could on ship; and he persuaded the cook to make us a monstrous pudding and a plum cake; and so the day passed.



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH'S THIRD COMBAT WITH THE TURKS

It was near the end of January before we were fairly away from England, and then we steered straight for the Canary Islands. Something happened there that made us boys pretty angry. You see, Captain Smith knew more than any one else. He had seen more and done more, and when nobody knew what to do, he could always suggest something. When the

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

other men quarreled, he and Master Hunt talked to them as if they were children, and tried to persuade them to behave. Anybody could see that Captain Smith and Master Hunt were two of the very best men on board. Some of the others were jealous and angry. They did not dare do anything to Master Hunt, because he was a minister; but they put their heads together and made up a fine story about Captain Smith. They said that he and some friends of his in the other two vessels were planning to murder the chief men and make him king of the country. Of course he never thought of any such thing; but they decided to keep him a prisoner till they came to Virginia, and then make up their minds what to do with him. We boys were angry enough, and some of the men were as angry as we. Captain Smith was cooler than all of us together. "Never mind, boys," he used to say; "I've been in worse places than this. Maybe they'll even build a gallows for me, but they won't persuade me to use it."

All this while we were sailing on, for we stayed at the Canaries only five days, and then we went pretty nearly west; and for three whole weeks we were among the Western Islands. I tell you, Dick, they were worth seeing. The water was so clear and blue that we could see shells, I don't know how many feet down. The sand was so white that it fairly dazzled my eyes. The woods are not the least bit like ours in England. Most of the trees have hard, shiny leaves like ivy and holly, and the vines of all sorts fairly run wild. But when you come

WILL NEWTON OF JAMESTOWN

to the birds—I tell you, Dick, I never saw anything like them. Of course the ducks and geese and pigeons are much like ours; but there are bright green parrots—you ought to hear the noise they keep up in the trees! And just fancy a bird not much bigger than a goose, but mounted on stilts for legs and with a neck so long that it could stretch right over the head of the tallest man. That is the flamingo. It is all bright scarlet, and it is certainly the most gorgeous thing I ever saw except one other bird that lives in this wonderful country. This last bird is as small as the flamingo is large. We have seen some not so big as the end of my thumb. They are crimson or green or orange or all colors together. They eat honey from the flowers, but they do not alight to take it,—they only flutter their wings so fast that they keep up in the air. They make a soft little humming noise. There are all sorts of fruit, too. I can't begin to tell you the names of half the things that we had to eat. There were oranges and lemons and figs and a dozen other kinds of fruit that I never saw before. We tried everything that the natives ate. You ought to have seen me roasting a parrot and then eating it, as if I had eaten parrots every day of my life. There were tortoises like monstrous turtles, and we ate those, too. We ate all kinds of queer fishes; but the strangest creature of all was one that the natives call the iguana. It is the ugliest lizard that I ever saw. It is three feet long and covered with little scales. All down the ridge of its back is a row of prickles. Some of these monsters are gray

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

and some are green. I don't know which is the more hideous, but we ate both kinds. This strange country even cooked our food, for on one of the islands we found a spring so hot that we boiled our meat in it.

I should have liked to sail around among those islands for a year; and I believe there would have been something new to see every day; but after three weeks we set off for Roanoke Island. You know that is where Sir Walter Raleigh sent out his settlers twenty years ago. No one ever knew what became of them; and it began to look as if no one would ever know what became of us, for we sailed on and on, but still we did not come to land. Everybody felt rather uneasy. The men began to whisper together, and before long some of them declared they did not believe the Captain had any idea where we were. After a while the truth came out. According to the reckoning we ought to have been at Roanoke Island three days before, and we were fairly lost. I'll own up, Dick, and say honestly that I did wish I was at home again. I never said so, though; but Captain Ratcliffe, who commands the pinnace, came out openly and declared there was no use in hunting for Roanoke, that the best thing we could do was to go straight back to England. "What a coward he is!" the men said; but I think more than one of them felt the same, though they would n't admit it. We did n't feel any better when the sky grew dark and the wind began to blow a gale, and we had to scud under bare poles all night long. It was a pretty good storm, though, after all; for



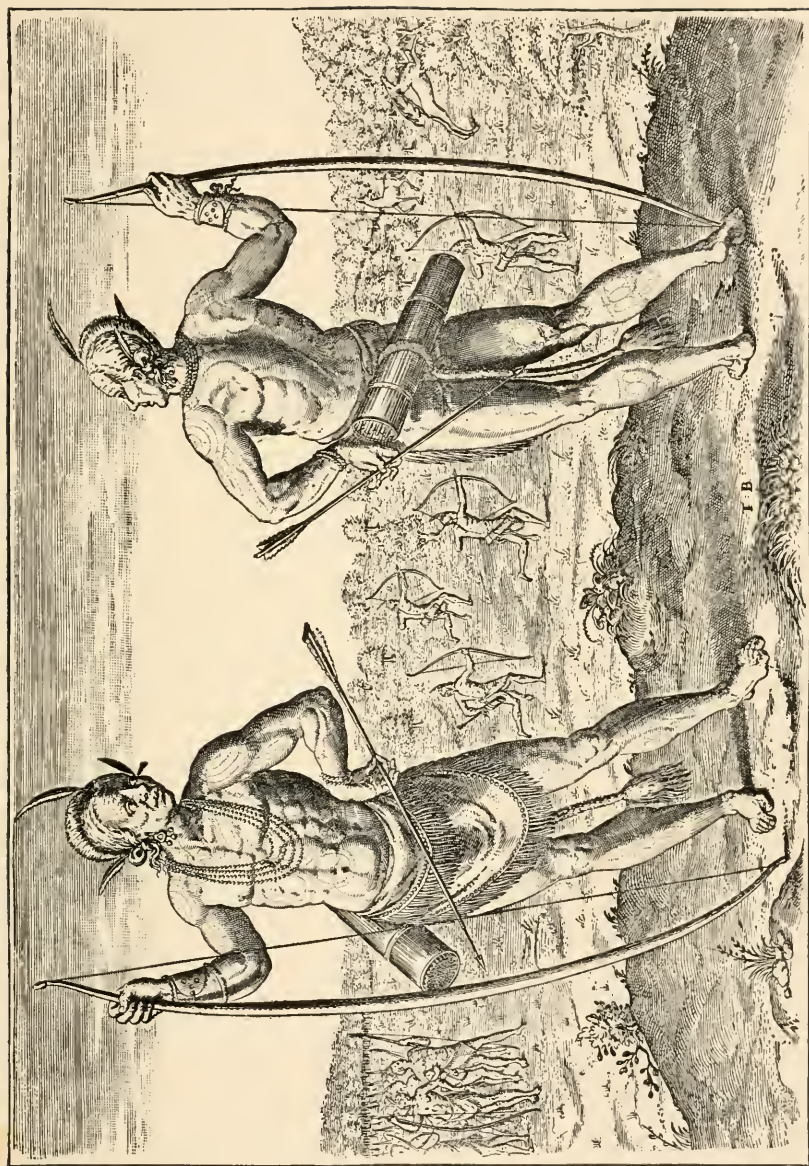
PART OF DE LAET'S MAP OF VIRGINIA.

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

before it was really light in the morning, the watch called, "Land ahead!" and there we were off the coast. This land proved to be a cape pointing to the north. We named it Cape Henry for the Prince of Wales. North of it is another cape, as we learned afterwards, pointing south, and this we named Cape Charles for the king's second son.

We were half wild to be on land, and before long Captain Newport and twenty-five or thirty others were ready to go ashore. I was fairly hungry to go with them. I would have given my head to go; but I knew there would n't be any use in asking when every man on the ship wanted to go as much as I. I suppose I looked as if I was ready to jump overboard, and all at once Captain Newport turned to me and said, "You don't weigh much. In with you," and in two seconds I was on my way to land.

It seemed strange enough to step on a shore where no white man had ever been; but nothing happened any more than it would if I had put my foot down in a London street, and I began to look around. There were meadows and brooks and tall trees. There were more flowers than I ever dreamed of before, and there were strawberries red as red and four times as big as they are in England. There was something else, too; for while we were picking berries, one of the men cried, "Look over there on that hill!" We looked, and there were five Indians creeping down hill on all fours like so many bears. They carried their bows in their mouths, and as soon as they found that we



VIRGINIA INDIANS

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

had seen them, they jumped up and began to shoot at us. We had been too eager to get ashore to think much about arms, but there were a few muskets among us, and we fired. The Indians shot and then they ran; but two of our men were pretty badly hurt. We ran, too, for nobody knew how many Indians might be over the hills just out of sight; and we were not sorry when we were on the ship again.

Something happened on shipboard that night that made us boys chuckle. You see, the Company in England that sent us over here did not say who were to be the members of the Council. They put it all on paper, shut the paper into a box, and sealed the box. Then they gave orders that it should be kept shut till we had come to Virginia. Well, it was opened that night. Captain Gosnold's name came first, and the second was John Smith! We did not dare to say a word aloud, but we slipped off to the very bow of the boat and put our heads close together and whispered, "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" and it sounded as loud to us as if we had shouted it.

When we went back, everybody was talking about the Company's orders. You know it cost them a good deal of money to bring us over here, and they expect us to find some gold mines at least; but the thing they really want most is that we should discover a passage to the South Sea. If we can find that, they can trade with China and Japan, and England will be rich enough to cover her houses with gold.

The first thing to do was to find the right kind of place for a

WILL NEWTON OF JAMESTOWN

settlement. And in four days we left Cape Henry on our left and sailed straight into what some of the men think is a great bay and others think may be the Passage itself. Captain Newport and some of the other men went ashore — and they took their muskets this time. Pretty soon they caught sight of five badly scared Indians — the red men seem to hunt in fives. The Captain wanted to make friends with them, and it must have been a funny sight to see him rubbing his hand on his heart and smiling and bowing to them like a Frenchman. The Indians came up to the mark like white men and contrived somehow to invite our people to visit their town a little way off and eat dinner. The dinner was chiefly corn bread, but they smoked tobacco afterwards, and then there was a dance. It must have been a sight worth seeing. The men said that one Indian stood in the middle with the others all around him. They howled and stamped and leaped and made up faces. I do hope I can see it some day; but I've seen something already worth two of that. Honestly, Dick, I do believe I am the luckiest boy in the colony. Indeed, I know I am, for there are just three of us, and I am the only one that went. You know we brought a shallop with us already to be put together. Now one day on the ship one of the gentlemen adventurers pushed me out of his way and growled, "Get out, you carpenter's youngster!" I felt pretty mad at the time, but I've discovered that it is a fine thing to be a carpenter's youngster. You see, I had been helping father on the boat, and when he jumped in, some one

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

said, "Let the boy go, too; we have n't really tried the boat yet and his father may need help." You'd better believe it did n't take me long to get in, and I made myself as small as ever I could for fear some one would say there was n't room enough. Now open your eyes wide, Dicky boy, for we were going to pay a visit to a real chief. This was n't any "happening in to dinner" like the other time; we had been regularly invited, and the chief had sent one of his men to show us the way. Up the river we paddled. It winds about a good deal and the shores are rather low and marshy. The Indians call it the Powhatan, but I heard some of the men talking about naming it the James in honor of the king, unless we find a river that is larger.

We went more than fifty miles, and then our guide drew up to the shore and pointed up the bank; and I tell you, Dick, there was a sight away beyond the king and the lord mayor and the Globe Theatre all put together. I heard something that sounded like a flute, and in a minute or two the queerest-looking object you ever saw stood at the top of the bank. His head came in sight first, and that was a big show all by itself. His hair was done up in a knot, and around it was a sort of wreath made of some kind of hair colored bright red. This was on one side of his head. On the other was a flat plate of copper; but how it was made to stay there I don't know. Between the wreath and the plate, two long quills stuck straight up like horns. His face was painted blue with bits of something sprinkled over it that looked like silver. There was a big hole

WILL NEWTON OF JAMESTOWN

in each ear, and the claw of some kind of bird, set in either copper or gold, had been put through each hole. The ends of the claws kept catching in the long strings of pearls that were hung over his ears or else through some smaller holes, I could n't tell which. Shouldn't I like to see him on London Bridge,



VIRGINIA INDIAN IN WINTER COSTUME, AND AN INDIAN VILLAGE

though! He stepped toward us and motioned us to come up the bank. Some of his men spread a big woven mat on the ground, and that comical creature sat down with as much dignity as if he had been a king opening Parliament. After a while he got up and beckoned to us to follow him to his village.

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

There he had had a feast made ready of fish and strawberries and a kind of bread made of corn. Was n't I glad that I was a carpenter's son!

But don't fancy that we spend all our time going visiting. Why, we have founded a city, Dick, just think of that! It is on a little peninsula that extends into the James River. Captain Gosnold says it is too low and marshy, but President Wingfield likes it, and Captain Smith says it is a fine place for a big town some day. One thing is sure,—there won't be any trouble in unloading vessels, for the water is so deep that big ships can sail right up to the shore and tie to the trees. Everybody has worked hard. Some have been cutting down trees and clearing the ground for tents and gardens; some have been making nets; and some have been splitting clapboards, for Captain Newport expects to sail for home in three or four weeks, and he wants to carry a cargo of them. We have built a church, too. The walls are made of rails nailed to the trees. The roof is an old sail stretched overhead. A board fastened to two trees near together is the pulpit. The seats will never break down, for they are just bare logs laid in rows. Master Hunt reads prayers morning and evening, and on Sunday he preaches two sermons. We have to keep awake whether we want to or not, for it isn't easy to dream and sit on a log at the same time.

The Indians made us friendly visits, but I noticed that Captain Smith kept his eye on them. It is shameful the way

WILL NEWTON OF JAMESTOWN



GETTING SETTLED AT JAMESTOWN

he has been treated. We thought it would be all right when we found that his name was in the box; but the other councilors decided that he should not be in the Council. They called him a prisoner all this time, but they were not ashamed to make him work for them, and about two weeks ago they sent him off with Captain Newport and twenty others to explore the river. President Wingfield thought that there was not any need of a fort or a watch; but while Captain Smith was gone the Indians attacked us, and now we have the cannon mounted. There is always a guard, and we have regular drills and exercises.

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

Now I'll tell you something fine about Captain Smith. President Wingfield and the other men who hated him just because he was so much brighter and cleverer than they put their heads together and thought out a plan. They said that they really pitied Captain Smith, because when they had told what they



FIGHTING THE INDIANS.

knew of his wickedness he would be so despised by every man in the colony. They thought it would be far more kind to him to permit him to return to England and be tried there. Captain Smith saw straight through their tricks, and he said, "No, you have accused me and made me a prisoner, and I demand to be

WILL NEWTON OF JAMESTOWN

tried here.” They could n’t be “kind ” to him against his will, so they had to agree to have a trial. They brought up one charge after another, and Captain Smith proved that every one was false. Then what do you think the people did? They declared that President Wingfield and the others had tried to injure Captain Smith out of nothing but hatred and malice, and they sentenced the President to pay him £200! Was n’t that a victory! When the money, or as much of it as President Wingfield had, was given to him, he took it without a word; but after a little while he gave it to the treasurer to use for the whole colony. Then Master Hunt went about talking to one after another and persuading them to forgive and forget. They all like him, and they agreed to like one another as well as they could. Captain Smith is in the Council now, where he belongs, and we are as peaceful as a millpond. Even the Indians sent messengers to say that they wanted to be good friends with us. There will not be any more trouble with them, and we can go on and make our city. Captain Newport is going to sail in a day or two; but he is coming back in four or five months to bring us more provisions. I wish you were here, Dick. It is more fun to be a colonist than anything else in the world. I would n’t give it up for all London.

Your old friend, . WILL.

P. S. I have n’t written this letter all at once by any means, and you need n’t think I shall ever write another as long.

II

A Second Letter from Will Newton, in Virginia, to a boy friend in England

*Jamestown in Virginia,
August 26, 1608.*

CAPTAIN NEWPORT had not been gone a week before I would have given my pint of mouldy wheat and barley to be on the ocean with him in a ship headed for England. You need not laugh, Dick, for that is what each one of us had for his daily rations. The grain had lain in the ship so long that it was mouldy and full of weevils too. Every morning we put the daily allowance of us all into a great kettle and boiled it. Then it was given out, weevils and all; and we were so nearly starved that the only thing we complained of was that there was so little of it. You see, when the ship was here, we could always get good food of the sailors, for most of us had a little money, and those who had none could swap sassafras or furs; so we got on finely. The Indians promised to be friendly, and Captain Newport left us a quantity of the things they like best, — beads, looking-glasses, hatchets, copper kettles, toys, and red cloth, so we could trade with them. After the vessel

WILL NEWTON OF JAMESTOWN

sailed, however, they were not so ready to trade; and we found that some of them had planned to starve us out. We did not dare to venture far away to hunt for game. We caught crabs and a sturgeon now and then; and that, together with the weevily corn, was all we had to eat. There were not tents enough to hold us all, and some slept in the trees. It grew frightfully hot. You haven't the least idea how hot America can be when it tries. We worked terribly hard, building the palisades and trying to put up some little huts for ourselves, and hoeing the corn. Oh, that corn! We wanted it to grow so much that we almost stood over it and pulled to see if we could not help it along. There was nothing to drink but river water. When the tide was high, that was salt; and when it was low, it was nothing but slime. We had to drink one or the other or die of thirst. It is no wonder that almost every one was sick; and before autumn fifty of our men had died. Captain Gosnold is dead, and for a long while Captain Smith was so sick that we were afraid he would not get well either. President Wingfield had charge of the provisions, and you may be sure *he* did not suffer. Then, too, the first thing we knew, he had it all nicely arranged for himself and a few of his friends to escape in the pinnace and leave us to starve or not, as we could. He ought to have been hanged, but he was only put out of the Council.

It grew worse and worse. I tell you, Dick, it is not comfortable to be hungry. I can remember crying for more Christ-

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

mas pudding in England, and I can remember saying that I was ammost starved when dinner was late; but that was not being hungry. If you are really hungry, you can't look at a river without thinking of fried fish, and you can't look at a tree without thinking of squirrel soup. You see a field mouse, and you wish you were not any bigger than he, so a dozen grains of corn would give you a full meal. Your head feels queer and your feet kind of wobble. Your clothes are so big you are sure they must belong to some one else. You can't find any crabs. The sturgeon won't be caught. One minute you are ready to swallow a pine tree, and the next it makes you sick to think of tasting anything. That's the way it felt to be hungry, Dick; and all this time the sun was growing hotter and the people were groaning and crying out and dying with the sickness. One while there were not more than five who could have fired a musket if the Indians had attacked us.

If it had not been for Captain Smith, this letter would never have been written, that's sure. I'll tell you what he did. Our corn had been planted too late to come to anything, but the Indians had plenty; and just as soon as he could stand, he started out in the boat to get them to sell us some. He knows almost everything, but he can't talk Indian, and he had to do it all by signs. He pointed to his mouth as if he were eating and held out his beads and needles and hatchets. Those red men knew that if they did not give us any food we should starve, and they would get the hatchets and things anyway; so they

WILL NEWTON OF JAMESTOWN

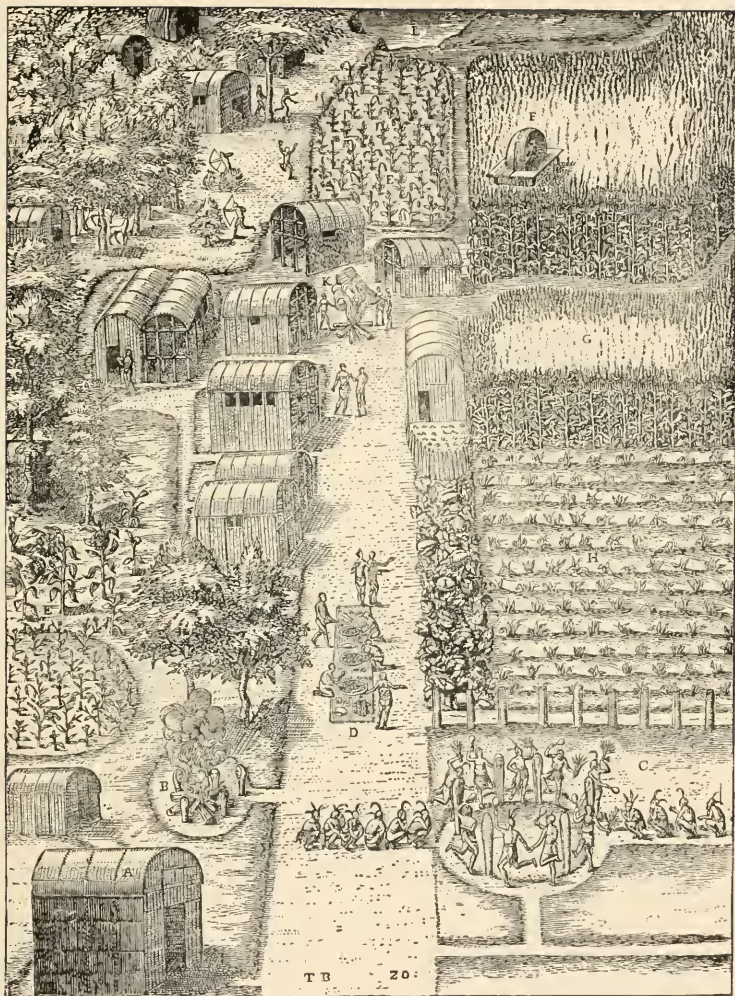


Jo Smith.

just grinned at him or held out a little handful of corn and pointed to a sword or a musket. Of course he would not give them arms to kill us with, but he did give them powder; for

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

he and his men fired their muskets and sprang ashore. The Indians ran for their lives, but it was not long before they came back with a great company of their friends. Of course I was not there, but the men told me all about it, and they said it was a sight. They heard the howling that the Indians seem to think is singing; and then they saw the queerest monster that any one ever dreamed of. It was really a great rag baby made of skins and stuffed with moss. The Indians had painted it so it looked almost as bad as themselves, and they had hung copper chains over it. It seemed to be a sort of idol, and they were not the least bit afraid now it was with them. They fired at our men, and our men fired at them and the monster, and took the monster prisoner. Then it was the Indians' turn to beg. They had lost their *Okee*, as they called it, and they were ready to do anything to get it back. Captain Smith pointed to their heaps of corn, then to his boat and then to the hatchets and beads and things. Then he looked pleasant and held out his hand to them. They understood, and in no time at all they filled his boat with corn, and piled venison and turkeys on top of it. Captain Smith gave them copper and knives and beads and hatchets. The red men and the white men smiled at each other, and the red men danced for the white men to show them what good friends they were. Then the Indians took their *Okee* and went off singing, while Captain Smith came back with the corn; and you'd better believe he had a welcome. We had enough to eat for a good while after that, for the



INDIAN VILLAGE OF SECOTAN

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

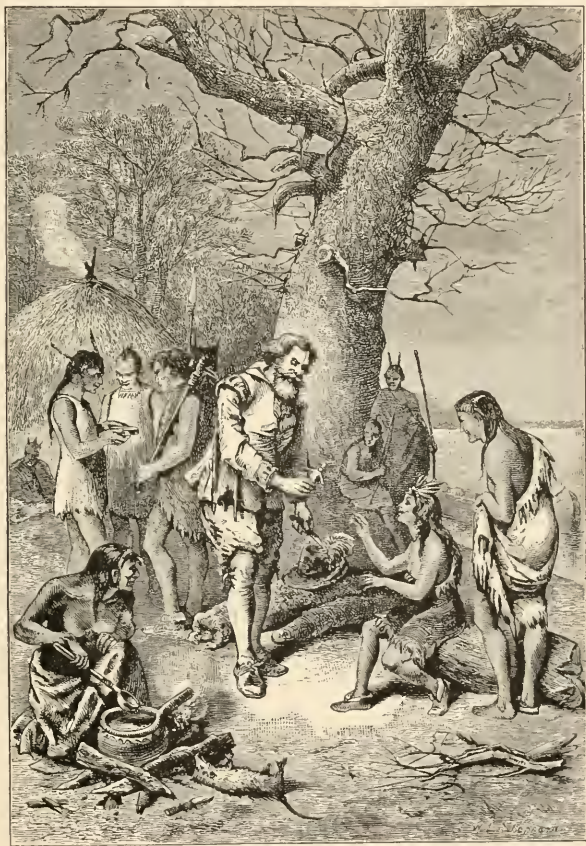
Indians brought corn and beans and pumpkins; and as it grew colder the wild geese and the ducks came back in great flocks.

I suppose you think my letter is all about the Captain, but as I have said before, if it had not been for him there would not have been any letter. He was getting in food for the winter when the Council began to grumble that he ought to be exploring the Chickahominy River. "We are not going to stay here forever," they said. "We want to make our fortunes and go home. The Chickahominy comes from the northwest. Of course it rises in high land, and there is no reason why there should not be a river flowing down the other side into the South Sea."

Captain Smith did not really believe this, but he chose nine men to go with him and set out. He went in the barge as far as he could; then he paddled on in a canoe; then he and an Indian guide went still farther on foot. A large party of Indians came down upon him and took him prisoner. Now you won't think I've said too much about him when I tell you what a clever thing he did. He had learned a few Indian words by this time, but he did not begin to beg for his life; he knew Indians too well for that. I can fancy just how he looked — as if he did not care an oyster shell for any of them — and how he waved his hand as if he were sweeping them into the quagmire, and said, "Weromance." That means chief, and so they took him to their chief, Opechancanough. Captain Smith says that the Indians think whatever they do not understand is a god, and he pulled his compass out of his pocket and showed it to them. He told

WILL NEWTON OF JAMESTOWN

them as well as he could how he could find his way through the woods by it; and they were as pleased as babies with sugar-



CAPTAIN SMITH, A PRISONER, AMUSING THE INDIANS

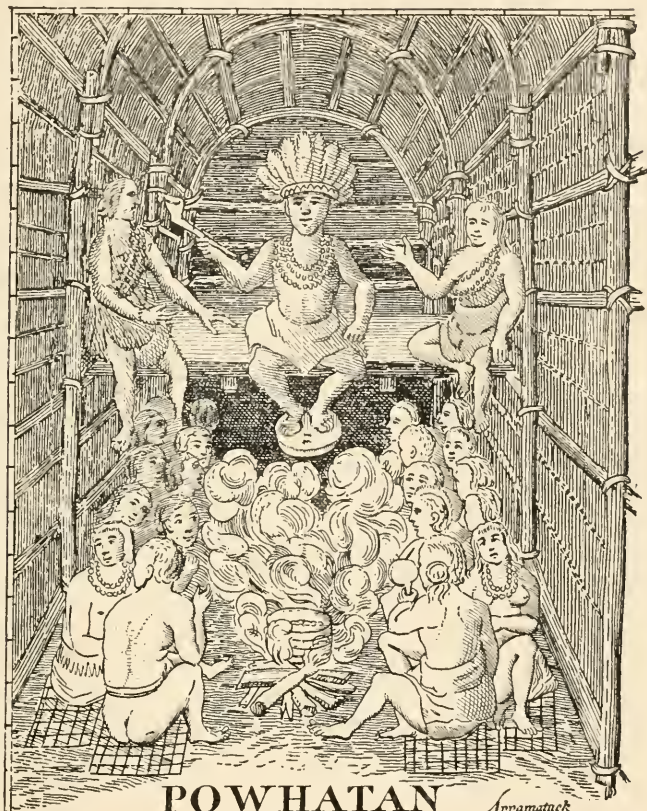
plums. It is not very easy to get Captain Smith to tell of his adventures, as I wrote in my other letter; but we found out

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

that the Indians wanted to kill him, and the chief would not let them, for he had a plan worth two of theirs. He gave the Captain no end of good things to eat and set a guard of forty men over him. After a while the chief contrived to say that he wanted to get rid of those people at Jamestown. "If you will help me," he said as well as he could by signs and words that the Captain knew, "you shall be a big warrior among us. You shall live with us and have some land and some wives." "But those people are very strong," the Captain said. "They can do wonderful things, and there is no way that you can take them." The chief looked so angry that the Captain almost expected to be killed on the instant; but one of the Indians had a new idea. In the fight the Captain had wounded a brave, as they call their fighters. "Come and make him well," they said. When the Captain looked at him, he saw that the man was not badly hurt, and he had an idea too, an idea that was worth a dozen of theirs. "I have some medicine at Jamestown that will cure him," he said. "Let some of your braves carry to the white men this bit of paper from my notebook, and then go at sunset to the big rock that overhangs the river above the settlement, and they will find the medicine." You'd better believe he wrote more than one thing on that bit of paper. He told us to put the medicine beside the rock and to treat the messengers well and give them presents to bring back, but to be sure and scare them half out of their wits. Did n't we, though! We fired muskets and pistols and demi-culverins. You ought to

WILL NEWTON OF JAMESTOWN

have seen those Indians run! They carried back the medicine, however, and the brave got well.



POWHATAN

Appamatuck

*Held this state & fashion when Capt. Smith
was delivered to him prisoner*

1607

Still those red men could n't make up their minds what to do with the Captain. They were afraid to let him live and they

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

did not really dare to kill him. At last they decided to carry him to Powhatan, who is a bigger chief than Opechancanough. That must have been a sight. You see, the Captain was a prisoner, but he was a great man just the same, and Powhatan wanted to make it clear that *he* was a great man, too. Fancy a long, narrow hut made of branches of trees woven together and covered with bark. Inside the hut were two rows of women sitting next the wall. Their heads and shoulders were daubed with red paint, and pieces of white down were fastened in their hair. Chains of white beads were around their red necks and fell over their red shoulders. In front of the women were two rows of men, all in full dress; that is, with beads and feathers and birds' claws and such things. At the end of the room was a sort of platform covered with cushions. It looked as much like a bedstead as anything, the Captain said, but it was a throne; and there was Powhatan, all splendid in feathers and beads and raccoon skins. He sat up very straight and looked as if he was a king, the Captain told us. Two of his favorite daughters were with him, one on each side. When the Captain was brought in, all those people gave a yell. They brought him water to wash his hands and a great bunch of feathers to dry them on. They gave him the best food they had. Then they had a long talk together. He did not know what all this meant; but when the talk stopped and two big stones were brought in and set down before Powhatan, and two of the strongest of the braves took their places beside them with clubs, then it did not

WILL NEWTON OF JAMESTOWN

need a conjurer to tell what was coming. Even Captain Smith could not think of anything to do; and when he could not, you may be sure that no one else could. They laid him down with



SMITH RESCUED BY POCAHONTAS

his head on the stones and the men with the clubs were all ready to strike when something happened. He had noticed that when they were talking, the youngest daughter seemed to be begging her father to do something, but that he shook his head.

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

This little girl had no idea of giving up her own way, in spite of Powhatan and all his braves, and suddenly she jumped down from the bedstead and threw her arms about the Captain's neck. The old chief was not one bit afraid of his braves, but he could not make up his mind to cross his pet daughter. He gave a sort of growl, then he half smiled; and at last he said, "Let her have him if she wants him. He can make bells and beads for her and hatchets for me." Two days later he said to the Captain, "I shall call you my son now. We are friends, and you are free to return to the white men. You may have land too. Give me two of those big wonderful guns and a grindstone, and you may have the whole Capahowsie country."

Captain Smith was not sure even then that his guides would not kill him on the way back to Jamestown; but they were very good to him. You can imagine that we were glad when we saw him and his twelve Indians coming down the river, for we had thought he was dead. He made a feast for the Indians, and then he showed them a big grindstone and two demi-culverins. "Those are what your king wanted," he said. "Can you carry them to him?" One lifted, and another lifted. Then they grunted and shook their heads; and no wonder, for the guns weigh four or five thousand pounds apiece. "I will show you how to use them," said the Captain, and he fired one of them at a great tree loaded with icicles. You never heard such a racket and you never saw such scared Indians. They did not want any more demi-culverins, and they were a little afraid of



*Matoaks als Rebecca daughter to the mighty Prince
Powhatan Emperour of Auancoghchemuck als virginia
converted and baptizel in the Christian faith, and
wife to the ver.^{re} M.^r Joh Rolff.*

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

the grindstone; I suppose they thought that might go off, too. "If you do not want them, I will give you something instead," the Captain said; and they went away happy with some hatchets and bells and children's toys.

Now whenever Captain Smith goes away there is sure to be trouble of some kind. They had sent him off to explore the Chickahominy when he wanted to get in food, and of course the food gave out. If it had not been for Powhatan's little daughter, I don't know what we should have done. The Indians told us to call her Pocahontas; they won't let us know her real name for fear we might bewitch her. That little girl was not any more afraid of us than I am of you, and every few days she came to visit us. I tell you, Dick, she was welcome, for she never came without a train of Indians, and every one of them was loaded with corn or venison or something else that was good to eat.

We never knew but each visit of Pocahontas would be the last, and we watched and watched for Captain Newport and his vessel. At last he came, and some new settlers with him. He brought food as he had promised, and it did taste good; but there was not half enough, for he stayed more than three months, and the sailors had to live on what he had brought for us. He let them trade with the Indians; and now there were so many white men to buy that the Indians kept putting their prices higher and higher. Captain Newport gave something to every red man that he saw and sent present after present to Powhatan, until the old

WILL NEWTON OF JAMESTOWN

chief thought this new captain must be a very great man. "Tell the great white chief to come to visit me," Powhatan said; and Captain Newport and thirty or forty men went to his village. They carried presents of course; and Captain Newport gave him a whole suit of red cloth, a hat, and a greyhound that he had brought from England. Then there was a dance and a feast — think of a feast three days long!

After the feast came the time for trading. Captain Newport had said so many fine things to Powhatan and made him so many presents that the chief thought himself the greatest man in all Virginia and believed he could do whatever he chose with the white men. My father went with the company, and he told me all about it. He said Powhatan sat up as straight and dignified as you can imagine. He said to Captain Newport, "You are a great chief and I am a great chief. We cannot trade like these little men; that is not the way for us. You lay down what you wish to sell and I will lay down what I will give." Father said the old fellow looked so calm and stately that he really did not wonder that Captain Newport was taken in. Captain Smith whispered, however, "Don't do it, Captain, he's only trying to cheat you;" but Captain Newport did it just the same. He made a great display of the things that Indians like, enough to buy corn to last us half the winter. Father said Powhatan's eyes sparkled, but in a moment he turned away and tried to look as if he did not care. When Captain Newport had finished, Powhatan spoke to some of his men, and they brought up about four

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

bushels of corn. "That is yours," said the sly old fox, "and this is mine," and he motioned to his men to gather up the hatchets and red cloth and bells and other things. Captain Smith stood close by father, and father heard him mutter, "Those things were worth twenty hogsheads of corn. We could have bought it cheaper in Spain."

Captain Smith was not the man to let himself be cheated, however, and pretty soon he got up a trick that brought us out even at least. He began to show Powhatan some of his little things, and he found that the old chief had taken a fancy to some blue beads that he had not seen before. "I don't want to sell those," the Captain said. "They are made of a rare substance and are very precious. You see they are of the same color as the sky, and only the greatest kings in the world can wear them." The more he said he could not sell them, the more Powhatan was bound to have them. At last he offered two or three hundred bushels of corn for a pound or two of those blue beads. Captain Smith said no, but at last he yielded. The corn was loaded into the boats and Powhatan put some strings of beads around his neck, happy as a king with a new palace.

Our people were happy, too, for now we had enough food to last for a good while. We needed all we could get, for Captain Newport stayed and stayed. He and his men were half wild about gold. You know that at home everybody thinks Virginia is full of gold, that all you have to do is to wash some sand or a spadeful of dirt to fill your pockets. The Captain was so sure

A T R V E R E lation of such occur-

rences and accidents of noateas
hath hapned in Virginia since the first
planting of that Collony, which is now
resident in the South part thereof, till
the last returne from
thence.

*Written by Captaine Smith one of the said Collony, to a
worshipfull friend of his in England,*



Æ O X D O X

Printed for *John Tappe*, and are to bee folde at the Grey=
hound in Paules Church yard by *W.W.*

1 6 0 8

TITLE OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH'S "TRUE RELATION"
Being a letter written by him in 1608

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

of finding it that he brought a jeweler and two goldsmiths and two refiners, and he had hardly stepped ashore before he began to talk about the quantity of gold that he hoped to carry home with him. Captain Smith told him he did not believe there was an ounce of it in all Virginia; but Captain Newport only smiled and said, "I guess we'll take a look around before we sail."

I should think they did take a look around. They wandered about with shovels and picks; and wherever they wandered they left holes in the ground. Father heard Captain Smith mutter to himself, "Pity that all this digging could not go into a cornfield next summer;" but it did not do any good to say a word. At last the sailors came upon a little stream that flowed over glittering sand. They were half wild about it, and the refiners set to work to see if the shiny bits were not really gold. I asked father if he did not mean to get some, but he said no, he rather thought Captain Smith knew more than those gold people, and he should keep on with his work. I think father is getting tired of the whole affair. He has worked hard cutting down cedar trees and getting out clapboards to send to England; and now Captain Newport won't carry them because he wants every inch of room for this gold. And, honestly, Dick, I've wished more than once that I was back in England. It's no use, though; we're here, and here we must be.

Good-by, Dick. Maybe you won't hear from me again. If the Phoenix does not come from England with provisions, we shall

WILL NEWTON OF JAMESTOWN

have a hard time to get through the winter and spring till the corn is ripe. The Indians are not so much afraid of us as they were. Captain Newport gave Powhatan ever so many swords, and now they know that they can fight as well as we except for our guns. Should you rather starve or be killed by an Indian, Dick?

Your old friend,

WILL.

P. S. O Dick, Dick, Dick, be sure to be on the wharf to meet us. No, I forgot that I shall carry my own letter. I don't know whether I am standing on my feet or my head, I am so happy. Captain Newport sails in the morning, and father and I are coming home with him.

III

A Letter written by Henri Lamotte in Canada to his little brother Guillaume in France

Quebec, August 31, 1609.

YOU cried when I came away from old Brouage, but I am sure you will be happy when you see this letter, for it is written just to you and is going to be carried across the wide ocean in a great ship for nothing else but to please my little eight-year-old brother. I know that you cannot write me an answer yet; but never mind. Learn as fast as you can, and it will not be long before you can send a letter to the Rock. "The Rock" is a great cliff, higher than the highest steeple that you ever saw. It would not be very easy to climb it if the rain had not gullied out a rough sort of path. Some day that cliff will have a fort on it, the *Sieur de Champlain* says, and there will be a town, or at any rate a village. It does not look much like even a village now, though the Indians come from away back in the forest to see the wonderful houses that we have built.

We did n't come here in a day; we were on the ocean six long weeks before we caught even a glimpse of land. This was Newfoundland. And how do you think it looked? It was not level

HENRI LAMOTTE OF CANADA

and bright and sunny like Brouage. First, it was nothing but a fogbank. Then the fog looked a little darker in one place than it did around it. Then all of a sudden it swept away, and there were cliffs, tall cliffs of dark red rock. We could see white lines running down some of the cliffs. What do you think they could have been? They were brooks, all white and foamy because they ran so fast down the steep rocks. There were a few green patches, and those were grass. The biggest waves you can imagine were breaking upon the base of the cliffs. It looked dark and gloomy and I was glad we were not to stop there. We sailed on past big islands and little islands. One looked just like a whale. Another was higher than a church steeple and more than twice as long as it was high. We heard this island before we saw it. What do you think of that? We heard shrieking and squalling and squawking and screaming and screeching. I crossed myself, for they say there are demons on some of these islands. We could not see anything, but after the fog blew away, there was this immense rock. Two great passage ways were pierced through at the base large enough for a boat to go through.

But you want to know about the noises, I am sure. Those did not stop, but we found out what made them. It was nothing but birds, and there was not a demon to be seen. The gulls live on one end of the rock and the cormorants on the other. They quarrel every little while, and then they fight and scream and squawk and make all the rest of the noises. They

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

kept up the din as long as we could see them or hear them. Our own fishermen come here to fish, so maybe you ate for your breakfast some salt fish from this very place.

The pierced rock, or Percé Rock, was not where we were to stop. We passed that and sailed on and on into a mighty river. After a while we landed at a point that the Indians call Tadousac. Then we were surprised, for two ships were in the harbor. Of course you can guess who was on board one of them, for you saw it start from Honfleur eight days before I sailed. It was Captain Pontgravé. He had come to buy furs of the Indians; but when he reached Tadousac, he found another ship there with Basques on board, and they were buying furs as fast as ever they could. Captain Pontgravé showed them the letter of the king. It said that for one year no one but the Captain should have the right to buy furs. The Basques said, "We don't care what the king says; we are going to buy as many as we choose." Then they fired at Captain Pontgravé. They had more men and more guns than he, and he had to yield. The Basques took away all his guns and powder and said as saucily as you please, "When we are through buying furs, you may have these little things again." Pretty soon, however, they remembered that when they went back to France they would be in trouble; for when the king and his officers knew that they had broken the law they would be put in prison. They began to feel frightened, and when Governor Champlain appeared they promised not to buy any more furs. They said they would catch whales instead; so

HENRI LAMOTTE OF CANADA

they all went to work catching whales, and Captain Pontgravé bought furs.

I know you are wondering of whom he bought them. They were Indians, real Indians, and they were living in wigwags made of poles fastened together at the top and covered with



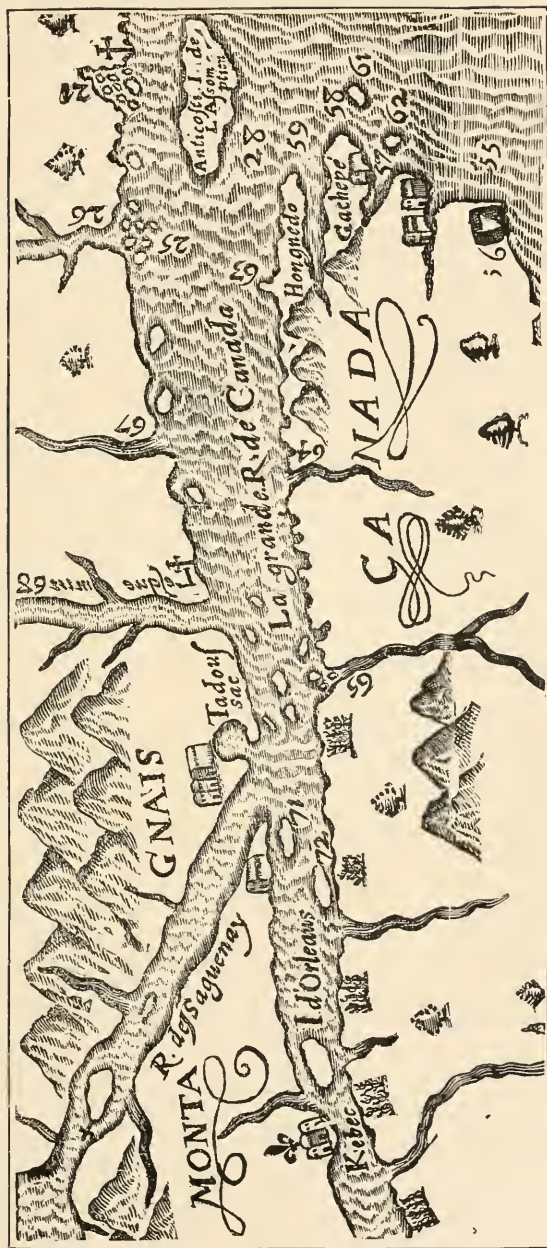
TADOUSSAC

bark. They hunt in the winter and get beautiful furs. They are glad to sell them for such things as knives, hatchets, blankets, and beads. But the furs that they get would not fill the great ship; so they buy more from tribes that live far to the northward and bring them down a deep, dark river called the Saguenay. They paddle down in little birch-bark canoes. Did you ever see

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

a waterfly skimming over the top of the water? He looks as if it was easier to move than to keep still. That is the way the canoes go when they are not loaded. It must be hard work to paddle even a light canoe when it is full of furs; but the Indians know how to do it so well that it looks easy.

We all wanted to go on to the place where we were to begin our settlement, but the Governor needed a sailboat to use after the ship had gone back, so he set the carpenters at work; and while they were building it, we went up the cold, dark Saguenay one hundred and fifty miles. "Saguenay" means "a river with steep banks," and you would think these were steep, I know, for they are great black and gray cliffs, higher than any I ever saw before. Even when they are not so high or so steep, they look dried and dead and as if nothing could possibly grow on them. We saw hardly a bird the whole way. I believe that even the birds are afraid of the river. Away up at the top of one of the great cliffs we did see an eagle, but it did not look any bigger than the head of a pin. We should never have known that it was an eagle if we had not watched it sweep down near the river. We tried to sound the water, but it was so deep that we could not find any bottom. It is not really black, but rather a dark brown. The bubbles at the stern of the boat are not white, as they are off Brouage, but pale gold color. It was all strange and unnatural. It was the most fearful place I ever saw, and I was glad when we were out of the Saguenay. The dark water made a broad black mark in the blue Saint Lawrence; but beyond that



THE ST. LAWRENCE, 1609

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

the river was bright and sunny. The big white whales were rolling and tumbling about, and their backs flashed in the sunshine. They have plenty of room to roll, and if there were thousands and thousands more of them, they would not be crowded, the river is so wide. You know it is ten miles from Brouage to Rochefort, and that distance is just half way across the Saint Lawrence at Tadousac. Do you wonder that it seemed more like being on the ocean than in a river?

It was a river, however, and when the last day of June came, we left Tadousac and sailed on up stream toward the place where our settlement was to be. We went past high black mountains that looked as if they were not at all pleased at our coming into their country. There were miles and miles of forests, and once in a while a bright little meadow all fresh and green in the sunshine. There was a beautiful waterfall too. At first it looked like a white ribbon floating down over the cliff; but when we came nearer, we saw that it was really a cataract. The sun was shining on the foam at the foot of the fall, and it looked as if there was a whole gulf full of rainbows. Do you remember how you tried when you were a very little boy to find the end of the bow and the pot of gold that nurse told you was under it? Maybe if you had come here you would have found it. It looked as if there might be gold there or anything else that was bright and shining.

The Sieur de Champlain has been here once before, and he is glad to come again. He gazes at every little point as if it was

HENRI LAMOTTE OF CANADA

an old friend. "There's the Isle aux Coudres!" he cried. (You would like that, little brother, for it takes its name of island of hazel nuts because so many hazel bushes grow on it.) Some time later he exclaimed, "My beautiful Isle d'Orléans!" That is a long green island with groves and meadows and hills. When Jacques Cartier came here, many years before either you or I was born, he found larger grapevines than he had ever seen even in France, and so he called it the Isle de Bacchus. Can you find out why? Not much later it was named Isle d'Orléans in honor of the Duke of Orleans.

No one took a very long look at this island, for about three miles up the river was something that was much more interesting. We had come a long way to see it. We expected to see it all winter and perhaps much longer, but we stared as if we should never have another chance. It was big, ever so much bigger than the cathedral you saw in Paris. It was gray, and I thought it looked almost as gloomy as the Saguenay; but suddenly the sun broke through a cloud and shone upon it, and then it was warm and bright and glowing. Can you guess what it was? It was "the Rock." You like to hear stories of giants, my Guillaume, and if you had seen this, I am sure you would have fancied that the biggest giant in all the world had pushed his great shoulder out into the river. He is not the kind of giant that eats little boys, or big ones either, even in books, but he has given us some pretty hard times since we came.

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

Now, Guillaume, if you had been the Governor, what should you have done first? I think even a boy who is only eight could give a good answer to that. You would say, "I must build a house to keep me from the rain and the cold." That is exactly what the Governor meant to do. There was one thing that must be decided first, however, and that was where the house should be. Should you make a road where the rains had washed out a gully and then put your house on top of the cliff? No, for that would be a long and hard way to carry things up from the ship, and we had no horses or oxen. Then, too, up on the cliff would be a charming place for a picnic in summer, but when winter came it would be terribly cold. The winds would howl about it fearfully, and maybe they would be strong enough to tear down any house that we could build and send the planks and the beams whirling down into the great river. The Governor was too wise to build in any such place. He said, "Here is a fine strip of land close to the river. The cliff is behind it, and that will keep off some of the coldest winds. See how rich the ground looks and how finely the walnut trees are growing! Here is the place for our houses. By and by there shall be cannon on the top of the cliff and cannon at the base, and maybe just across the river." Do you see why he wanted the cannon, little brother? It was so that, if any one tried to pass the city who had no right to go up the river, the cannon at the top of the cliff could go, "Pff! Boom!" The cannon at the base could go, "Pff! Boom!" and the cannon across the river could go, "Pff!

HENRI LAMOTTE OF CANADA



JACQUES CARTIER

Boom!" Do you think there would be anything left of the vessel after that? I do not, and even if there was, it would turn about and go down stream as fast as ever it could to get away

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

from those cannon. Then there is something more. Why should the king of France not be willing to let ships sail past the Rock as freely as they come into the harbor of Brouage? That is a question which I don't believe you can answer. I'll tell you. The Indians are glad to sell beaver skins and other furs that they do not want for knives and hatchets and blankets that they do want. One can buy hatchets for a little money in France and sell the furs for a great deal of money. But if every one who would like to get rich should come and buy furs, the people whom our king wishes to buy them would not be able to get many. Then, too, it is hard for the Indians to come a long way through the forests and carry heavy loads of furs, but it is easy for them to pile the furs into a canoe and paddle down any little stream that flows into the Saint Lawrence, and so come to Quebec. That is why we do not want any strange vessels to be able to go past the Rock. The Saint Lawrence is so large that there must be a great many rivers flowing into it, or maybe there is a great lake. Even if we can follow up the river and find that there is no great lake, but that it rises somewhere in the mountains, we may discover that from another little spring a brook flows in the opposite direction which by and by becomes a river and empties into the water that is off the coast of China. Then France can trade with China, and no other nation will be able to do that because we shall have the shortest way. The Sieur de Champlain would like to find that way of course; but there are two other things that he wants to do quite as much. He does not care a

HENRI LAMOTTE OF CANADA

very great deal to be rich, but he does care to found a village that will some time become a city; and he cares to teach the Indians about God. I heard him say once that it was greater to save one soul than to found an empire; and he hopes to be friends with the Indians about here, not only so he can trade with them, but so he can teach them to be good Christians.

I am sure that you know what we did next as well as I do. We went ashore and began to build our houses on the strip of land between the cliff and the river. I did one thing, however, that I have n't told you. When I first stepped on the land, I thought of my own little brother away off in France. I thought of the day when my father said, "In a little while Guillaume will have only you, and you must try to be father and mother to him." I thought of that, and then I said a little prayer in my heart that I might take good care of you and that you might be a good boy.

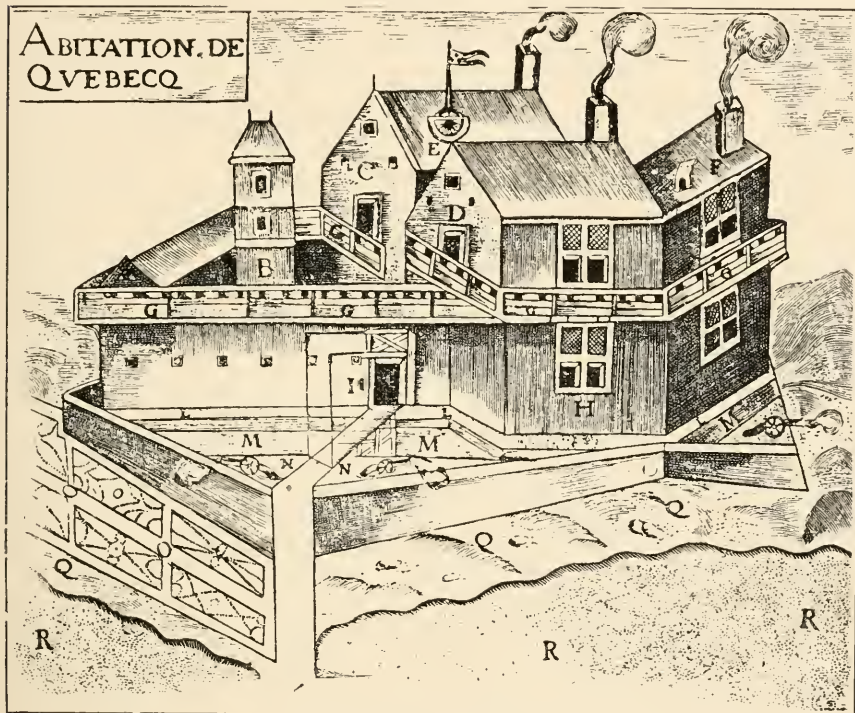
Now about building. You would have liked to see the work go on, I know, for every one was as busy as he could be. The Governor looked about and chose what he thought was the best place for the houses. Then we all set to work to cut down the trees and clear the ground. The cellars were marked out and some of the men began to dig. Others went to the base of the cliff for stone. They did not have to break it off, for quantities of it had fallen, and it was already broken into pieces of all shapes and sizes. They brought this and laid it down beside the cellars. We wanted beams and planks, of course. I know how

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

to use an axe and a saw well, so I helped in that part of the work. After we had cut down a tree, we hewed the trunk with the axes until it began to look as if it might be square if we worked long enough. Then we sawed it into pieces of the length that was needed for beams. There was so much sawing to do that I did not know but my shoulder would come off, for every plank used in building our houses had to be sawed out of one of those trees that were alive and growing when we came. We had whipsaws, and I pulled at one end while another man (don't let nurse laugh at me, Guillaume, and say I'm not a man yet) worked at the other. After a while there was a great pile of planks, though the carpenters were making it smaller as fast as they could. I wish you could see the houses they built. There are three besides a storehouse. In one house are the guns and powder and cannon balls. That has a sun-dial on the roof. In the second house is the blacksmith's forge, and in the third is the Governor's room. That is on the ground floor. Some of the men sleep in that house and some in each of the other houses. A gallery runs around the second floor. There is a palisade around the buildings and a moat fifteen feet wide and six feet deep. It has a drawbridge, and if you should come up to the gate some morning and say, "If you please, I want to come in," the man on guard would ask, "Are you a friend or an enemy?" "I am a friend," you would reply. Then he would pull the ropes, down would go the drawbridge, and you would walk across the moat as easily as if you were crossing a floor. But now supposing you

HENRI LAMOTTE OF CANADA

were an enemy; the bridge would stay up, and unless you could jump more than six feet, you could not come to the door. You would not have a pleasant time waiting, either, for we have three



THE BUILDINGS AT QUEBEC

cannon and one at least would be aimed right at you. Then I think you would say, "Please excuse me. I don't want to come in. I'd much rather run away."

There's one thing more which I have n't told you, and it is

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

that we have a dove-cote. It is so tall and slender that it looks like a little tower. There's another pleasant thing, and that is the Governor's garden. He made one just beyond the moat. He loves flowers, and then, too, he wanted to try different kinds of seeds to find out what will grow here. We planted much more than just a garden, for we sowed wheat and rye and set out some grapevines that we brought with us. The Indians thought the buildings were wonderful, and they came from a long way off to see what amazing houses had been put up at "Kébec." That is what they call the place because the river narrows here, and "kébec" means a narrowing. Some of the Indians built their wigwams just outside of our palisade and went to work. What do you suppose red men do when they work? In this case, it was catching eels. They smoked them and dried them. Then, when they thought they had enough to live on for a month or two, they went off into the forest to hunt beaver and other animals whose furs they could sell. They asked Governor Champlain if he would take care of their eels for them while they were on the hunt. He said yes, and they went away off and were gone a good many weeks. Captain Pontgravé went away too, for he had a good load of skins, and he sailed back to sell them for the Company.

Now, little brother, how should you have liked to be in our wooden castle, far away from home and the people that you love, to know that the cold, cold winter was coming down upon you, that the ship had gone back to France, and you must stay where

HENRI LAMOTTE OF CANADA

you were till it came again? We had enough to eat, though there was none too much; We cut great piles of wood and brought it in, and we made the houses as tight and warm as we could. Then there was nothing for us to do but wait for the spring. One thing you would have liked to see, and that was the forests before the snow came. The trees were all aglow with bright colors, much brighter and more beautiful than they ever are in France. Some were deep, dark red; some were blazing scarlet; some were almost purple; and some of the maples and birches were of such a golden yellow that they looked as if they were great masses of sunshine.

It would not have seemed half so gloomy if we could have kept the bright leaves all winter; but in a little while they all fell off. Then the snow began to come. Everything was white with it except the river, and that was black and cold. Long before it froze, it crept along as if it was shivering. We shivered, you may be sure, in spite of the great fires that we kept up. We burned logs so big that sometimes even two strong men could not bring them in without help. The wind blew in through every tiny crack, even through the thick boards, we fancied. What should you have done, my Guillaume, all those long days? We looked our guns over and rubbed them again and again. We melted lead and made bullets. The blacksmith examined every spade and hoe and shovel and put in order each one that was the least bit broken. We set traps for foxes. We made our meals last as long as we could. We slept, we played games, we talked

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

about home, and we told stories. The Sieur de Champlain did everything for us that a man could do. He was always cheery and good-natured. He kept the best of provisions put away, and when we had a terrible storm and were all feeling as if we should never see our own country again, he would give us something a little better than our every-day fare; and then we felt just as you do when you are opening your Christmas box. He told better stories than anyone else. One day when it was fearfully cold, he told us about trying to found a colony on Saint Croix Island five years ago. "This is nothing," he said, though he was shivering with cold, "just nothing at all compared with Saint Croix Island. Here we have big fires with plenty of wood. We have good wine to drink and good water. We don't have to drink our cider in chunks as we did there because we couldn't have fire enough to melt it. Just fancy how it would seem if over across the river there was a great forest, and you were perishing with cold for the lack of a little wood! The river at Saint Croix was full of great cakes of ice. They were so heavy and came down so fast that no boat could have lived in it for a moment any more than it could live in the Saint Lawrence to-day." He looked toward the river, then he started, scraped off the frost from the window to see more clearly and cried, "See! They are trying to cross!" We all rushed to the windows. The river was not frozen over then, but it was full from shore to shore of masses of ice. They whirled and pitched and ground together and broke into bits and slid over one another. On the

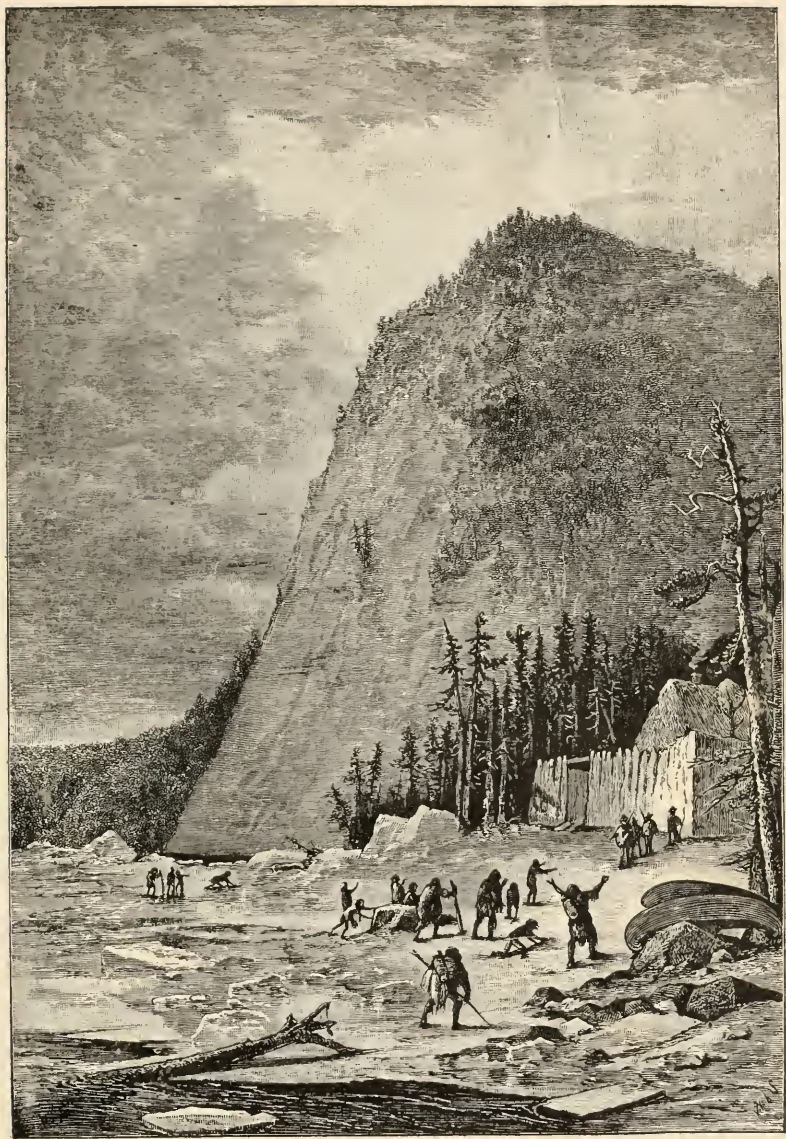
HENRI LAMOTTE OF CANADA

farther shore we could see some Indians getting into their canoes. "They are mad," some one cried, "no boat could live there!" But the poor people were in the canoes and were paddling for their lives. The squaws and the children were huddled together in the bottom of the boats. Some of the men were trying to push away the cakes of ice with poles and others were paddling whenever there was a bit of room to paddle. My little Guillaume, you think there is nothing that "big brother" cannot do; but even if you had been in one of those boats I could not have done any more than I did then — just to watch for the moment when they would be caught between heavy cakes of ice and crushed. The heavy cakes came. The men pushed with all their might, but they might as well have pushed against the Rock itself. We were gazing so eagerly that we almost fancied we could hear the sound when the canoes were crushed; for in a moment more they were ground into bits and were gone. But where do you think the people were, Guillaume? Not one went down with the canoes; they all jumped upon a monstrous cake of ice and were saved from that death. What should you have done then? Some of the men still had their paddles, but they were of no use. Some had their poles, but only a giant would have been strong enough to thrust away the masses of ice that were coming down upon them. We had all hurried to the shore, and there we could hear them wail and lament. A little farther up the river we saw a thick sheet of ice sweeping down upon them. "That will carry them under,"

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

some one said; but it did not. I think the good God himself must have helped them, heathen as they were, for when it was almost upon them another cake nearly as large as that struck it and pushed it a little toward the farther shore. It struck the cake on which the Indians sat crouched together moaning; but it struck it on the farther side and gave it such a blow that it whirled around, and the other masses following drove it toward our shore. Then we helped the poor people up the bank and brought them to the fort and gave them some bread and beans. You never saw any one so thin in your life. They were so weak that they could hardly stand. I don't see how the squaws ever carried their little children and made such leaps from the canoes to the cake of ice. It must have been because they were starving and their only hope was that, if they could only get to us, we would give them food.

These were not the only red men who came to us for help. Do you remember that I told you, ever so many pages back in this long, long letter, about some Indians who asked the Governor to take care of their dried eels, and then went away into the forest to hunt? Late in the winter they came back and took their eels again. Their work was over, and now they wanted to eat and sleep till the rest of the cold weather had gone. They built some wigwams as close to the fort as we would let them, and stayed there all the rest of the winter. They were not very quiet neighbors, and the reason was that they believed their dreams would come true. These Indians are Algonquins, and



RECEIVING THE STARVING INDIANS

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

they are terribly afraid of the Iroquois, some other Indians who live to the south of us. Some one of them often dreamed that the Iroquois were coming. Then they ran to the fort and woke us up and begged to come in where they would be safe. The Governor was good to them; and although he knew it was all foolishness, he always let the women and children come in and stay till morning.

But I have n't told you the hardest, saddest part of the winter's story. That was the sickness which came down upon us. There were twenty-eight of us in the fall and only eight when the winter was over. Thank the good God, my Guillaume, for saving me, and pray Him that I may one day come back to you to live in our own beautiful France. I cannot tell you how much I thought of home during those dark, cold days of the winter. When I half shut my eyes I did not see the terrible snow, but the sunny marshes of Brouage and the square pools with the narrow dikes between. I saw the blue salt water flowing into them. Then I saw the salt beginning to collect on the surface of the water. It was all white and creamy. I even fancied that I could smell the sweet violet fragrance that comes from it. Sometimes I thought of the place as it looks when the pools are dry and the salt is piled up in gleaming cones along the dikes. I know so well what a hurrying and rushing there is to get it safely stowed away into the ships before a rain comes, that I almost saw the men in their white frocks shoveling it into the white canvas bags and throwing them over the backs of the horses. I

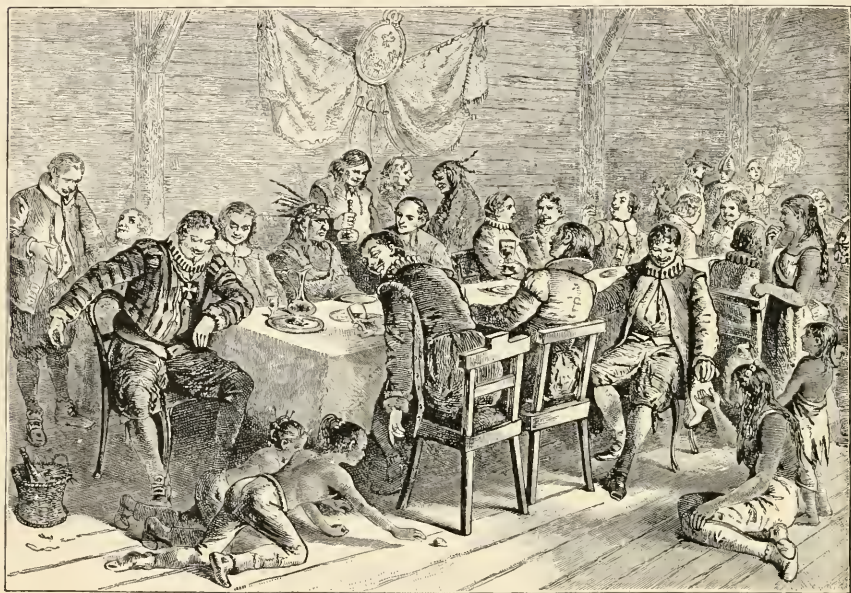
HENRI LAMOTTE OF CANADA

fancied I saw the boys leading the horses and running as fast as ever they could to the quays; then returning on horseback at full gallop to get another load. I used to sit with my eyes half shut and fancy that I could see all this and that I had hold of your hand as I used to do when we walked on the dikes together. Once I thought you were slipping, and I called aloud, "Hold fast, Guillaume!" Then I woke, and when I looked out, there was no sunny Brouage, but leagues and leagues of cold white snow. The masses of ice in the river were grinding together and creaking and hissing and growling, and the cold gray sky was over us all.

Do you wonder, Guillaume, that, sad and half sick as we were, we were joyful when the snow melted and we saw the first bit of brown earth? It was only a wee bit, not half so large as your little garden, but it meant that the horrible cold had almost gone. Monster icicles, two or three times as long as a man, rattled down from the Rock. The sky was not so gray and gloomy. The days were growing longer. The bit of brown earth became larger, the sunshine was warmer. We began to talk of what would be planted in our garden. Then the Governor told us of his garden at Port Royal, where they moved when they had to leave Saint Croix. "There was a little summer-house," he said, "and when I sat in it, I could see the flowers in the garden and the wide ditches of water with trout swimming merrily about in them. Around all this were the green meadows with here and there a beautiful tree. It seemed as if the little birds round about

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

took pleasure in it, for they gathered there in large numbers, warbling and chirping so pleasantly that I think I never heard the like." He told us, too, about the merry times they had at



MERRY TIMES AT PORT ROYAL

table. Each one provided the food for one day. He might shoot game, or catch fish or, if he was lazy, he might buy food of the Indians; but he must see to it that in some way there should be a good dinner. These men called themselves members of the Order of Mirth, and the one in charge for the day was Grand Master. When dinner came, he put on the glittering collar of the Order, threw a napkin over his shoulder, took the staff of

HENRI LAMOTTE OF CANADA

his office in his hand, and led the way to the table. The others followed him, each one carrying some dish. They had a merry time eating their dinner, you may be sure. At night, the Grand Master put the collar around the neck of the man whose turn came next. Then each took a cup of wine and drank one another's health. "That's the way we did at Port Royal, but it is all gone now," the Governor said. Then he seemed to forget that he was not alone, and he muttered, "I do not believe that Poutrincourt will give it up. He will go back some day, and Port Royal may yet be a town." He aroused himself and said, "But this is Quebec, the great fortress, the Queen of the Saint Lawrence. What shall we do for Quebec?" He planned where the seeds should be planted, and we all set to work.

The winter was over, the summer had come, the ice had long ago gone from the river. Now, Guillaume, which way should you have looked and what should you have hoped to see? I know what you will say. It is this: "I should have looked and looked down the river to see if a ship from France was not on its way." That is just what we did. Every morning some one would say, "Maybe there will be news of the ship to-day;" and at night we were sure to hear from some corner of the house, "She did n't come to-day, boys, but she is one day nearer than she was yesterday." At last, one bright June morning when the flowers were blooming and the birds were singing, we caught sight of a little white sail not far from the Isle d'Orléans. At first it did not look any bigger than one of the little paper boats

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

that you are so fond of sailing, but it brought us a joyful message. Think how happy we were when we heard that Captain Pontgravé was at Tadousac! We almost felt as if we were on our way home, for now we should know what had been going on in France and we should hear from our friends. You can guess what I said to myself, little brother. It was, "Now I shall hear from Guillaume. From Guillaume, from Guillaume," I kept saying over and over in my mind as I went down to the boat with the Governor.

In a little more than two days we were at Tadousac. There was the ship, there was the Captain with his men; and, best of all, there was a long, long letter from nurse that told me all about you, that you were well and good, and that you did not forget the big brother far away over the sea. I am just twice as old as you, my little Guillaume. Do you think I am very aged? Sometimes I feel as if I were. The Governor treats me as if I were twenty-five. He is very kind and never seems to forget that our mothers were distant kin. He will put me ahead, I am sure, and do all he can. He said he was glad that our bit of money was invested in the Company, and he hoped it would not be many years before I should be able to return to you. He has promised that I shall go with him on his first exploring trip. You won't understand all of this, I am afraid; but never mind, nurse will know what it means, and she will explain it to you.

But I was telling you about our going to Tadousac to meet

HENRI LAMOTTE OF CANADA

Captain Pontgravé. Governor Champlain had a plan to go much farther than that and in a different direction. He asked the Captain to come to Quebec and stay while he was gone; then he set off on his journey, or rather, we set off, for I went with him. Do you remember that I told you there were three things which he wanted to do : to found a settlement, to teach the Indians to become Christians, and to explore the country far to the west in the hope that he might perhaps discover the passage which every one believes there is somewhere leading to the ocean that washes the shores of China ? The settlement was well begun; and he hoped before very long to bring over some good priests who would teach the Indians. He wanted now to find out what lay to the west of us. He did not know the way, and how was he to find it ? I am sure that when nurse reads you this you will say, "Ask the Indians to show him." That is just what he did do, and they were ready enough to say yes; but they asked him if he would do them a favor in return. This is what the favor was : that he would take what they called his firestick with him and help them in a battle with the Iroquois. He promised to do this. The Indians were delighted, for they knew that the Governor would do just what he agreed. They told the other tribes that are friends of theirs, and some of them came as fast as they could so as to go with them and help fight their enemies.

The Governor and some of the Indians, together with two more of us white men, set out to sail up the river; but before

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

we had gone far, we came upon two or three hundred other Indians who had come a long way to meet us, for they had heard of the wonderful firestick and they wanted to join the party. Now do you suppose we all set off as fast as we could go? No, indeed; that is not the Indian way. These strangers had never seen a white man before, and they gazed at the Governor and the other white man and me just as you gaze at a puppet show. They looked at our white skins and clothes and armor, and especially at the amazing firesticks. They asked questions about everything, and they felt of everything except the firesticks; they were a little afraid of those. Then we all settled down to a sort of picnic. We smoked together, we made speeches to each other, and we feasted. Even after all that they were not quite ready to go on. "We have heard of the marvellous houses that you have made at Kebec," they said, "and before we go on the warpath, we want to go there to look at them." The Governor was eager to go on and see the great, strange country, but he did not get out of patience. He turned back and we all went together to Quebec. When the men there saw us coming, they thought the Governor must have given up his voyage, but he soon told them why he had returned. "The Indians are like little children," he said. "If we please them in small things, they will be willing to please us in great things. We want them to become our friends and good subjects of our king. Let them look as long as they like."

It seemed as if they never would be through looking. They

HENRI LAMOTTE OF CANADA

stared at the houses and wanted to feel of everything in them. They stood and watched the sun-dial an hour at a time to see the shadow creep around, and they would have gazed at the

Pl. 2 item 1 pag. 203.



INDIAN COSTUMES: 1. IROQUOIS; 2. ALGONQUIN

blacksmith from morning till night if he had worked at his forge so long. They asked to see what the Governor's musket would do. He fired it, and they were badly frightened; and when he had a cannon fired, some of those who were near it were so terrified that they fell down upon the ground. When night came, they danced the war-dance. They howled and

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

screamed and pounded the earth. Then they lay down to sleep, and in the morning they told the Governor that they were ready to go on the warpath.

It was a long journey. Sometimes we paddled up the river in canoes, and sometimes we came to rapids so swift that there was nothing to do but to drag the canoes up on shore and carry them till there was calm water again. We went by forests and meadows and beautiful green islands. We saw birds that I never saw before. Sometimes at night we heard the barking of wolves and the growling of bears. We were not afraid, for we always kept up a blazing fire, and wild animals do not like to go near a fire. There was a good deal to do at night before we could lie down to sleep. First the canoes were drawn up on shore and brought close together. Then the Indians cut down trees and piled them up in a half circle. The open side was towards the river and took in the canoes. Some of the Indians went ahead through the forest for quite a little way, looking and listening for the Iroquois. When they came back and said they had seen no traces of the enemy, everybody lay down and went to sleep.

One thing that they did would have seemed more funny to you than any puppet show. In every tribe there is one man, a medicine-man as they call him, and they believe that he can tell them what is going to happen. Of course they wanted to know now whether they would beat the Iroquois, and they asked the medicine-man to find out. He made a little wigwam

HENRI LAMOTTE OF CANADA

of poles and covered it with deerskins. Then he crept inside and began to mumble and grumble and growl. The Indians sat gazing at the wigwam as if it were the most wonderful thing in the world. One of them said to the Governor, "Watch, and you will see that the Manito will shake the wigwam." The Governor watched and so did I. The wigwam shook hard enough; but just then one of the deerskins slipped aside and we could see plainly that it was no Manito but the big medicine-man who was shaking the poles. The Indians watched gravely, and soon one said, "Now you will see the fire and smoke coming out of the top of the wigwam." We couldn't see any, however; and when they said they could hear the Manito talking, all we could hear was a funny little squeaking or whining that the medicine-man himself made. When he came out of the wigwam, the Indians all begged to know if they were to win. He said they were, and then they were delighted. They did one thing to make ready for the battle which was like a game with toy soldiers. The chief found some level ground and the other Indians all gathered around it. He had a bundle of little sticks in his hand, and I wondered what he was going to do with them. He stuck them into the ground, and whenever he put one in he called the name of a man. Can you guess what it all meant? He was showing the men just where they were to stand in battle. They watched him very closely, and when he was done, they all took their places in just the order that he had shown them. They did not

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

march or drill, but from this little game of playing soldiers they learned just what they were to do.

There was only one thing now that troubled them. It was that the Governor had not dreamed anything that they could fancy to mean victory. At last he dreamed that he saw the Iroquois drowning. This was just what the Indians wanted, and now they felt perfectly sure that they would win the fight.

One evening we caught sight of the canoes of the Iroquois. They were nearer the shore than we, so they landed and began to build a barricade of logs. We stayed in the canoes; but we could not sleep, for the two parties of Indians were shouting to each other and howling all night long. First, an Iroquois would tell in what great battles he had fought and how many scalps he had taken. Then one of our Indians would tell a bigger story. The Iroquois would hoot and yell and call him a liar. "We will tell you a true story," they would say, and then some one of them would try to tell a bigger tale than the Algonquin had done.

When morning came, we all made ready for the fight. The Governor put on his armor; and that was not an easy thing to do, for he was lying in the bottom of a canoe with a blanket over him. You see, our Indians wanted to surprise the Iroquois and frighten them. I was lying in another canoe close to the Governor's. Our Algonquins landed, and the Iroquois marched out of their barricade. Three of them were in front.



THE FIGHT WITH THE IROQUOIS

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

Each wore three feathers on his head, so I knew that those men were the chiefs. Some of them had shields made of wood covered with skin, and some wore a sort of armor made of twigs woven together with something like coarse thread. They knew that arrows would not go through these, and so they felt perfectly safe. They did not know what a surprise was waiting for them. Suddenly the Governor stepped out in front of our Indians. The Iroquois had never before seen such a sight. They stood still and stared. Then he fired. Two of the chiefs fell dead and another one of their braves was wounded. Our Indians were so delighted that they yelled till you would have thought the skies were going to fall. The Iroquois were terrified, but they were brave warriors, and in a moment they began to shoot arrows. The Algonquins shot, and for a few moments there was a real cloud of flying arrows. While the Governor was loading his gun, I fired. I was hidden behind the trees. Then the Iroquois were so terrified that they ran as if evil spirits were after them. They threw away their bows and arrows and shields and as much of their armor as they could tear off. They left their canoes in the river and their food in the barricade that they had built. They did not care what became of their possessions if they could only save their lives.

We all came away at once; I mean as soon as the victors had had a feast and danced and sung, or rather shouted and yelled. On the journey they would talk of nothing but the

HENRI LAMOTTE OF CANADA

wonderful victory. "The Iroquois will not dare to attack us again very soon," they boasted. "How they ran! They leaped like a deer when it hears a strange sound. They were cowards, those mighty Iroquois. They were afraid of the little firestick. The firestick is our friend. We do not fear it, and we do not fear the Iroquois, cowards that they are!"

Before these boasters reached Quebec, however, they, too, were frightened, and they ran away from a much less dangerous thing than the "little firestick." It was a dark night and the rain was coming down in torrents. Suddenly they heard a yell, and they all sprang up and seized their bows and arrows. "The Iroquois are coming!" some one shouted. "They will soon be upon us! Run, run!" In spite of all that the Governor could do, they caught up what they could of their provisions and leaped into their canoes, dragging their prisoners with them. The rain was tumbling down in bucketfuls, but they paddled on till they came to some islands where they thought the terrible Iroquois could not find them. Then they hid in the reeds, standing in water up to their waists, and fearing at every little sound that their enemies were coming. And what do you think had frightened them so dreadfully? It was nothing but a harmless little dream. One of the braves had dreamed that the Iroquois would soon attack them, and they were all so afraid that the dream would come true that they had run for their lives. Which do you think were the cowards, Guillaume, the men who were afraid of the firestick or those

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

who were so badly frightened by a dream? Our Indians were very grateful to the Governor and they made him a present, something that they thought was exceedingly valuable. "You must carry this to your king," they said, "and then he will see what brave friends you have across the ocean." What do you think the present was? It was the head of one of the Iroquois who had been killed!

When the Indians journey, the women carry all the heavy burdens; and if they plant corn, it is the women who do all the hard work. The reason for this is that they think a man's business is to hunt and fight. They have many ideas that seem very strange to us. I asked one of them where the Indians came from in the first place, and he said, "Once upon a time, a long while ago, the Great Spirit made many arrow heads. He planted them in the ground. By and by they grew up, and then they became men and women." They think that one should never forget a kindness or forgive an injury. If the man who has been wronged cannot do some harm to the one who wronged him, he tries to injure one of his tribe. When they take a prisoner in war, they torture him and make him suffer terribly before he is put to death. They think that the sun drops down into a little hole in the ground every night to hide, and that it slips around into another hole on the other side of the earth, ready to pop its head out in the morning. There is a great fish in one of the lakes which is so different from other fishes that they believe it must have some strange

HENRI LAMOTTE OF CANADA

power. They brought the Governor the dried head of one of these fish and said, "Your head ache some day? Bleed it with one of these teeth, and it will soon be well again." When one of their braves dies, they put his furs and knives and hatchet and blanket and kettle into his grave, together with some corn and peas and dried fish or moose meat. "Why do you do that?" we asked an Indian. He replied, "The brave will need to use them in the other world." "But when you open the grave they are still there," we said. He had an answer ready. "The bodies of the things are there," he declared, "but the souls of them are gone to the world of spirits, and the spirit of the brave is using them." Some of the tribes that live near Percé Rock believe that a giant as dreadful as any in nurse's stories really lives. They call it the *gougou*. They say it is so tall that the mast of a big ship comes only to its waist. The most wonderful thing about it is its pockets. "They are big enough to put a ship into," the Indians say. "It eats men, and it makes a horrible growling and screeching," they tell us; and then they look over their shoulders as if it might come upon them at any minute. Ask nurse if she cannot make you a story about it that will be as good as any she tells you.

The Indians believe that what they say of the *gougou* is true, but they say a great many things that they know are not at all true. When they wanted the Governor to bring his fire-stick and win a battle for them, they told him that he could go all the journey in his sailboat; but he soon came to rapids

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

that no sailboat and no canoe could make its way through. He never gets out of patience with them, however; and when he came home from the battle he said he felt sure that if he could show them how to live differently and how to cultivate the ground, they would be glad to live like white men. They like him, and I do not wonder, for he is very kind to them, as indeed he is to everybody around him. Captain Pontgravé is to sail for France to-morrow. He is to carry some presents to the king. They will not be gold or silver, but they will interest him, I am sure. One thing is a belt beautifully wrought with porcupine quills. He has also two birds with the most brilliant scarlet feathers you can imagine; and he has a dried head of the fish whose teeth the Indians believe will cure headaches. He has promised me that he will carry this letter and a little package for you. How I wish I knew what you would like best to see when you open it! I can only guess, but I am going to put in two pairs of moccasins, the kind of shoes that the Indians wear. They are wrought with porcupine quills just as the king's belt is. One pair is for you and the other is for you to give to nurse. There will be a bow and arrows, too. They are real ones, just the kind the Indian boys use. I hope that a good while before I come home you will know how to hit a mark a long way off. Another thing that is going to you is a tiny buckskin bag; and when you untie the string you will see something bright and glittering. It is little crystals that I picked up and saved for you. I climbed

HENRI LAMOTTE OF CANADA

up the narrow, winding path to the top of the Rock. Then I walked up the river for a mile or two, though the river was far below me and I was on top of a high cliff. That is where I found them. There is one more thing in the package, and that is the skin of a wolf that I shot. It is so soft and warm that you can ask nurse to lay it on your bed to keep you comfortable when the nights are cold. Is not the *Sieur de Champlain* good to take the trouble to carry all those things to a little boy away off across the ocean? Perhaps he will send them to you from Paris, but I am sure he would like to have a glimpse of old Brouage, and maybe he will give them to you himself. If he does, be sure to thank him as prettily as you know how.

Be a good boy, Guillaume, and help nurse all you can. I like to think of you safe and happy in her little cottage, waiting for me to come home to you. Think of me very often, my Guillaume, and when you repeat "Our Father," don't forget to say a little prayer for the big brother away off in Quebec who loves you so much and is trying so hard to be both father and mother to you.

IV

A Second Letter from Henri Lamotte in Canada to his brother Guillaume in France

Quebec, May 7, 1613.

IF I call you my little brother, shall you stand up very straight and say, "I am not little any longer. I am almost a man. I am twelve years old?" I suppose you are; but it is hard to realize that you are not the little fellow whom I left with nurse sobbing on the quay at Honfleur five long years ago. I have written you a letter to send by every vessel that has sailed from here for France. I do not know when the next one will sail, but a letter shall be ready to go with it.

I am glad that you have seen the Sieur de Champlain. He told me that you were a tall, manly boy. He was pleased because you looked him straight in the eye. He said if you had been a little older he should have been glad to bring you with him when he came back to Quebec. I hope that will never be, because — but I will tell you by and by.

We missed the Governor sadly whenever he went to France. No one else is quite so wise as he or knows so well what to do. The Indians will do anything for him. He even persuaded

HENRI LAMOTTE OF CANADA

them to take a French boy home with them for the winter. The boy was eager to go, and the Governor was almost as eager to have him, for he could learn the language well; and



Champlain-

then, too, he could find out what lakes and rivers were in their country, and whether there were any mines of copper or silver or gold. The boy begged to go, and the Indians promised to

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

take him. A little later they said no, they were not willing. "But you agreed that he might go with you," the Governor said. "You call me your friend, but you do not keep your promise; you are not treating me like a friend." "But we do not have the kind of food that the white men eat," they declared. "Something might happen to him, and then you would be angry." "I should be angry," said the Governor, "if you did not treat him kindly, but not if anything happened to him that you could not prevent." The Indians talked together a while, then they asked, "Will you take one of our young men across the sea in the great ship?" When the Governor said yes, they were delighted and went off with the French boy. They met in the spring, and how you would have liked to see the meeting! The Indians came first, and in one of their canoes was the French boy. They looked all around to find the *Sieur de Champlain* and the Indian boy; but they were on shore and could not be seen. Then they caught sight of the Governor just getting into his canoe to come to meet them. Some one was getting in with him, — a young man dressed like a Frenchman. As the boat came nearer, they saw in a minute or two that the young Frenchman was their Indian boy. They were so pleased that they all stopped paddling and shouted for joy. The Governor fired his gun in return, and they began to make speeches telling how well they had kept their promises and how finely the young man had been treated. "See how well your boy looks," the

HENRI LAMOTTE OF CANADA

Indians said. "Have we not been good to him? We are true friends and brothers to the French, and you may always believe in us. Our words are words of truth." Then the French boy said good-by to the Indians and came back to Quebec. The Indian boy went home with his tribe, but he told the Governor that he did not want to go; he would much rather live in Paris.

The Governor has always kept his promises to them and has always told them the truth. That is why they trust him and believe every word that he says. Do you remember that when we first came here no one but the company was allowed to trade in furs? After a while the king said that any one who wished might trade. The Governor had appointed a place for the Indians to meet him and bring the furs that they had collected during the winter. They were glad to think that they were going to see him; but they were not at all glad to see the crowd of other traders. The Governor always treats them politely; but these new traders were so eager to buy that they pushed into the wigwams and almost snatched at the furs. The Indians were much displeased. They asked the *Sieur de Champlain* to come to their wigwams in the night when the strangers would not be near. "Why did you not come alone?" they asked. "Why did you let those other traders come?" "I did not wish them to come," he replied, "but the king allowed it this year. We hope matters will be better next season." "We will have nothing to do with them,"

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

the Indians declared. "We will not stay here where they are." In the morning when the traders came to load themselves with furs, not an Indian was to be seen. They had all gone away, and no one but the Governor knew where.

If you had been at Tadousac the last time the Governor came from France, you would have seen how much the Indians love him. I had gone to carry a message from Quebec, and I was there when the ship came. As soon as the Indians caught a glimpse of it, they knew it was Captain Pontgravé's vessel, and they leaped into their canoes and paddled out to meet it. They climbed on board like so many squirrels and cried, "Where is our friend? Where is the Governor?" The sailors said, "Oh, he has had enough of Quebec. He does n't care to see the Indians any more, so he stayed in France." The Indians looked straight at the sailors for a moment. They saw that the men were not in earnest, and they gave a scornful grunt. Then they set out in search of the Governor. He had kept a little out of sight to see what they would do. He found out pretty soon, for they came upon him in a swarm. He acted as if he did not know them, but suddenly one caught hold of his ear. "It is he, it is our brother!" he cried. "See, here is the mark of the arrow!" In one of the battles that he had helped them fight, an arrow had wounded the lobe of his ear, and they had never forgotten it. Did you ever see a pack of dogs welcome their master? That was the way the Indians behaved. They had had a hard winter, they were almost starving even then;

HENRI LAMOTTE OF CANADA

but their great white brother had come, and they knew he would be kind to them and help them. I was on board the ship and saw it all. When the vessel first came in sight, I was in a canoe with an Indian who had just paddled me across from the farther bank of the river. He began to paddle out toward the ship as fast as he could, and I could not persuade him to put me ashore first. Indeed, though, I did not try so very hard, for I wanted to get on board as much as he. Can you guess why? It was because I was sure that there would be a letter from my little brother who is now so nearly a big brother; and I knew that the kind Governor would have it where he could give it to me the first minute I saw him. He did give me the letter, and a little later, when I could see him alone, he told me something that was even better than that. Don't you wonder what it could be? It was that the bit of money which I had had to invest in the Company had gained more than I had expected. It is not much, it is no fortune, but after one year more there will be enough to buy a share in the salt works. Then I shall know that my little brother is looked out for, and I can come back to you and France. There will be a chance for me there, I am sure. This is a wonderful country with its noble forests and its mighty rivers. There is plenty of copper and perhaps there may be gold and silver. People will surely come here to live. Some day there will be villages and cities. I wish I could see the land in, say, three hundred years; but for to-day I want to go back to Brouage and the little brother.

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

Thank the good God for us, my Guillaume; and every night when the curfew rings say to yourself, "The time is one day nearer." Good-by, my brother. This letter will go to you when Captain Pontgravé returns. When the next ship sails for France I shall hope to be on board. Till then, good-by.

V

A Letter written at Plymouth by John Billington to his Grandmother in England

Plymouth, March 24, 1621.

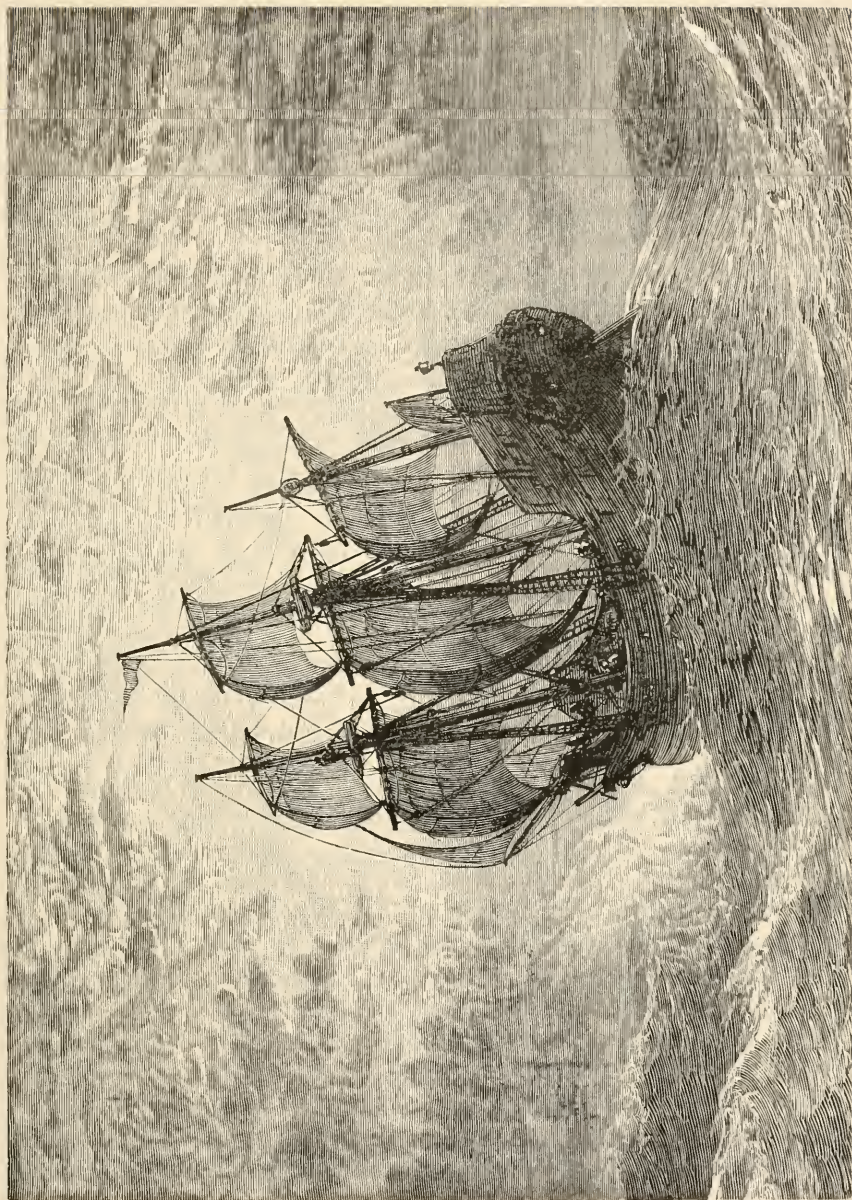
I PROMISED to write you a letter, and now I am doing it. We did not go to Virginia, for the wind was wrong and we came to Cape Cod. Mr. William Bradford went out to see what kind of place it was. Some other men went with him. They came to a trap that the Indians had set for deer. He walked into it, and the tree sprang up and caught him by the leg. Nobody said he ought not to have walked into it, and nobody blamed him. They would have blamed me.

I don't think anybody here cares much about me. They call me the Billington boy. When we were in the Mayflower and the men were looking for a place to settle, I fired off my father's gun one day in the cabin. Everybody was talking about the dreadful things the Indians had done in Virginia, and I wanted to know how to shoot. Don't you think I ought to? I did n't remember that the barrel of powder was so near, and I did n't think the gun would make such a noise or scare the people so. I was a little scared, too, but it was funny to see how they all

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

jumped. Honestly, grandma, I did not really mean to do it. I only meant to pull the trigger just the least bit, only enough to see how it would go — and it went. The babies screamed and the women all ran out of the cabin. The men scolded me and said I was foolish and wicked. But, grandma, it is only the other day that a man fired at a whale, and his musket burst and went to pieces; and all they said was that they thanked God that no one was hurt. The whale was not hurt either. It just snorted and swam away. Father said it did n't like New England laws and would n't stay to be ruled by the Compact. The Compact is a paper that the men had to sign before they landed. It said that they were going to make some laws and everybody had to promise to obey them. I heard a man say to father that King James's laws were for Virginia, and now that we were not going to be in Virginia at all, we could do whatever we liked. That's why they made a Compact. Father signed it, but I don't believe he wanted to very much.

After the Compact was done, some men went ashore. They brought back their boat full of juniper, and when we burned it, it smelled good. The women went ashore to do some washing. I am strong and I would have brought them water, but they would not let me go. The carpenters were working on the shallop, and Captain Standish went ashore to see what he could find. I like Captain Standish. He does n't call me the Billington boy, and he let me see his sword. He used it when he fought the Turks. It has some queer marks on it that he says is Arabic.



THE MAYFLOWER

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

Some more men went with Captain Standish. Every one had a corselet and musket and sword. I wanted to go with them dreadfully, but I did n't dare to ask, and they wouldn't have let me if I had. I watched every one that got into the boat, and I kept wishing some one would say, "Here's just room for a boy if he is n't too big." Captain Standish did not say that, but he did tell me something else. He was the last one to get in, and he turned to me and said real low, "John, when we come back, I'll tell you all about it. If you were a few years older, I'd like to take you with me." Wasn't that just splendid! He did it, too; I mean, he told me about it. He said that after they had walked about a mile they saw some Indians and a dog away off, but they ran away. Dogs always like me, and if I had been there maybe I could have called it and we could have made friends with them. They saw a deer, too, and ever so much sassafras. Master Jones, the captain of the Mayflower, says I may send you a big bundle of it when the ship goes back. They found nuts and strawberry vines. In one place there was a great kettle that must have come from some ship. Near it was a heap of moist sand. The Indians had patted and smoothed it so you could see the very marks of their fingers. They dug into the mound and there was a great basketful of corn. They filled the kettle with it and their pockets, too, and then they started for the ship. They call the place Corn Hill. That was when Mr. Bradford got caught by the leg. They mean to give back the kettle and pay for the corn when they see some Indians. Maybe

JOHN BILLINGTON OF PLYMOUTH

the Indians won't mind, but people don't like it when I take their things without asking. Really, they did n't do a thing but walk and look, and I could have done that as well as any of them.

When the shallop was finished, Master Jones and thirty or forty other men went away in it to explore. They went to Corn Hill again, and this time they took corn and beans and wheat. I heard one of them say it was God's good providence that they found them; but they never say that when I borrow things without asking. They say so much that it is a real shame I could not have gone. They did not find any Indians, but they went into some of their houses; and there they saw deers' heads and horns and eagles' claws and all sorts of baskets and wooden and earthen dishes.

Another time they went out in the shallop to try to find a place to settle, and this time they were gone almost two weeks. Don't I wish I could have been with them! Captain Standish told me and Francis about it, and the other boys listened. The pilot wanted to go across the big bay to a place that he saw when he was here once before, but the others thought it was too far. He called it Thievish Harbor because one of the Indians stole a harpoon from them while they were there. I asked the Captain if the sailor knew that the Indian did not mean to give it back or pay for it. He looked funny, as if he wanted to laugh and would n't, but all he said was "Maybe." They had a splendid time on this journey. They saw Indians sometimes, but they ran away. They saw a grampus lying dead on the shore. That

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

is a great fish eighteen or twenty feet long. Every night they built a kind of barricade, as they called it, to keep the wind off. They drove stakes into the ground on three sides, and then they twisted in pine boughs. One night they heard an awful yell and the sentinel called, "Arm! Arm!" They fired two muskets, and then it was still again, and so they went to sleep. The next day some Indians shot at them and they shot back. They call this the Place of the First Encounter. They picked up a bundle of the arrows, and Master Jones is going to carry them to England. Some have heads of brass, some of deers' horns, and some of eagles' claws. Once they were almost shipwrecked. I never was shipwrecked, and maybe I shan't ever have a chance. It snowed and it rained. The wind blew furiously and there were monstrous waves. The rudder broke, and the mast broke and the sail fell overboard. It was dark as pitch, but they rowed away from where they heard the breakers and got in the lee of some land and went ashore. In the night everything froze, but in the morning they found they were on a little island. They dried their clothes and they stayed there over Sunday.

That's all I am going to write now, for Francis wants me to go on a hill a little way off with him. He climbed a tree there and he says he saw a great sea not very far away.

From

JOHNNIE.

P. S. I'm going to write some more to this letter before the Mayflower sails.



AN INDIAN RUNNING AWAY

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

This is the rest of my letter.

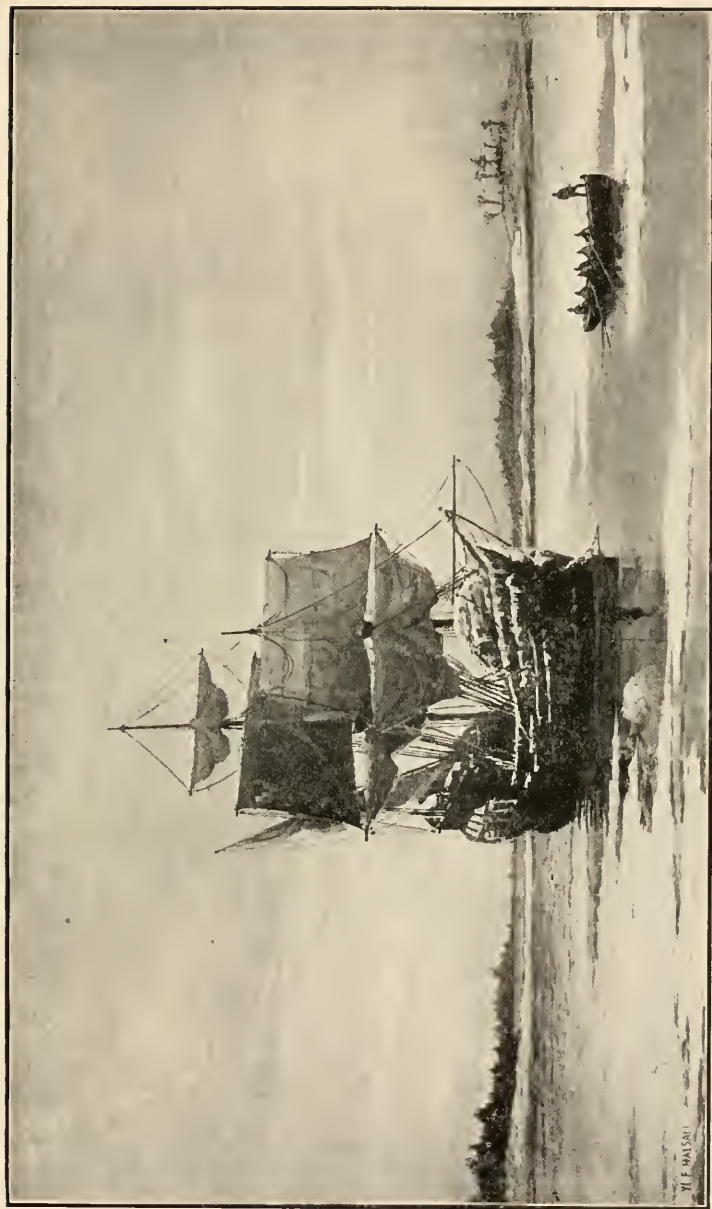
Every time that Captain Standish came back to the ship he told us what he had seen. One day one of the sailors came to me afterwards and said, "I suppose he's been telling you about the



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THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

shore." I said "Yes," and he asked, "Did he find a place that he liked?" I said I did n't know, but that he talked most of a place where a long arm of land runs out to make a harbor and where the land goes up into a high hill. The sailor looked cross, and he muttered, "They'd better decide pretty soon or we'll



THE MAYFLOW IN PLYMOUTH HARBOR

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

put their goods on the shore and leave them." I told the Captain and he said, "The man is right, and to-morrow morning we must decide upon a place."

Was n't I glad, though! I should n't mind being wrecked, but it was horrid to have to stay on the ship so long. There was n't much of anything to do, and whenever I did do anything, some one always called it "foolish and mischievous." You never called me foolish, did you? Mr. Bradford was sick all the time when he was a boy, and I don't believe he ever wanted to do the things that I want to do.

They did choose a place the next morning, and it was the one that Captain Standish talked most about. Ever so many people were sick, but those that could work went ashore. Some cut down trees, some sawed and split, and some carried timber to the place where they were building a house to hold the goods. It has a thatched roof. I helped make it, for I carried ever so much thatch. I tried to catch some fish, too. I'd brought a hook with me all the way from England; but the hook went into my thumb; and after I got it out I slipped off the rock where we landed and lost my hook and line. It was the only small hook there was, for the rest brought too big ones. They scolded me and said I was careless, but I don't see how it was my fault that the rock was slippery and wet. Everything was wet, for it rained almost all the time. When it did not rain, the men worked on their houses. They made the people into nineteen families. I should not like to be a single man, for they all had to go into other

JOHN BILLINGTON OF PLYMOUTH

people's families. Each one was to build his own house, and as soon as it was done his family could come from the ship, and they and the single men who were to live with them could move in. Not half the houses are done yet, and people have to



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MARY CHILTON LANDING ON PLYMOUTH ROCK

crowd together in the best way they can. The houses are made of logs, and mud is jammed into the cracks between the logs. The roofs are thatched, and the windows are covered with paper soaked in linseed oil. Every person has a piece of land

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

three poles long and half a pole wide. They marked out the pieces and then they drew lots for them. The houses are to be in two rows not far apart, and on top of the hill there is a platform for cannon to frighten the Indians away if they trouble us. We could see the smoke of their fires almost every day and the blaze at night; but they did not come near us for ever so long.

My brother Francis saw some Indian houses before I did. He told one of the mates of the Mayflower about the great sea that he had seen from the top of a tree on the hill, and one day the mate took him to find it. It was about three miles away, and it was not a sea at all, but only two big ponds. That was when Francis saw the Indian houses, for they were not far from the ponds. The mate told everybody about the ponds, and now they call them Billington Sea. I don't think it is polite to make fun of people, do you, and to keep telling them that things are all their fault? If I was lost in the woods, I know they would all say I ought to have been careful; but two men were lost once and nobody said a word to blame them.

This is the way they were lost. They went out to gather thatch, and when it was time to eat, they took their food and went to walk. Two dogs went with them. They saw a deer, and the dogs chased it. They followed and got lost in the woods. When night came, they had to lie down in the snow; but they thought they heard two lions roar, and so they got up and walked back and forth all night, ready to climb a tree if the lions came. The next day they went up a high hill, and then



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Store House.

P. Brown -

J. Goodman -

W. Brewster -

J. Billington -

J. Allerton -

F. Cooke -

E. Winslow -

PLYMOUTH IN 1622.

G. Oving Bradford

Old Fort

W. L. Williams, del.

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

they saw where they were and so found their way back to Plymouth. Captain John Smith called this place Plymouth, and our people call it so, too. They like that name because the people of Plymouth in England were so good to them when they were there. It was just after the two lost men came back that the thatch caught fire. They said it was because I put such a quantity of dry spruce twigs on the fire.

I should n't have cared to be with the two men when they were lost, but I wish I could have been with John Goodman one day after he came back. He went out into the woods, and a little spaniel followed. Two great wolves set upon the spaniel, and it was so frightened that it ran between his legs. He threw a stick at one of the wolves and they ran away; but they came back again. He had n't any musket, so he could n't kill them, and they did not quite dare to attack him. They sat on their tails and grinned at him, he said, and I suppose he and the spaniel grinned at them; and then they all went home.

John Goodman's feet were lame for a long time after he was lost because he had to be out in the snow so long. Ever so many people were sick, and a good many died. Captain Standish's wife died, and he was very sorry. I was sorry, too. I liked her. He was n't sick at all, neither was Elder Brewster. These two and four or five others took care of the sick people. I thought soldiers didn't do anything but fight; but the Captain brought wood and made fires. He cooked things for the sick folks to eat, and made their beds and washed their clothes. The sailors were

JOHN BILLINGTON OF PLYMOUTH

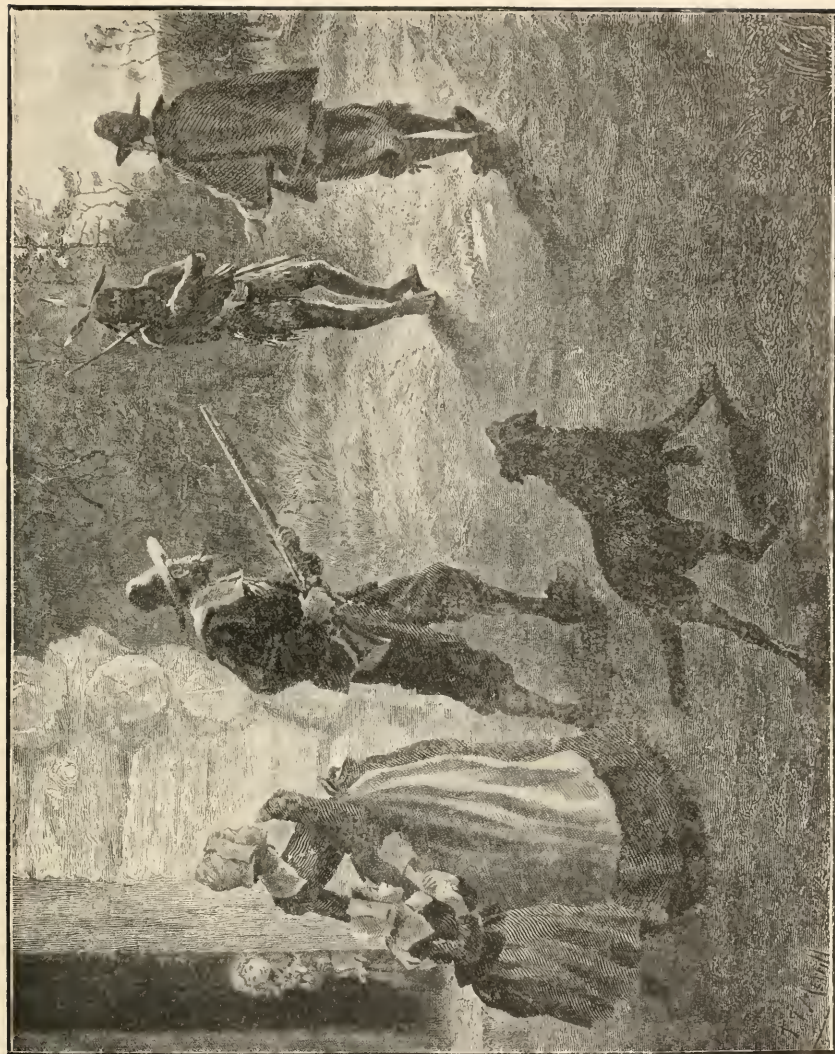
sick, too, but they did not help one another at all. Our people who were left on board helped them all they could. Master Jones is good to us. He sent word to Governor Carver that if the sick people on shore wanted beer they should have it, even if the sailors had nothing but water to drink all the way home. He shot some geese one day and he gave them to the sick.

One of our men went out to shoot geese. He hid in the tall reeds, and twelve Indians went past him. He heard ever so many more in the woods. That night we could see a great fire near the place. That same day Captain Standish and another man left their axes in the woods when they came home to dinner, and when they went back the axes were gone. Master Jones and some of the sailors came ashore and brought a cannon and helped get it up the hill, and some smaller guns, too, so that now we are not one bit afraid of any Indians. They are afraid of us, though, and they don't dare to come near. They sneak around behind trees and rocks and run when they see us coming. One day two came to the top of a hill a little way off and began to beckon to us. Our men beckoned to them, but they did not come. Then Captain Standish and another man went toward them. The Captain carried a musket, but he laid it down to show them that he did not mean to hurt them. I got up on top of one of the houses so as to see everything; but there was not one thing to see, for they all ran away.

And now I have something really great to tell you, grandma! Just think, we've got a tame Indian. His name is Samoset. He's

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

tall and straight and he has straight black hair, long behind and short in front. He does not wear any clothes except a buckskin belt with a fringe to it; that is, he did n't when he came. This is the way we knew him first. He came striding up to the houses as if he lived here, not one bit afraid, and went straight to the common house that we call the Rendezvous. He was just going in when Captain Standish and some of the other men stopped him. He did n't run, but looked right into their faces and cried, "Welcome, Englishmen, welcome!" I was just around the corner of the house where I could hear every word that he said. He told the men that he lived a long way off in some place where the Englishmen came to fish. He liked Englishmen and was glad to see more of them. They always gave him beer, he said, and he liked beer. Our people did n't give him any beer, but they gave him strong water and biscuit and butter and cheese and pudding and a piece of roasted duck. He ate as if he had n't had anything for a week; and then he talked. He knew a good many English words, and he could make signs well; so we could understand almost everything he tried to say. He came in the morning, and he talked all the afternoon. The wind blew up cold and some one put a coat on him. He looked comical enough with his bare legs coming down below the coat-tails. He told us all about the Indian chiefs that live around us. He knew just how many men each one had. We had wondered how it happened that so much land about here was old cornfield; and he told us that once there were many Indians here, but they were



"WELCOME, ENGLISHMEN, WELCOME!"

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

sick and died; and then Captain Standish told him about the Indians' stealing his axe and things. "I shall punish them," said the Captain; but the Indian said, "No, they come back soon — some day — not long." He said that the Indians who stole the things live near us and that they hate the English. I should think they would, for he says a ship full of Englishmen came here once and stole some young men of their tribe to sell as slaves to the Spaniards. That is why they fired on our men at the First Encounter when we first came.

When it was almost night, Governor Carver told Samoset that it was time for him to go; but he said, "No, I stay." The Governor and Captain Standish did not want him to stay in Plymouth, for they did not know what he might do in the night; so they said, "We will take you to the ship." "Good," he said, "that is good." They got into the shallop, but the wind was so high that they could n't get to the ship. Then they gave him a place to sleep in Mr. Hopkins's house. Some of the men watched him all night, and they said he slept like a baby.

When morning came, he was not in any hurry to go, but Governor Carver gave him a bracelet and a ring and said "Good-by." He put on the ring and then the bracelet, but still he did not go. At last the Governor gave him a knife, and he was so pleased with it that he did n't seem to notice that they were leading him away from the houses. He kept looking at his knife, putting it into the sheath and pulling it out again. When the men had him far enough away, they said "Good-by," and

JOHN BILLINGTON OF PLYMOUTH

turned back. He looked up a moment, they said, and called out, "Good-by, soon again I come," and walked off, still looking at his knife.

He had said before that when he came back he would bring some of Massasoit's men with him, and the very next day he did it. He brought five big strong men. They wore some clothes of skins, a sort of tight-fitting trousers, and over their shoulders they had deerskins. Some of them had their hair done up in a tight roll. Sometimes a feather was stuck into this roll and sometimes a fox's tail. Their faces were painted, and such painting! It was nothing at all but a stripe of black as broad as my hand from the forehead to the chin. Our people gave them something to eat, and they gave us back the tools that they stole in the woods. After they had eaten, they sang and they danced. Such singing I am sure you never heard, for it was nothing at all but howling and screeching. Their dancing was just beating the ground with their feet and hopping up and down. They brought some skins with them to exchange for beads and other things; but it was Sunday, and so Governor Carver shook his head. Then he showed them some beads and pointed to where the sun rises and then to the skins and smiled. They knew that meant that he would barter with them the next day, and they went away.

It was n't so easy to get rid of our tame Indian. When Captain Standish told him that the others were going, he only grunted and said, "Me stay." "No, you must go with them,"

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

the Captain said; but he smiled and said, "Me stay with you. Like Englishmen." "No, Samoset," the Captain said, "you must go. You must go now, but you may come again soon." "Yes, come again," said Samoset. "Me sick, can't go now;" and in spite of all they could do, he stayed till Wednesday. The others did not come back to sell their furs, and at last Captain Standish got Samoset to go and see why. I don't believe he would have gone then if they had not given him some things that he wanted to show off. They gave him a hat and a shirt and some shoes and stockings. He was proud as a peacock and he walked just like one. They did n't feel sure then that he would go, and we watched him till we could n't see his shirt flap in the trees any longer.

He came back the very next day and brought some more Indians with him. He pointed to one of them and said, "Him Squanto. Him stolen to England." Squanto could speak English better than Samoset because he had lived with a merchant in England. They told us that their chief was on the way to visit us. His name is Massasoit and he has a brother Quadequina. It was not very long before we saw fifty or sixty Indians standing on the top of the hill. We beckoned, but they shook their heads and beckoned to us. Then Squanto went up the hill and asked them to come down, but they said no, some one must come and talk with them and tell them what our chief wanted, whether he wanted to have war or peace.

Then Mr. Edward Winslow went to them. He wore his armor

JOHN BILLINGTON OF PLYMOUTH



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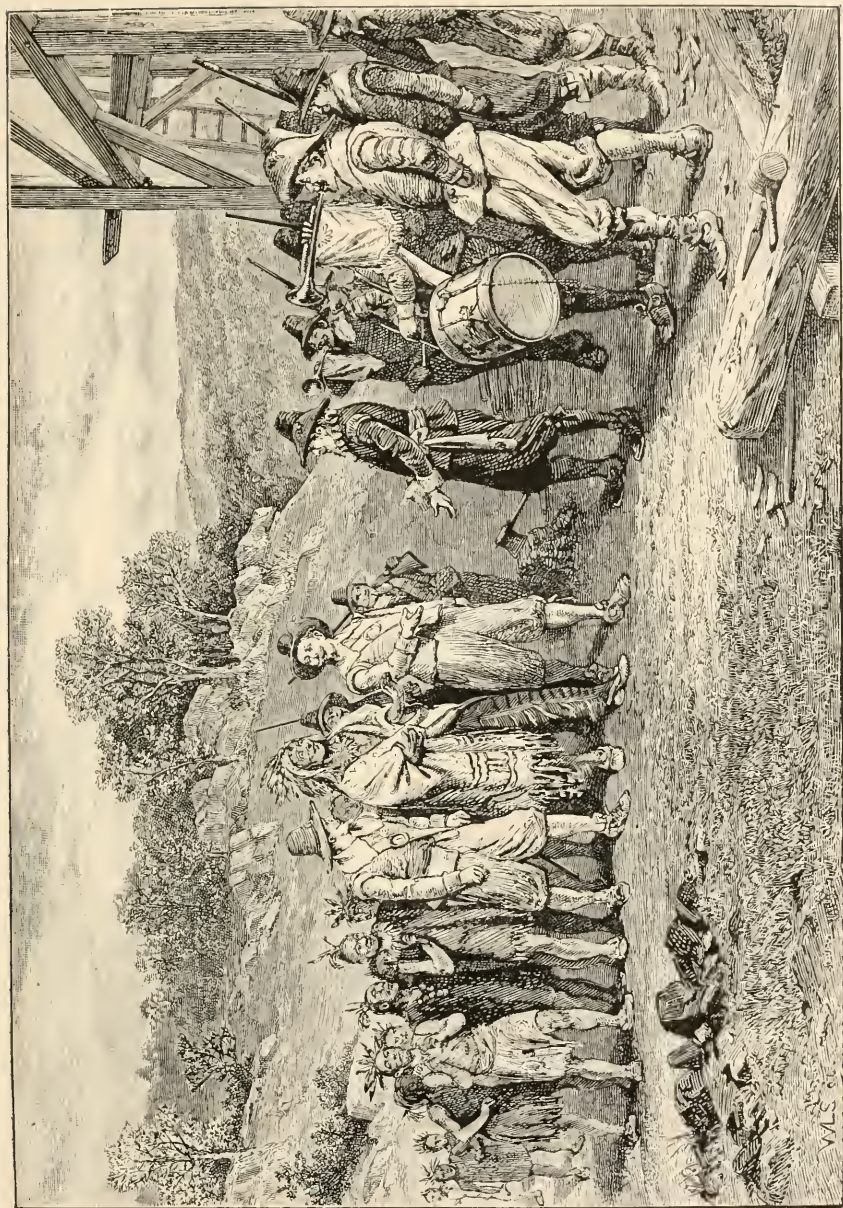
ATTACKED WHEN COMING FROM CHURCH

and sword, of course, but he took some presents. He gave the king two knives and a copper chain, and he gave Quadequina one knife and an ornament to hang in his ear. He gave them some biscuit, too, and butter and a pot of strong water. The king put the chain around his neck and Quadequina put the ornament into his ear, and they looked at their knives and grunted. Then Mr. Winslow made a speech. I had slipped around back of a little ridge so as to be nearer, and I could hear every word

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

he said. He began, "Our high and mighty Prince, King James, salutes you with words of love and peace. He accepts you as his friend and ally." There was ever so much more that I forget. Samoset and Squanto said it over to the chief in Indian. They all looked as if they did not understand it very well, and the tame Indians tried two or three times to tell it better. At last Samoset pointed to the chief and said, "Englishmen's king much friend. Him know." Then he said something in Indian and Massasoit nodded. Mr. Winthrop talked some more to Massasoit. He said that our Governor wanted to see him to make peace and barter with him. The chief seemed to understand that in no time at all. He nodded and pointed to Mr. Winslow's sword and armor and said something that anybody could guess meant, "I want those." Mr. Winslow shook his head and pointed down the hill to Governor Carver. After a while Massasoit made up his mind to come and see the Governor. Samoset and Squanto must have told him he could n't take his arrows with him, for he and the other Indians who came with him dropped them on the ground and left them. Mr. Winslow had to stay with Quadequina, and we kept some Indians with us so they would not dare to hurt Mr. Winslow.

I tell you, grandma, I was n't sorry then that I was not so very big, for I could slip through places where the men could not, and I saw everything there was to see. I crept around by the hill and then I got into the house where I knew they would bring him. Captain Standish and some more men stood beside



RECEIVING MASSASOIT

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

the brook, and when the chief came, one walked on one side of him and one on the other, and the other Indians followed. I could get near enough then to see everything about him, and I tell you, grandma, it is n't half so big a sight when King James rides out. Massasoit wore a kind of tight-fitting trousers made of skins and a great deerskin over his shoulders. Around his neck he had a long chain of white beads made of bones. A little bag of tobacco hung down his back. Some of his men wore furs, and some did n't have a thing to wear but their own skins, so they had painted those, or at least their faces. Some were black, some red, some yellow, and some white. Some had just long streaks of paint down their faces; but some had crosses and rings and all sorts of queer figures.

You ought to have seen the Governor march into the house, grandma. Indians don't sit on chairs, so the men had spread out a big green rug and put three or four cushions on it. Just as soon as Massasoit was inside the house, we heard a great beating of the drum and a sounding of the trumpet, and then the Governor came in. Massasoit looked half scared, and when the Governor took up his hand and kissed it, I thought he was going to run. I sort of hoped he would, for I thought he might drop one of his new knives and I could find it. I suppose, though, they would not have let me keep it if I had. The king has good pluck, for he did n't run but kissed the Governor instead. I should n't have liked that very well, for Massasoit's head and face were all danbed with grease. I could n't help saying "Oh!"

JOHN BILLINGTON OF PLYMOUTH

for he was so horrid. I wish I had n't, though, for some of the Indians looked straight at me and the men told me to leave quick. I had to go, but I climbed up into a tree that was close by the window, and I could see there as well as anywhere.

There was n't anything to see, though, for as soon as they had drunk some strong water and eaten some meat they began to talk about a treaty. I did not care anything about that, so I went off not far from the brook where I could be sure of seeing the chief when he came out again. The Captain told me afterwards that the treaty meant that Massasoit was going to help us if any other Indians tried to hurt us, and we were to help him if they came to fight him. It did not say what we were to do if any white men came to hurt him or steal his people to sell in Spain for slaves.

After a while the chief went away. I thought the show was all over, but pretty soon some Indians came and told us that Quadequina was coming. The men took him to the house and gave him a cushion to sit on and something to eat and drink. He was afraid of the cannon, but he liked the trumpet. Some of his men tried to sound it, and queer work they made of it.

I don't see why anybody need to be afraid of the Indians. I am sure that they like us ever so much. They stayed all night in the woods not far away, and they said they would come again in a little while to plant corn, and then they would stay all summer. Samoset and Squanto would n't go away at all. I was glad they did n't, for I like eels and Squanto gets them for us.

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

He knows just where to find them. It is a muddy place, and he treads it all over barefoot till he feels an eel. Then he takes it out with his hands. He says he won't ever leave us.

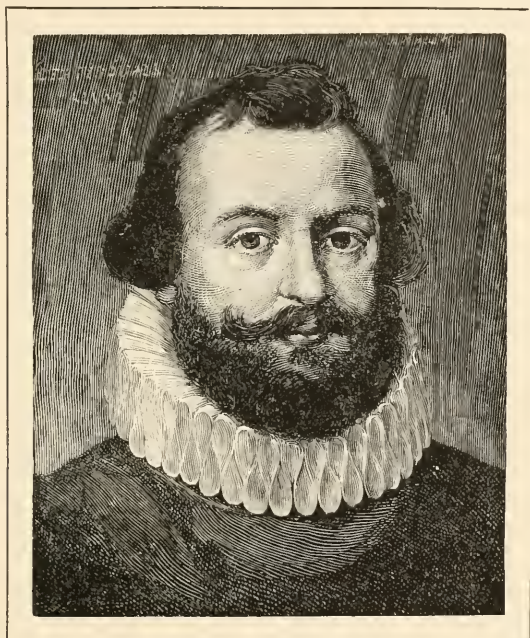
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It is ever so long since I wrote this. I would n't have done it so soon, but Master Jones meant to sail a good while ago. He could n't because the Rendezvous caught fire and there was no place for the people to stay but on the ship. Then, too, he did n't dare to sail till the sailors were well.

Something awful has happened, grandma, since I wrote the first of this. The people chose Captain Standish to be captain here, and if there was any fighting to be done, he was to tell them what to do. One day my father said he knew how to fight as well as Miles Standish, and he was not going to mind him. Some one heard it, and father was provoked, and he talked back to them and said something dreadful to the Captain. I don't know what it was ; but they said he'd got to have his neck and heels tied together for a punishment. I guess he must have told them he was sorry, for they let him off. Captain Standish looked sorry. Some of the boys began to call me the Billington brat and to say things about my father. I met one of them alone on the farther side of the great hill, and I whipped him well. He is bigger than I am. He said his father would tell the Governor, and I said, "*You* 'll be sorry if he does," and he did n't. Mr. Bradford says we are pilgrims and we must not care where we make our pilgrimage, but I

JOHN BILLINGTON OF PLYMOUTH

do. I wish I could have gone with Uncle Francis to Virginia. I don't mind being a pilgrim, but I'd like to make my pilgrimage where they don't call me the Billington boy. I wish I



Miles Standish

knew how far it is to Virginia. I asked Squanto if the Indians would be good to me if I went to see them, and he said, "Some little English boy — no. You boy — yes."

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

The Mayflower is going to sail to-morrow. Master Jones promised to carry my letter and my sassafras. I've got you a big bundle of it; and if you are sick, it will make you well again. I want to see you.

VI

A Second Letter from John Billington to his Grandmother in England

Plymouth, December 13, 1621.

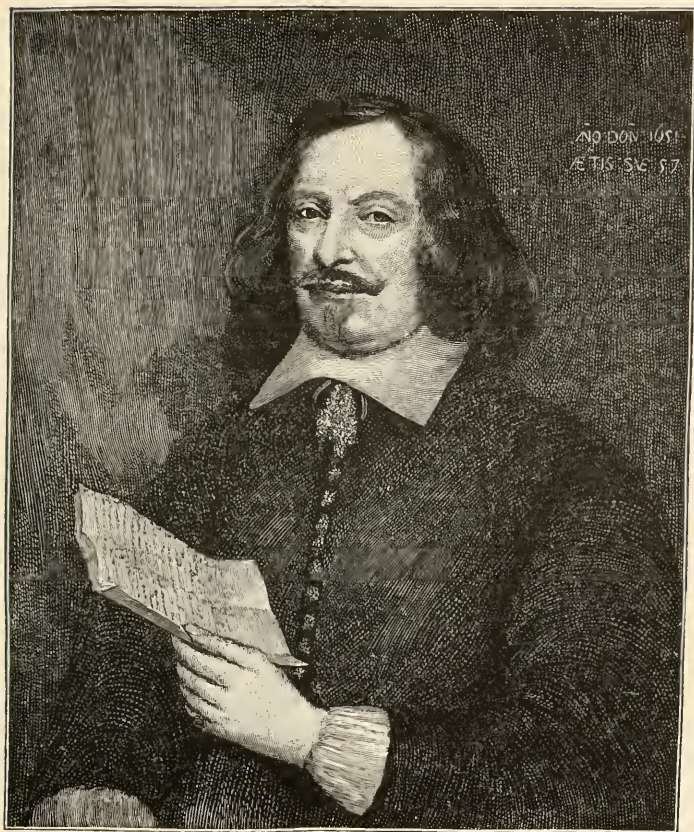
You can't guess how many things Squanto has taught us. We have n't any mill to grind corn and he showed us how the Indians grind theirs. They cut down an old tree and burn a hole down into the stump. Then they tie a heavy block of wood to the tip of a young tree. They put the corn into the hole and pull the tree down so that it pounds the corn. They keep on doing this and by and by the corn is meal. He showed us how to plant corn, too. It is the queerest way you ever saw. He puts a dead herring into the hill with the corn to make it grow, and he plants beans with it so they will run up on the corn-stalks. A little boy here watched him and asked, "Will the corn come up or the herring?" I don't think I was ever so stupid as that, do you? Bushels and bushels of herring swim up our brook, and we can catch them with nets. I had n't any net and I made one. I cut some strips from a basswood tree and tied them together so it was all open like a net. Then I got a long piece of willow and twisted it to make a ring and tied the net to it. I

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

could not make any handle stay on well, but I sat down on the edge of the brook and leaned over and I caught some fish. The men said I frightened them — I mean the fish — and made me go away; but, truly, I did n't splash much except when one of those boys that called me the Billington brat was near enough to be hit. If I was dead, don't you believe they'd be sorry they were always finding fault with me?

They won't let me go on any of their journeys. This summer Mr. Winslow and Mr. Hopkins went to visit Massasoit. Squanto showed them the way. They carried him a copper chain and a coat made of red cloth trimmed with lace. They told him about the corn that they borrowed when they first came, and they asked him to find whose it was so they could pay for it in corn or meal or anything else that they had. Massasoit promised to find out who owned it. He put on the red coat and the chain, and did n't he feel fine! He walked up and down and his men all shouted, they were so pleased to see him look so splendid.

I heard Mr. Winslow telling about it, and I listened as hard as ever I could, for I mean some day to visit an Indian all by myself. One thing that they did I don't think was very polite. When Massasoit came here he told us he was coming and there was time to put down the green rug and the cushions and screw up the drum and get something ready to give him to eat; but Mr. Winslow did not send word. Massasoit told them he was glad to see them and promised that his people should all bring their beaver skins to us and he gave them some tobacco to smoke;



John Donne

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

but there was not a thing in the house to eat. He had been away and did not get back till they had been there a while. They had to go to bed hungry, and they did not have a bite till afternoon the next day; and then it was not much more than a bite, for there were only two fishes and there were as many as forty people that wanted to eat some of them. Massasoit was so ashamed that he did not know what to say; but don't you think it was their fault? I do.

A little after they came home I did something that they all say is very bad. I had made a snare to catch a squirrel, and I was creeping along to it as softly as I could when I heard Captain Standish say, "I rather think the boy'll come out all right." Then some one else said, "Maybe so, but it seems to me a great pity that Billington and his family should ever have come on board in England. He is with us, but not of us. His thoughts are not our thoughts, nor are his ways our ways. He is no more in sympathy with us than yonder rock." The two men were just under the bank so I could n't see them, but I could hear every word. I knew they meant me, and I did not want to stay any longer. I thought I'd go to Virginia. Uncle Francis is there. He is always good to me, and I was sure he'd be glad to see me. I did n't think either father or mother would care very much. Of course I knew Virginia was a long way off, but I thought that if I could find Massasoit I could make him understand where I wanted to go, and he would send some one to show me the way, or maybe he would let me live with him. There

JOHN BILLINGTON OF PLYMOUTH

was n't anything to be afraid of except the Narragansett Indians, and I thought Massasoit would know how to go around their country. So I started out in the woods one morning the same way that Mr. Winslow had gone. I took some parched corn in my pocket and I ate it for dinner. There was plenty of water to drink and I found some wild strawberries. I thought I should come to Massasoit's house before night or to some of his men; but I did n't. When night came I lay down on some moss. The next morning I ate more berries and some sassafras and birch bark. Then I came to the shore. I stayed by the shore, for I thought maybe I should see a ship going to Virginia and it would stop for water. The next night I lay down on the sand beside a rock. It was not cold and I was not much afraid. There were two more nights and then I saw some Indians. They were getting lobsters, and they gave me some to eat and some cake made of corn meal. They had canoes, and when they left, one of them took me with him ever so far away to his town. He called it Nauset. There were a good many of their houses. They build them of young trees. They cut the trees down and stick both ends into the ground. When they have stuck in enough to make a ring, their house is done. They leave a place to go in and hang a mat before it; and the whole house is covered with mats, outside and inside. There is n't any chimney, but there is a hole in the top for the smoke to go out. They build a fire in the middle of the house and drive two stakes into the ground on each side,

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

slanting together and crossing near the top. Then they lay a green stick on where the stakes cross and hang their kettle on the stick. When they want to go to bed, they lay thick mats on the ground around the fire. We did n't have any fire while I was with them, because it was hot weather and they cooked the lobsters and fish outside. They had wooden bowls and trays and earthen pots, and they had some things a good deal better than ours, for there were all sorts of baskets. Some were made of long grass. They were woven together in a pretty pattern of black and white. They gave me one and I am going to send it to you. There was one basket made of crab shells tied together. The Indians were good to me. They gave me broiled fish and lobster and they put a mat down for me to sleep on.

I did n't see any ship coming, but the Indians were glad to have me visit them and I liked to stay. One of them made me a bow and some arrows, and another gave me a knife made of a sharp shell tied to a wooden handle. They showed me how to paddle a canoe and how to make a new kind of snare for squirrels that is ever so much better than mine. They taught me how to make sounds that would call the wild ducks and make them think there were other ducks near, so they would stop and you could shoot them. They would n't let me drink at a brook, but always made me go to a spring. They showed me how to make a fire by rubbing two sticks together, and how to cook clams in a hole in the ground. They dig a hole

JOHN BILLINGTON OF PLYMOUTH

and stone up the sides like a well. Then they build a fire in it, and when the stones are hot they put in seaweed and clams, and sometimes lobsters and fish and green corn, and cover them up with seaweed. By and by they take them out, and they are cooked. The Indians can do a good many more things than Englishmen. If the people from Plymouth had not come for me, I should have learned how to do almost everything. I could talk with the Indians a little, too, for I learned ever so many of their words. They were polite to me, and they did n't seem to think I was a very bad boy.

Don't you think it was a shame for the men from Plymouth to come and take me away? They did. They asked Massasoit to find where I was, and he sent some Indians all about to find me. Then the men started in the boat. They came to where the Indians get lobsters, and Squanto asked them where I was. They said I was at Nauset on Cape Cod, and that they would go there with them. Was n't I sorry when I saw them coming! It was low tide, and the shallop could n't come anywhere near the shore. I thought maybe they would go away, but they did n't. I told the chief, Aspinet, that I wanted to stay with him. I am sure he understood; but he shook his head, and pointed to the men in the boat, so I had to go. He hung ever so many chains of beads and shells around my neck. I walked beside him down to the water, and all his men followed us. There were as many as a hundred, I am sure. When we came to the water, one of the Indians put me up on

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

his shoulder and carried me out to the shallop. Aspinet came, too, and half of his men. The others stood on the shore with their bows and arrows.

The men from Plymouth gave Aspinet a knife, and they gave another to the Indian that brought me to Nauset, and they told Squanto to thank them both for taking care of me. I don't believe they really cared much, though, about getting me back, for they scolded me all the way. They had been caught in a big storm on the way and they didn't like it. Then Aspinet or some of his men had told them that the Narragansetts had taken Massasoit and meant to burn Plymouth. They said it would be all my fault if they did. I didn't see why. They said I had no business to lose myself in the woods. (I didn't tell them I was trying to go to Virginia.) When John Goodman and Peter Browne went off in the woods, the men said they *were lost*, but now they said I had *lost myself*.

When we came to Plymouth, Mr. Bradford—he is Governor now since Governor Carver died—told me I was a careless, wicked boy to make them so much trouble when they had so much to do. He asked me why I couldn't behave as well as Wrestling Brewster and Bartholomew Allerton. I don't suppose he ever did anything bad when he was a boy. Maybe people were polite to him all the time because he was sick. Captain Standish was with Governor Bradford; and when the Governor went away he said, "John, you must never do such a thing again. It is a wonder that you were not killed

JOHN BILLINGTON OF PLYMOUTH

by some wild beast. The Narragansetts have not taken Massasoit, but they might have done so; and if they had attacked



A FALSE ALARM

us while ten of our men were away looking for you, we should all have been killed." I understood it then and I was sorry.

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

I said, "Truly, Captain Standish, I don't mean to do bad things. If I was sick as Governor Bradford was when he was a boy, I suppose I should n't. Do you think it is better to be sick and good or well and bad?" He turned his head away and looked up into a tree at a squirrel a minute. He did n't answer what I asked, but he said, "John, you try to be a good boy, and just as soon as you are old enough you shall go with me every journey I make." Then he turned away, and I heard him say, "Poor little fellow, it is n't his fault." I don't think mother and father cared much whether I came back or not. Mother cries all the time and wishes she had n't come. Father does n't like it here, either. He says the Governor does not give him as much meal and peas as he does the rest. He thinks he would be a better governor than Mr. Bradford; and he does n't believe he ought to have to mind laws that the king did not make. He does n't want to go back to England, though; he says he is going to get even with a few people first, and then maybe he will go to Virginia.

This letter is going to you by the ship *Fortune*. When we saw it coming we thought it was a French ship, and we were all ready to fire at it. Some more men came on it. This is all I am going to write now.

VII

A Third Letter from John Billington to his Grandmother in England

Plymouth, September 10, 1623.

I 'm a pretty big boy now. It is more than three years since you saw me, and I have grown much more than I should in England, I am sure. I like Captain Standish as well as ever. He is the most splendid man I ever saw. He is n't any more afraid of the Narragansetts than I am of a codfish. You see, the Narragansetts hate Massasoit, and we are his friends, so they hate us. They keep watch of us all the time, and when they found that the Fortune did not bring us any more muskets or provisions, they thought it was a good time to kill us. One of them came right into Plymouth one day and asked where Squanto was. He was away fishing. Then the Indian threw down a bunch of arrows tied together with a rattlesnake's skin and walked off. Nobody knew what it meant; but when Squanto came back he said, "Canonicus means kill. You make ready." The Governor and Captain Standish and the others filled the skin with powder and bullets and sent it back to Canonicus. They sent him word that we did n't want

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

to fight, but if *he* did, we were all ready and he could begin when he chose. Our houses and storehouses are close together, and we have built a high paling around them with four bulwarks, or jetties. There are three gates, and at night these are kept locked, and some one is always on guard night and day. We have a big fort on top of the hill, too. It is made of heavy timber. It has a flat roof and battlements. We go to meeting in the lower part; but on the roof there are four cannon, and if any Narragansetts tried to come, they would have a hard time. I don't believe they will ever come, though, for Squanto scared them dreadfully. They are more afraid of the plague than anything else, and Squanto told them the Englishmen kept it buried in barrels in their storehouse and could let it out upon them whenever they chose. Canonius thought it was in the snakeskin. He did not dare to keep it or even to open it, and so he sent it back. I rather think they'll have to do whatever our Governor tells them. Squanto died almost a year ago and we were all very sorry. Before he died he asked the Governor to pray that he might go to the Englishman's God in heaven.

Some of the men that came on the *Fortune* don't mind the Governor very well, but he knows how to make them. Christmas Day he called them out to work, but they didn't go. They said they did not think it was right to work on Christmas, it went against their consciences. The Governor said, "Very well, if it is a matter of conscience, I will spare you till you are better informed." When the Governor and the men who



CAPTAIN STANDISH ACCEPTING THE CHALLENGE

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN



FIGHTING THE INDIANS

had been working came in for dinner at noon, the Fortune men were having a great time playing stool-bar and pitching the bar. The Governor went right up to them and took away their ball and bar. "If keeping Christmas is a matter of conscience with you," he said, "stay in your houses and keep it; but it is against my conscience to have you play while others are working."

I like Governor Bradford a good deal better than I used to when I was a small boy. He talked to me one day. He said that in a few years he and the other men would be old or dead,

JOHN BILLINGTON OF PLYMOUTH

and we boys would have to take care of the colony. I never thought of that before. Then he said that if we did the very best we could, the people that would live hundreds of years after we were all gone would like to think of us and say over our names, and they would thank God that we ever lived and were the kind of people that we were. I never thought of that before, either, and I tell you, grandmother, I'm just going to do my very best, I am.

P. S. — This paper is all ragged because I tore it open to tell you some more. Captain Standish called me just now and said something too good to keep. Just think of this! He said, "I've noticed that you are coming to be a pretty manly sort of boy. Next week I am going to make a little journey to the Massachusetts tribe. Do you want to go with me?" Do I want to! Oh, grandmother!

VIII

*A Letter from Adelina Herrington, on her way to
Maryland, to Clarice Armitage in Paris*

*On Board the Ship Ark,
February 20, 1634.*

HAVE you forgotten how you used to say when we were at school, "Adelina is quiet and well-behaved, but she will yet do something that no one expects"? I have done it. -I'm on the way to America with my father.

Do you remember how I cried and cried when father wrote that he was coming to take me away from the convent and you? Before that I had not thought there could be anything worse than being tardy to vespers and having to wear a black veil Sunday when all the rest of you wore white ones. The sisters told me that it was very wrong to feel so about going with my own father; but really I hardly knew him at all. I was so little when my mother died, and after that I had always been away from him, either at Aunt Alicia's or in the convent. He seemed so much like a stranger that I felt shy and timid when we went on board the boat to go to England; it was so long since I had been anywhere without one of the

sisters. When we were in a quiet corner by ourselves, he said, "Adelina, you are very grave. Do you think you cannot be happy away from your school?" "I will try, my father, if you please," I answered; but I was so homesick that I could hardly keep the tears back. Then he put his arm around me and said, "Little daughter, did you ever think how lonely I have been without your mother all these years? I could not let you stay away from me any longer. Every day I have asked the Blessed Virgin to watch over you; but I needed my own little girl. I want you for my companion, for my little friend. Can't you be happy with me?" Somehow everything seemed different all in a moment. My father had always been very good to me whenever I saw him, and he had sent me everything that I wanted; but I did not know that he needed me, and I never thought how much he must have missed my mother. I was so sorry for him and so glad that I could help him, that all at once I knew I would rather be with him than with any one else in the world, and I said so.

I never told this before, even to you, my Clarice; but we are a long way apart, and somehow I wanted to tell you to-day.

When I said that to father he looked so pleased. He kissed me and said, "Now you are not a little girl in a French convent any longer; you are going to be an English girl." He does not treat me, however, as any English girls that I know are treated, but almost as if I were a boy. He talks with me,

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

too, about his plans and asks what I think of them, just as if I knew as much as he. Aunt Alicia does not like it. She says that I am fifteen years old now, that every girl ought to be married before she is sixteen, and that father ought to be choosing me a husband instead of talking with me about things that my husband will decide for me; but father only laughs and keeps right on.

The day that I was fifteen we had a long talk about America. Of course I knew a little bit about Lord Baltimore's plan, but he told me a great deal more. He said that our family had powerful friends who had protected us, but that other Catholics were suffering throughout the land, that they were put into prison and were made to pay such heavy fines that some of them who used to be rich were now poor. Before Lord Baltimore's father died, he planned to make a settlement in America where all who believed in Jesus Christ might come, and where no one should be fined or imprisoned because he was faithful to our Holy Mother Church. "It is probable that we shall not be troubled even in England," father said, "but there are thousands who may need a place of refuge. The king has given Lord Baltimore the territory that was promised to his father, and in about six months a company will sail for the Terra Mariæ, the Land of Mary. What do you say, my little girl, shall we go with them and help make a place where those who are faithful shall be free?"

That's the way my father talks to me, as if I knew as much



CECIL, SECOND LORD BALTIMORE

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

as he does. He told me that Lord Baltimore must send the king at Windsor Castle two Indian arrows every year, and if any gold or silver is found in Maryland the king is to have one fifth of it. That is all he has to do with us; we are to be really an independent little country. We can make what laws we choose and trade with whatever nation we wish. No other colony is half so free. Father is to have miles of land, and we have ten servants on board with us. They are to work long enough to pay for their passage, their food and clothes and tools, and then they are to be freemen.

Of course Aunt Alicia was not pleased. She used to cry over me and then talk to father, and then cry over me again; and all the time the day of sailing was coming nearer and nearer, and we were so busy getting ready. Did you ever think how many things one needs when he is going out into a wilderness? Of course father looked out for whatever he wanted to build our house, such things as glass and lead and bolts and nails; but he asked me to make out a list of what we should need inside the house. That sounds easy; but it kept me awake nights; and even when I thought it was done, I found that I had forgotten soap and candles and towels and spoons and gridirons and kettles—truly, I forgot more things than I remembered, and if Aunt Alicia had not helped me, we should have fared pretty badly. Then, too, we had to buy provisions for the voyage. No one knew how long it would be. Sometimes it is only seven weeks, but at other times it takes

ADELINA HERRINGTON OF MARYLAND

three months. We had fine wheat flour, butter, cheese, and rice, of course; and you may be sure that I looked out for plenty of conserves and marmalade and prunes. We took some live poultry, and we had ham and beef and mutton besides. The beef was packed in vinegar; the mutton was minced and stewed and pressed into earthen jars; the tongue was dried. We had wine, claret and Canary. I thought we could not possibly eat so much; but father said, "Seven weeks is a long while, and three months is longer. Moreover, hungry people do not make good colonists, and you will not find your Aunt Alicia's kitchen on the Maryland shore."

We had to think of more than our food and clothes, for father meant to trade with the Indians. He has a cousin who was in the Virginia colony for three years, and so he knew what they like best. Cousin Henry said there were two kinds of articles that the Indians were always glad to get, something useful and something ornamental. Father bought great quantities of knives and hatchets and axes,—I hope they won't scalp us with any of them,—and I picked out cheap combs and bracelets and rings by the score, and strings upon strings of beads of all the hues of the rainbow. We bought shoes and stockings and hats and linen cloth and woolen cloth of all colors, especially bright red. These are what we are to live upon, for we shall sell them to the Indians for corn. I forgot the perfumery. I put in quarts of it to keep away the plague if it should come to America.

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

Now, Clarice, do you wonder that we were a good three months in getting ready to go? And I have not told you half even now, for there were all the servants to look out for. They had to have provisions, of course, and muskets and bullets and swords and shoes and stockings and waistcoats and shirts and caps and gowns and aprons and cloaks; and then, too, there were all the tools that would be needed to work on the land, shovels and spades and broadaxes and hammers, and a good many things that I do not know the names of. The servants, too, must have their iron kettles and frying-pans and gridirons and their wooden dishes and wooden spoons. Aunt Alicia does not think it is quite proper for me to go about with father to buy these things. She says no other English girl would dream of doing it; but father likes it and so do I. Does it seem possible that only three years ago I used to ask Sister Margaret Mary so meekly if I might have three sous of my allowance to spend, if she pleased? And now my father is trusting me to spend hundreds of pounds for him! We do have such good times together. I'm not lonesome, not a bit, and I am not sorry we have come; but there was one minute when I would have given anything to go back. That was when the ship first sailed and I saw the water between me and the wharf at Gravesend growing wider and deeper every moment. Of course I had been sorry all along to leave my friends; but when that strip of water began to widen I realized that there was something in the land itself that I did not

ADELINA HERRINGTON OF MARYLAND

like to leave. It would have been a little easier, my Clarice, if I could only have seen you for one little minute. Why



CHARLES I

should you have been in France with your cousins when I wanted you so much ?

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

Father had told me it was possible that at the last instant we might be hindered from sailing, for so many people were working against Lord Baltimore's charter. The Virginia colonists are angry because we are to have land that was once given to them, though they never did anything with it, and the king took it back; then, too, they do not want a Catholic colony so near. Some of the people in England say that the king ought not to allow a "stronghold of popery" to be built up in America. They do not seem willing for us Catholics to be anywhere. There were as many Protestants as Catholics on board. Most of the Protestants go as servants, but in three or four years they will be freemen and help make the laws. There were the most absurd rumors that any one ever dreamed. One was that we were not going to America at all, but were carrying nuns to Spain, and soldiers to help Spain conquer England. They do not seem to think it is possible that a Catholic can care as much for England as a Protestant, but I know I do.

Just fancy how we felt when Admiral Pennington signaled to us to stop. A boat was rowed up to our vessel and an officer came aboard. It seemed that some one had reported that some people on the Ark were going away without taking the oath of allegiance; and the officer was sent to order us all to return to port. Father saw the dispatch, and he said it was marked "Haste!" in ten places, besides "Post-haste" and "All speed." We had to put back, of course. Father is always

ADELINA HERRINGTON OF MARYLAND

hopeful, and he thought that we might only have to wait till they were sure that all had taken the oath; but some of the people were afraid that we should not be allowed to sail at all. They kept us a good many days; and even when at last they let us go, I did not feel sure we really were going till we were out of sight of land.

That alarm was bad enough, but the storm was worse. I did not know a storm could be so terrible. The wind blew furiously and the waves grew higher and higher. It went on day after day. The sea was fearful, but I really believe the clouds were worse, for they rushed together in such angry masses — as if all the evil spirits in the world were ready to dash down upon us. One day towards evening the captain saw a sunfish swimming. “That means a coming tempest,” he said. I thought we were having a tempest then, but that was nothing to the hurricane that swooped down upon us a little later. First, there was the heaviest rain I ever saw, and then such blasts of wind! We had no sail set except the mainsail; but, quick as the sailors worked to furl it, the wind caught it, tore it in two, and flung half of it into the sea. The ship did not obey the rudder, and we drifted wherever the wind blew us. There are two priests on board, and they called us together to pray. We called upon our dear Lord, the Blessed Virgin, St. Ignatius, and all the angel guardians of Maryland; and we made so many vows of good deeds that, if they are all kept, our little colony ought to be a real paradise. Frightened as I

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

was, I could not help remembering one sentence in Father White's prayer. He said, "Our dear Lord, we call upon Thee to help us. This journey over the stormy sea is not to please ourselves, but to glorify the blood of our Redeemer and raise up a kingdom for the Saviour." I kept saying that over and over to myself. Even then, I was still afraid; but Father White's face looked as calm and happy as if we were on land in a sunshiny morning. "Do you believe that we can be saved?" some one asked him, and he replied, "I do, for comfort has shone in upon my soul." He was right, for the storm died away.

The two priests are going to take up land and support themselves just like the gentlemen adventurers. Father White has spent years in prison just because he was a priest. He always fasts twice a week, and he did the same when he was in jail. The jailer told him that if he treated his poor old body so badly he would n't have strength enough to be hanged at Tyburn. "It is the fasting that gives me strength to bear all for the sake of Christ," he replied. It does seem as if with such a good man on board we ought to be saved from one storm, does n't it?

I forgot to say that there was one more thing that frightened us. When we were sailing beyond the Madeiras, we saw three ships that seemed to be signaling. Then a small boat went from one to another. I was more afraid of the ships than of the storm, for we thought they were Turkish pirates. The

ADELINA HERRINGTON OF MARYLAND

captain began to make ready for fighting; but the ships sailed away and did not trouble us.

Surely St. Ignatius is watching over us, for all our troubles pass. We are not far from Maryland now, the captain says, and in spite of the storm we have had a short voyage. We stopped at the Barbadoes. Do you remember how we used to repeat “*Dans la Barbade il fait tout chaud?*” It certainly is “*tout chaud*,” for the people there wear linen all winter, just think of that! They have a soap tree, and a bit of the wood put into water will wash clothes just as well as soap. The best thing they have is pineapples. They are three or four times as large as any that I ever saw in Europe, and they are certainly the most delicious fruit that any one could imagine. We stopped at two other islands. At one we saw a wonderful plant. The natives call it the Virgin Plant, because if you touch it ever so lightly it shrinks together and seems to be almost dead. It revives, though, after a while. At another island we met the first really wild natives we have seen. They came out to the ship in canoes and held up gourds and parrots. They — I mean the natives — were daubed with red paint. The captain beckoned to them to come nearer, but they were afraid. Then he put up a white flag, but that did not make them feel any better. Then he held up some knives and little bells. Those poor savages wanted them so much that at last they did venture to come near enough to snatch a few and leave us the gourds and parrots. Then they paddled away as

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

if a hurricane was after them. The captain says many people believe that on this island is a strange animal called a car-bunca, with a stone in its forehead as fiery red as a burning coal.

Father says we are too near Maryland for any more letter-writing, but that when we are once settled in a wigwam, a mud hut, a tent, a log house, or a palace, whichever it may chance to be, I may write whole volumes if I choose.

Can you believe, Clarice, that I was once a shy little convent girl who said so forlornly, "*J'essaierai d'être heureuse, s'il vous plait,*" and that now I'm not one bit afraid to land in an unknown country on the other side of the world? That is the kind of girl my father has made me. He is not at all like the other girls' fathers that I have seen. He is the best companion in the world, and sometimes I forget that he is a day older than I.

Oh, Clarice, you cannot guess how I wish you were with us. Father does not say whether he wants to stay here always or only long enough to help Lord Baltimore found his colony and then go back to England. I asked him one day, but all he would say was that after a while we would talk it over, and I should choose.

Good-by, dear. May the good God be with us both. I send you a whole heartfelt of love.

IX

A Second Letter from Adelina Herrington of Maryland to Clarice Armitage in Paris

*St. Mary's in Maryland,
May 20, 1634.*

I TOOK my pen in hand to write you a long, long letter all about our first landing; but before I had written a page father told me that an English ship was coming up the river. Of course I dropped my pen and paper and hurried to the shore with him. Whenever I catch a glimpse of the English flag on a strange vessel I can't help saying to myself, "Maybe Clarice is aboard; who knows?" Perhaps it is silly to dream of such a thing, but I was so well rewarded for my folly this time that I suppose I shall keep on being foolish.

You know what the reward was of course. First, who should the captain prove to be but your Uncle Harmon, who used to give me sweetmeats when I was a little girl at Aunt Alicia's. He brought a great package of letters for the gentlemen adventurers and the others, but before he even untied them he drew a letter from his inner pocket. I caught sight of the seal and I knew it was yours. "Gentlemen," he said,

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

"I must first pay my duty to the little girl in France and the little girl in America; this letter must have the right of way." Then he made one of his lowest bows and presented me with it. That was the second reward. Then there is something else that I have thought and thought about. At the very end of your letter you wrote, "Father and mother have been talking about Maryland this morning. Supposing" — and there it stopped. In some way that special corner had become wet and I could n't read the rest. I do so wonder whether it was "Supposing we should come to Maryland." Oh, Clarice, you don't know how happy I should be! I asked Captain Harmon if he could guess the ending of that sentence; but he said the letter was sent him from the Continent, that you were all in Paris, and that he had not seen any of you for three months before he sailed.

As I said, I began to write you about our landing and our first months in this beautiful Land of Mary. First, however, we went ashore in Virginia, at Point Comfort. Father and some of the others were afraid the Virginians were plotting some harm against us; and a good many of them did gaze at us as if they wished we were anywhere but there. Lord Baltimore's brother, Mr. Calvert, came with us as governor, and he brought letters from the King and the Lord High Treasurer to Sir John Harvey, the Governor of Virginia. Sir John was very kind. Father said he promised to let us have cattle and hogs and corn and poultry. Then, too,

ADELINA HERRINGTON OF MARYLAND

they make brick in Virginia, and we are to be supplied with that until we can make it for ourselves. He offered something



MAP OF MARYLAND, 1635

else that pleased father very much, for he does like a good garden, and that was two or three hundred stocks all grafted

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

with apples, pears, peaches, plums, and quinces. Governor Harvey could not have been any more kind to us if he had been a Catholic himself.

But that is not about our own Terra Mariæ. Really, Clarice, we had stopped at so many places that I began to feel almost homesick to come to the one place that belonged to us. I think the other people must have felt the same, for as soon as we were fairly into the Potomac River they began to name the different points. At the mouth of the river we have Capes St. Gregory and St. Michael. I hope the good saints were pleased that we gave their names to the very entrance to our Maryland, and that they will be with us and watch over us.

I cannot tell you how beautiful the Potomac is. I used to think it was a great treat to go on the Thames, but that seems to me like a rivulet now that I have seen the Potomac. There are fine groves on both sides of our river, and so little underbrush that they seem like parks. The trees are not crowded together, but are so far apart that they really look almost as if they had been set out by gardeners. Father says he believes one could drive a four-horse carriage through these woods.

All this while the Indians were watching us, for some one had started the story that six Spanish ships were coming to drive all the natives out of the country. We could see their signal fires at night, and they told us afterwards that their



BALTIMORE ORIOLE

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

scouts had said a canoe as big as an island was coming, and there were as many men aboard as there were trees in the forest.

After we had gone up the river quite a distance, we came to a charming little island, and there we landed. There were cedar trees and sassafras and nut trees, and vines and flowers in such masses as I never saw in England. There were the most beautiful birds I ever saw. One was deep blue, one a blazing scarlet, and there was one very much like our European oriole, only instead of being yellow and black, it was a deep, glowing orange and black, the colors of Lord Baltimore's coat of arms. We named this island for St. Clement, but I think it ought to have been Annunciation, for it was on Annunciation Day that we landed. Father White celebrated mass. All of the Catholics helped to build the altar. It was of rough stones, but we put flowers and vines around it. Maybe it was wrong in me, but it seemed more like a real altar than the one in our chapel. I thought it would be so easy for God to look down through the clear blue sky with no heavy roof between us. When we chanted "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will," I could almost believe that the Christmas angels were chanting it with us. After the mass, we all went a little to one side where a great tree had been roughly hewn into a cross. Father White and Father Altham took hold of it first, then the Governor and the Commissioners and the chief men among the adventurers.

ADELINA HERRINGTON OF MARYLAND

They lifted it upon their shoulders and walked slowly to the place that had been made ready for it. It was set up, and we knelt around it and recited the Litany of the Sacred Cross. Then Governor Calvert stood beside it and said, "I hereby take possession of Terra Mariæ for our Blessed Saviour and for our sovereign Lord, the King of England." We knelt again, and Father White said a prayer for God's Holy Church



ST. CLEMENT'S ISLAND

and the one we used to say at school every night, "Visit, we beseech Thee, O Lord, this habitation, and repel from it all snares of the enemy. Let Thy holy angels dwell therein to preserve us in peace, and may Thy blessing be upon us forever, through Christ our Lord." I never realized before how beautiful it is that you in grand old Notre Dame, — if you are

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

still in Paris, — the little girls in the convent chapel, and we, here on this little island, where perhaps no white people have ever set foot before, should all say the same prayers and even use the very same words.

I wish we could have made our settlement on St. Clement's Island, but it was not nearly large enough. We stayed there, however, while the Governor went farther up the river to meet the Indians. Father Altham went with him, and my father, too. I know father wanted to take me, and if I had only been a boy he would certainly have slipped me in somewhere. He told me every little thing that had happened, however, after they came home, so I almost feel as if I had gone.

Finding the Indians was not so easy as we had expected, for they had been so alarmed by that story of the Spanish ships that many of them had run away. The Governor kept on till he came to Potomac Town, and there they saw a real king, a boy of ten or twelve years. Father said he was a dear little bright-eyed fellow, straight as an arrow, and not one bit afraid of the Spaniards or any one else. His uncle, Archihau, will rule the tribe for him till he is older. Archihau was grave and dignified and ready to listen to whatever they said. Father Altham told him that we were not Spaniards, and that we had not come to make war, but in pure good will. "We wish to tell you about our God," Father Altham went on, "and to teach you the way to heaven. We believe in one God and worship Him alone." "Do you not make gifts to the Okee?"

ADELINA HERRINGTON OF MARYLAND

the chief asked. "No," Father Altham replied; for Okee is their word for evil spirit. "Then does not the Okee harm you?" "No; for our God is stronger than any evil spirits, and will not allow them to hurt us." "That is well," said the chief thoughtfully; "but you worship corn and fire, do you not?" "Why should we?" asked Father Altham, "when they are only the work of our God?" "That is true," the chief said. "I will think of that."

When our people were ready to go away, they said they would come again soon. "That is just what I want," declared Archihau. "We will eat at the same table, my followers shall go to the hunt for you as well as for us, and what is mine shall be as yours."

That was our first reception at an American court; but the Governor had learned in Virginia that there were not only kings but an emperor in our Maryland, and that if we could make friends with him there would be no trouble with the lesser chiefs. This emperor and his people did not mean to be taken unawares by the Spaniards; so when our boat came up, there they stood on the shore, five hundred or more, all armed with bows and arrows. Mr. Henry Fleet of Virginia went with our people as interpreter, and he made it clear to the Indians that we had not come for war, but for peace. He invited them to come aboard. The others were afraid, but the emperor came. He was taken to the cabin to be entertained; and then his followers were indeed frightened, for they seemed to think

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

that some trick had been played upon him. Mr. Fleet had to bring him up on the deck where they could see him before they would be satisfied. He told the Governor he was glad we had come, and we might dwell wherever we chose in his kingdom.

Now while the Governor was having such a fine time at the courts of kings and emperors, we were having visitors at our court. We had sentinels on guard all the time, of course, and the Indians began to come up rather timidly and ask them questions. They cannot understand how we made our ship, for they think it was hollowed out of a log like a canoe, and they ask, "Where in the world did a tree grow large enough to make such a huge canoe?" They are queer-looking creatures, or would be if we met them in London; but here in Maryland we expect everything to be strange, and so we are not surprised at anything. They wear a sort of apron and cloak of deerskin. So much for clothes. The rest of their dress is ornaments. Most of them have chains of beads around their necks, and a copper pendant, a fish or something else, dangling down over their foreheads. Their hair is long and as black as jet. They make it into a big knot over the left ear. All that is nothing to the gorgeousness of their faces, for those are painted red and blue, with lines drawn from the corners of their mouth to their ears to represent a beard.

But these Indians were only friendly visitors, and there was yet another sovereign to be seen before we could begin our

ADELINA HERRINGTON OF MARYLAND

St. Mary's, the chief of the Yaocomicoes, who owns the land on which we want to settle. He was the most gracious of all the chiefs. It seems that a powerful tribe, the Susquehannoes, had been ravaging his land, and he was glad enough to have some white men with their "loud-talking bow-strings" come to be his friends. "I will give you land for your town and your fields," he said; and it was a generous gift, for much



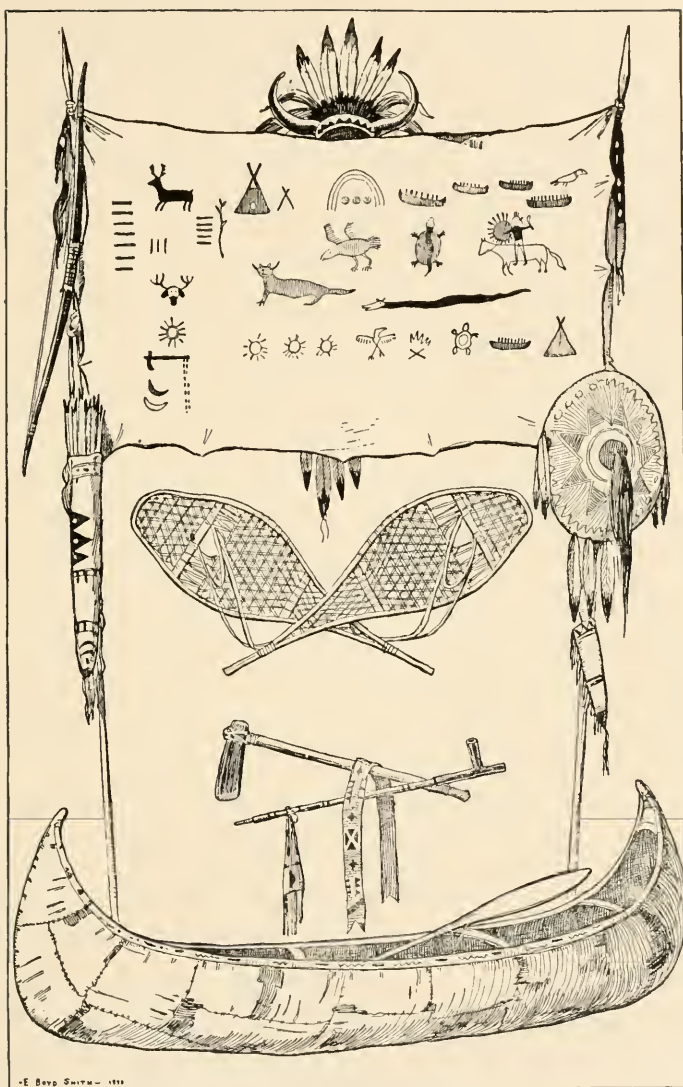
INDIAN WIGWAM

of it had been already cleared. Of course he expected a present in return, and the Governor gave him ever so many hatchets and axes and hoes and cloaks and hats; and now the Indians seem to feel as if they could not do enough for us. They are constantly bringing us partridges or turkeys or deer as gifts. It does not seem as if we should starve, for besides all that they bring, we have acres and acres of Indian corn planted, and it is up knee-high already. We have peas and

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

beans and potatoes and sugarcane all doing well, besides the grafted stocks from Virginia. There are so many wild grapevines, already loaded with tiny green grapes, that maybe some day Maryland wine will be counted as good as that of Spain.

The Indians gave us their cabins, or wigwams, and the largest one, the home of the chief, has been dedicated as a church. I wish you could have been with us then. We all knelt about the little hut. The Indians understood that we were praying, and they stood behind us, perfectly quiet but watching everything. Even the Protestants stopped all their work. It was so still that we could hear the wind blowing through the pines, the rippling of the river, and now and then the song of a bird in the forest. Father White took his place outside the little low door and stood with his head bowed. He prayed to God to bless what he was about to do; then he walked slowly around the cabin, sprinkling its walls with holy water, and saying, "Sprinkle me, O Lord, with hyssop, and I shall be cleansed." When he came to the door again, he prayed that God would visit the place. "Thou dost deign to have a dwelling-place on earth," he said in his prayer; and somehow that meant more here than anywhere else. We were all planning homes for ourselves, and to stop and make a home where God himself might dwell made it seem more than ever as if He was among us and was blessing our Maryland. When all who are faithful to our Holy Church had passed through the door, the Litany of the Saints was said, the inside



•E Boyd Smith— 1892

INDIAN IMPLEMENTS

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

walls were sprinkled with holy water, and the sacrifice of the mass was offered up. When we came out I felt as if I had been in the very Holy of Holies. Father says that some day there will be handsome churches built in our St. Mary's; but even if they were here now, I should still love the little cabin church best.

Father and I are living in an Indian cabin until our house is done; and you would never imagine what a fine housewife I have become. But what would Aunt Alicia say! A long letter from her came in the same ship with yours. She begs me to try to persuade father to come back to England. One sheet is filled with a description of a dress that Lady Beatrice Beauchamp wore. The bodice was yellow satin. The petticoat was of gold tissue, and the robe over it was of red velvet lined with yellow muslin with broad stripes of gold. The apron was of point lace, and the collar of white satin with a richly embroidered ruff. "Only persuade your father to come home," she writes, "and you shall have a dress just like it, or as much handsomer as we can find." I am almost sure that father would go home if he believed that I was unhappy here; but I'm not. I love England and I love Aunt Alicia, but somehow I want to stay a while and see how our little St. Mary's gets on.

There, Clarice, I have written these many, many pages just as fast as I could scribble, and I have tried hard to think of nothing but Indians and beads and bows and arrows and new

ADELINA HERRINGTON OF MARYLAND

settlements; for that “supposing” of yours sets my heart all a-quiver when I let myself think about it. This letter will go by the Ark to-morrow. I cannot help fancying how delightful it would be if the Ark should pass another vessel down in the bay, and if on that vessel should be you, my Clarice, and your father and mother. All this I have dreamed over and over again because of that little “supposing.” May it come true. Governor Calvert said one day that the only thing wanting to make the plantation perfect was a greater number of our countrymen to enjoy it. I should be satisfied with one, and that a countrywoman.

*A Letter from Harry Maxon of Naumkeag
(Salem), in Massachusetts, to his Aunt Eleanor
in England*

Naumkeag, July 2, 1629.

So many things have happened that I don't really know whether I am Harry Maxon or only another boy who wears my clothes. I never thought of such a thing as coming to Massachusetts, but here I am.

It seems a hundred years since that last day in Leicester. That was when Mr. Higginson went away. He used to be the minister of one of our parish churches, but he wouldn't conform, and so he couldn't have his own church any more. The other ministers used to let him preach in theirs sometimes. I liked to hear him because he talked as if he meant what he said. Everybody was sorry when he went away. I think of it after I have gone to bed. He and his wife and the children were in a big wagon ready to go to London. We all stood along the road on both sides. The men waved their caps and the women their aprons, and they cried "Good-by! Good-by!" Mr. Higginson stood up in the wagon and

HARRY MAXON OF SALEM

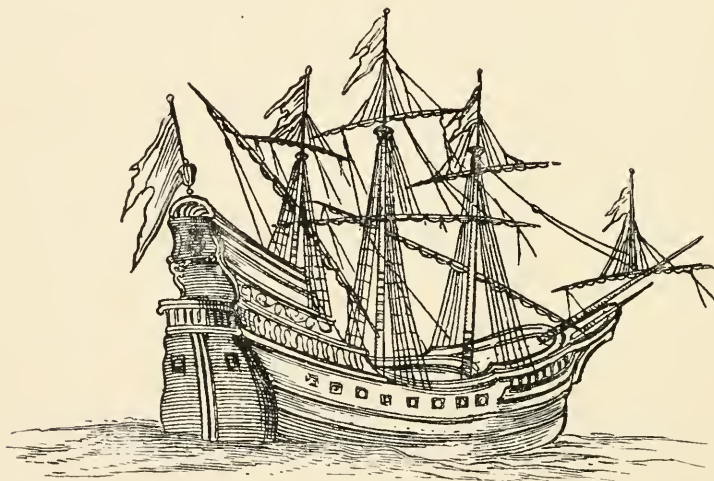
turned toward us, and said, "Good-by! The Lord be with you! May His blessing come upon you!" I stood close to the wheel, and he said to me, "Be a good boy, Harry, and serve the Lord. I shall pray for you as if you were one of my own children, but I shall probably never see you again in this world."

He did see me, though, and on the very next day; for this was my last day in Leicester, too, although I did not know it then. That night, when I was going to bed, Cousin Hilton sent for me. I hurried down, and Mr. Hopetoun was with him. He said, "So this is Harry. Will you go to Massachusetts with me, Harry?" "Of course he will," Cousin Hilton said, with that kind of growl in his voice that always frightened me. "What's the need of asking him?" Mr. Hopetoun did not answer, but said to me, "Your father was a true friend to me when most I needed a friend, and I shall be glad to do all that I can for his son. Until three days ago I supposed that he had left you a fortune; but I have enough for us both. Will you go with me?" Of course I said yes, for I thought it would seem so good not to have to stay at Cousin Hilton's. Then, too, Mr. Hopetoun had such a good face and his voice was so kind that I would have gone with him anywhere.

We had to start the next morning before light. We went to London, then to Gravesend, and then on board the Talbot. I hardly saw Mr. Hopetoun, even when we were on the ship, he had so many things to attend to. It was only a few days

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

before he was taken sick, and in a week he died. It was so lonesome. Still, I did n't want to go back to Cousin Hilton's, for I knew he did n't want me; but the wind had been wrong, and we were only just off Yarmouth, and I was afraid they would send me. Then Mr. Higginson and Mr. Brown told me that the first day Mr. Hopetoun was sick he had made a will and given to me what he had on board and what he had



A SHIP LIKE THE TALBOT

invested in the Company. Mr. Brown is a lawyer, and he had written the will. He said that the money invested in the Company would be worth a good deal more in three or four years, because they would trade in beaver skins, and there was no better way to get rich. "There is something else," Mr. Brown

HARRY MAXON OF SALEM

said. "Mr. Hopetoun has on board everything that he expected to need for several years: leather, cloth, tools, glass, farm implements, and household goods, besides a considerable amount of money. These are yours now, and if you stay in the colony you will also be entitled to a large amount of land. The captain says that you can be put ashore and sent back to your cousin, if you choose. Which shall it be?" I could choose without thinking at all, for I could not bear to go back to Cousin Hilton's; and I knew you could n't have me, — why is it that so many nice people have n't much money? — and I said I'd rather go to Massachusetts. Mr. Higginson looked pleased, and said he was very glad. So that's the way I came to be here.

The people were good to me on the ship. They all knew Mr. Hopetoun, and some of them used to know my father. Ever so many have said to me, "So you are John Maxon's son? He was very kind to me many years ago." It's good to have a father who was kind to people, is n't it? Mr. Hopetoun had said that he wanted Mr. Higginson and Governor Endicott to be my guardians, because I am only twelve years old. I like Mr. Higginson, and I did so hope I should like Governor Endicott.

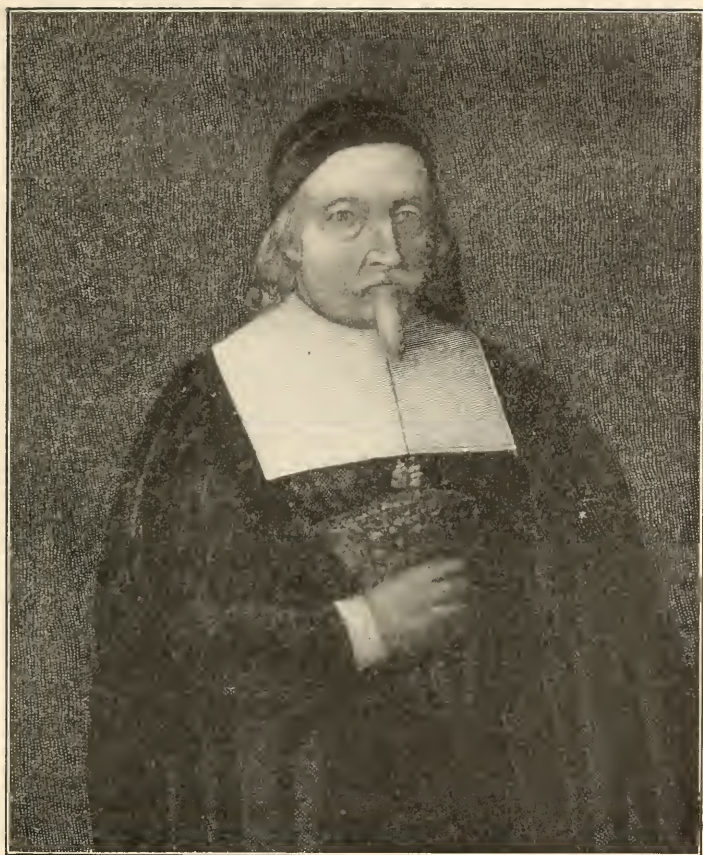
I never knew there was so much to see on the ocean besides just water. We saw porpoises rolling over and acting as if they were playing some game. There were grampus fishes, too. Their bodies were as big as those of oxen, and

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

they were two or three yards long. We saw some whales puffing up water only a little way from us. They were so big that their backs looked like little black islands.

It was Sunday when we saw the grampus fishes. Mr. Higginson and Mr. Brown were looking at them, too. Mr. Higginson said, "Those that love their own chimney-corner and dare not go far beyond their own town's end shall never have the honor to see these wonderful works of Almighty God." "True," said Mr. Brown; "but the thoughts of home are always welcome. This is just about the time when they are chanting in the church, 'O ye whales, and all that move in the waters, bless ye the Lord; praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.'" Mr. Higginson said, "Yes; but we have left behind us the man-made forms; we seek to worship our God, not with chants and idle ceremonies, but in spirit and in truth." "So say the Separatists of New Plymouth," said Mr. Brown. "We are no Separatists," declared Mr. Higginson. "We love the Church of God in England; though we can but separate from its corruptions. But this discussion is not for the ears of children;" and then he sent me away. I don't know exactly what he meant, do you? I don't see why it is wicked to chant that verse.

I used to play with Mr. Higginson's children on the ship, and Mr. Goffe had a beautiful big dog that played with us. He fell overboard and was drowned. Nero was such a good dog, and when I talked to him he would put his head on one



Jo: Enders

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

side and cock up his ears as if he understood every word. One of the sailors died of the smallpox, and Mr. Hampden said I ought to be more sorry for that than for the death of a dumb animal; but I don't see why. The sailor was bad and Nero was good; and it was n't Nero's fault that he could n't talk. He barked well, anyhow.

We had one storm, and the waves washed over the deck so that holes had to be cut into the small boats to let the water out. One day it was foggy, and we could not see the Lion's Whelp — that's one of the ships that started when we did. The sailors beat a drum and fired a great piece of ordnance, but there was n't any answer, and we did not see the other boat again for a week. We saw a big iceberg; but the best of all was when we saw the land. Four of the men rowed ashore to a little island, and brought us back strawberries and gooseberries and the sweetest pink roses I ever smelled. This was near Cape Ann. Governor Endicott had seen our flag, and he sent two men in a shallop to pilot us into Naumkeag.

I don't believe the captain could ever have found his way in without the pilots, it is such a queer, twisted sort of passage; but when you are once in it is a splendid harbor. Governor Endicott came aboard in the morning. He wears a sword, and he looks as if he would not be afraid to use it. Mr. Higginson told him about me, and asked if he would help be guardian. "That I will," he said, "and right heartily. Our house is hardly as commodious as the Lord Mayor's palace in

HARRY MAXON OF SALEM

London, but it would be hard if Mistress Endicott could not find room for John Maxon's boy." So he took me with Mr. and Mistress Higginson to his own house. It is a pretty good one, because he is the governor. There are ten or twelve other houses here, but they are only little huts. Two or three of them have mud walls and thatched roofs. Our people are putting up tents and a sort of booths of branches woven together.

Mistress Endicott asked me just now what I was doing. When I told her I was writing a long letter to you, she said, "That's a good nephew. I knew your aunt well when I was a young girl. Give her my best remembrances, and tell how gladly we would welcome her among us." So would I, Aunt Eleanor. You see, every one is very kind, much kinder than Cousin Hilton; but no one really belongs to me. It would be so good if you were here.

XI

A Second Letter from Harry Maxon to his Aunt in England

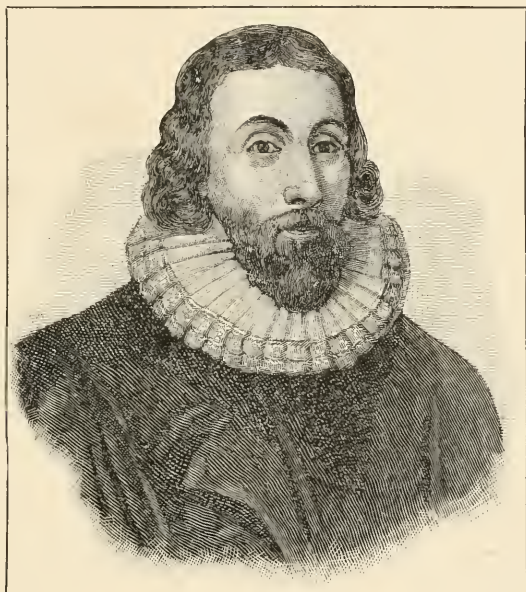
Salem, January 13, 1636.

IT does not seem as if I had been here almost seven years, does it? I am pretty well grown up now, a great fellow of nineteen, taller than Mr. Higginson was, and ever so much broader. Everybody is sorry that he is dead. The colony is taking care of his wife and the children. John and Francis are going to be ministers. We used to play together on the ship when we came out from England.

What a child I was in those days! I thought it was the greatest thing in the world that I could have a bow and arrows; and when I had a canoe of my own I felt like a man. The men used to let me go out with them when they went to draw the nets, because I was strong and could help, and yet did not weigh as much as a man. The nets almost always took more fish than the boats could bring in; and they do now. Yesterday we caught sixteen hundred bass. There are so many bass that I really believe at the turn of the tide any one could walk on their backs dryshod. And as for lobsters, what

HARRY MAXON OF SALEM

do you think of one weighing twenty-five pounds? There are haddock and herring and mackerel, and a good many other kinds that we know only the Indian names for. We are beginning to cure codfish and send them to England. Maybe



GOVERNOR JOHN WINTHROP

vessels from Salem will yet be known all over the world. I am a real merchant already, Aunt Eleanor. Two years ago Governor Endicott took one hundred pounds of the money that Mr. Hopetoun left me and had five servants sent over. They were to work till they had paid their passage-money

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

and the cost of their outfit, then they were to be free. One thing they did was to plant Indian corn,—of course I worked too,—and I never saw anything grow as corn does here. We did not have to clear the ground, the Indians had done that; I mean those that died of the plague before we came. All we had to do was to plough and plant. It was so hard to get corn that year that we planted only one bushel; but the harvest was more than one hundred bushels, and I shall have a great deal more this year. I have a share in the fisheries, too. Maybe I shall be a rich man some day. Will you come and live with me then, Aunt Eleanor?

We do a good deal more than to plant corn, for we have a brick kiln, and besides that we make boards and clapboards and shingles and staves to send to England. We are beginning to raise wheat and rye, and we think all the English grains will grow here.

It was n't easy all the time, even for a big, strong fellow like me. That first winter there was not a great deal to eat; and if Governor Winthrop had not come with provisions when he did, we should have had to live on fish and acorns. The second winter, too, we almost starved. You see, Governor Winthrop thought he had a whole shipful of provisions coming, but the people in England did not send them; so we had to eat acorns and roots and groundnuts and mussels. At Governor Winthrop's house the last batch of bread was in the oven when Captain Pierce came from England with a shipload

HARRY MAXON OF SALEM

of food. The Governor had appointed a fast day, but he turned it into a thanksgiving.



THE STARVING TIME

I forgot to say that before Governor Winthrop came the Company decided that some of them would come here to live

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

and they would bring the charter with them. We are not governed by a Company at home any longer; we are like a little kingdom all by itself. Governor Winthrop lives in Boston. He did not seem to want to live in Salem. I don't see why. I think it is a much better place. I forgot to say that it is "Salem" now, and not "Naumkeag." Mr. Higginson gave it that name when we first landed; and every one likes it because it means "peace."

Almost everything does go peacefully. There was a man named Morton who made some trouble at first. He was a bad man, and a good many bad people stayed with him. He used to sell guns and powder to the Indians. Of course we are not afraid of the Indians, and we are just as good to them as can be. We would pay them for every bit of land, only the tribe that used to live here are all dead and there is no one to pay. We do not dare to let them have guns, however. You see, we are so few, and they are so many, that if they got angry with us for anything they could kill us all in a twinkling. Another bad thing Morton did was to take in any servants that did not want to work to pay for their passage. All they had to do was to go to Merry Mount, as he called the place. Well, we met together,—I mean the men did, for I was only a little boy then,—and asked the people down in Plymouth to go with us and show Morton how much harm he was doing, and tell him he was breaking the king's proclamation not to sell guns to the Indians. He said he did not care; a proclamation was not



BREAKING UP THE REVELS AT MERRY MOUNT

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

a law; the king was dead and his displeasure had died with him. Then Captain Standish went with eight or nine men to arrest him. The Captain has been an officer in the king's army, and fought in Flanders, and he knows how to fight. Morton barred his door, and he and his friends loaded their guns and said they would not yield. He was afraid his house would be burned or torn down, however, and at last he came out with his musket as if he meant to shoot us — I mean the men. Captain Standish struck up the musket and caught it away from him, and marched straight into the house and drove away all the bad people and took Morton to Plymouth. Then they sent him to England, that is, after a ship was found that was willing to carry him.

We have n't had any other trouble here except about the church. As soon as we came, Governor Endicott, Mr. Skelton, Mr. Higginson, and the other chief men met together to talk about forming a church. We had a day of prayer and fasting — you know I was a little boy, and I remember I was dreadfully hungry. They chose Mr. Skelton pastor and Mr. Higginson teacher. We asked the Plymouth people to come; but the wind was wrong, and they had to beat about in the Bay till it was almost over.

The first trouble came because in our church we don't read the service, as we did at home. Mr. Browne — he was the lawyer who made Mr. Hopetoun's will — and his brother did not like this. They would not come to our meeting to hear

HARRY MAXON OF SALEM

Mr. Higginson preach; they and some others used to meet together and read the service from the prayer-book. Governor Endicott told them they must not do that. "We have suffered much," he said, "because we would not use the forms and ceremonies; and now that we are come where we may have our liberty, we will not permit them to be established in our colony." "Then you are nothing but Separatists," said the Brownes. "No; we are not Separatists," Governor Endicott declared; "we do not wish to leave the church as the people of Plymouth have done, but we do wish to purify it of the corruptions that have crept into it through the evil that is in the hearts of men." The Brownes would not yield, and they kept talking so much against our church and the magistrates that the Governor told them they were arousing strife in the colony, and he sent them back to England.

The last trouble we are not out of yet. Of course, if it is wrong to use the cross in church, it ought not to be used anywhere. Mr. Roger Williams preached about it in a sermon. He said it was nothing but popery and wicked folly to use it. The next day was training day, and when Governor Endicott came out to take command, a breeze blew the flag out in front of him with the great red cross right before his eyes. He stopped as if some one had struck him. Then he pointed his finger at it and cried, "Thou idolatrous sign, thou comest not from the truth, but from the wicked ceremonies which we have put far behind us. Thou relic of popery, never again

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

shalt thou flaunt thyself in the eyes of those who follow the Lord and worship Him in truth and simplicity. In the God of battles we trust, and in the God-given strength of our own right arms, not in thee, thou foolish emblem of superstition. Vanish from the standard of the Lord's chosen people." He drew his sword and slashed out the cross. We all stood as if we were made of stone and gazed at the ragged hole. The Governor strode out of the gate. "Form in line!" he cried, and went on with the drill as if nothing had happened.

Was n't there talk about it afterwards, though! Some were frightened and declared it was treason to cut the king's flag, and that the Governor would surely be hanged. Most of the militia thought it was right, and a good many said they would never again march under a flag with a cross on it. The General Court decided that the cross must be used on the boats in the harbor and on Castle Island, but that the militia might train under a flag without it.

A good many blamed Mr. Williams for his sermon. He came here about two years after I did. When Mr. Higginson and Mr. Skelton died we asked him to be our minister. After a while he went to Plymouth and then he came back here. He said some things in his sermons that some of the people did not like very well. One thing was that the land here belonged to the Indians, not to the king, and that the king could not give it away. I suppose King Charles would take back our charter pretty quick if he should hear of that. An-

other thing he said was that every man had a right to believe exactly what he thought was true, and no magistrate should punish him unless he committed a crime. He said, too, that no one ought to have to pay to support a church that he did not believe in. Just think how it would seem to have half of the people go off to one church and half to another when the drum beats Sunday morning! Think of having men vote who are not members of the church. They might vote to do all sorts of things that we should not like. Everybody that knows Mr. Williams likes him; but we—I mean the magistrates—don't dare to let him stay here; and so the Court ordered him to leave the colony before spring. They hoped he would go back to England; but pretty soon they heard that he was preaching to people in his house and planning to go with them to found a colony somewhere. Then they determined to



HE SLASHED OUT THE CROSS

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

send him to England right away; but when the officers came for him he was not there, and no one knows where he has gone. I like Mr. Williams; but of course he could not stay here and teach what the magistrates did not believe was true.

I am glad they are not sending me back to England. I want to stay here. I want to buy and sell furs, to raise grain and hay, and make shingles and clapboards and barrel hoops, and send them to England in my own ships. We have built a vessel of one hundred tons' burden already, and we shall soon build some a good deal bigger. I want to have fishing-boats, too, of my own. Three men can easily catch three hogsheads of mackerel in a week, and that would sell in England for thirty-six pounds. And as for the cod-fish, they are thicker than the mosquitoes, and that is saying a good deal.

What should I have done if good Mr. Hopetoun had not brought me here! Supposing I was still at Cousin Hilton's! It would kill me to stay there a week now. I did not think so much about it when I first came, — about Mr. Hopetoun, I mean, — for I hardly knew him at all; but I see now how good he was and how much he did for me. There's one thing I am going to do in memory of him, and that is to find some poor boys that nobody wants and help them come over here. I'll get them food and clothes and pay their passage. Then I'll give them some land and help them to take care of themselves. Maybe we can found a colony a little way off and call it Hopetoun. Don't you think that would be better than putting up a big monument for him?

XII

A Letter written by Thomas Angell of Providence to his Uncle in England

*Providence,
September 24, 1636.*

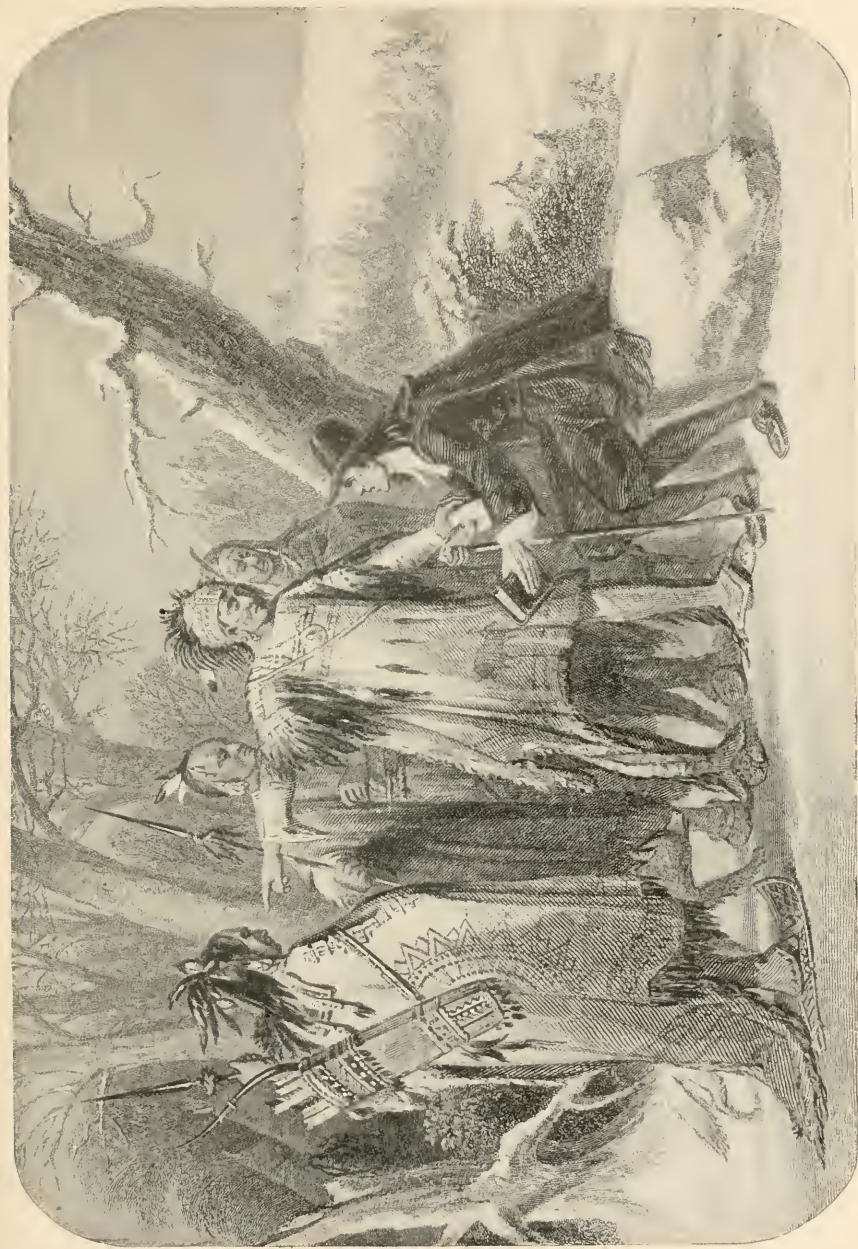
I HOPE you won't be angry with me because I have come to Providence with Mr. Roger Williams. I wrote you all about his being sent away from Salem because he said a man had a right to believe as he chose, and the magistrates ought not to punish him unless he committed some crime. I think so, too. I used to go to the meetings at Mr. Williams's house. My master went, and his wife. After Mr. Williams went away no one dared to talk about him much for fear of being banished. One morning Mr. Waterman came to me and said, "I have something to tell you." He looked all around, and then he went on. "Thomas," he said, "you are a good, faithful lad, and I am sure that I can trust you. You have often been at the meetings at Mr. Williams's house, and I think you understand his words. I have private information that he has gone to the country of the Narragansetts, because that is not under the rule of either the Massachusetts colonies or

Plymouth. After some few months I and my family intend to go to him and settle wherever he may have found a resting-place; but I must wait till I can collect the money due me here. Then, too, the ship that we expect from England in three or four months will bring payment for the shingles and laths that I sent out last year, and I must wait for that."

"But Mr. Williams told us that if he was driven from Massachusetts he should spend his life teaching the Indians," I said.

"True," replied Mr. Waterman; "but he must have a home for his wife and children. The Indians will give him land, and those who are like-minded with him will go to live near him. In two weeks one man from here and two from Dorchester are going to the Narragansett country. If you wish, you are free from the time of service that is due me, and you may go with them. I am loath to spare you; but you are a brave, helpful lad, you love Mr. Williams, and you will be an aid and a comfort to him if you decide to go." "That is why I am in Providence, Uncle Howard. I have a house-lot and six acres of land. What do you think of that for a boy of sixteen?"

It was not easy getting here, for every little creek was swollen to a river. Sometimes we could wade across and sometimes we had to swim. At last we came to Mr. Blackstone's river, — he is a friend of Mr. Williams, — and then we floated down. When we came to where the river widens, — Seekonk, the Indians call it, — we saw a cornfield where the corn was a little way up. Not far from the shore was a sort of wigwam.



ROGER WILLIAMS SHELTERED BY THE NARRAGANSETTS

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

It was made of poles bound together at the top. Strong cords of twisted basswood were fastened to the poles and then to stakes driven into the ground in a circle. It was not covered with mats or skins, such as the Indians generally use, but with pieces of bark. It was made like a wigwam, but somehow it did not look just like Indian work, and Mr. Harris cried out, "I believe we have found him." We ran the canoe ashore at a place where it looked as if canoes had been drawn up before and landed. There was a spring of good water, and around it were footprints that were not made by moccasins but by English shoes. Then we were certain that this was Mr. Williams's house. No one was there, but we thought that



INDIAN HOE

he would be back before long. We had brought parched meal with us, and a spoonful apiece of that with some water from the spring made us a good dinner. Then we looked about to see what we could do. We mended the wigwam where the bark was not fastened on very well. We found two Indian hoes — they're made of big clam shells fastened to sticks — and hoed up what few weeds there were in the field of corn; but we might have saved ourselves the trouble if we had only known what had happened. Late in the afternoon Mr. Williams came up

THOMAS ANGELL OF PROVIDENCE

the river. He had been to visit Massasoit. I gave him the money that Mr. Waterman had sent him, and he asked about all his friends in Salem and in Boston. "I do from my soul honor and love them," he said, "even now that their judgment has led them to afflict me."

We told him why we had come; that we wanted to make a settlement with him where men could be free to think as they would.

"A shelter for persons distressed for conscience," he said. For a while he seemed to be thinking. Then he went on. "That would be a noble work," he declared, "and I rejoice in the affection for me that your coming shows; and yet I can but counsel you to return."

"But we cannot," said Mr. Harris. "I have closed up my affairs in Salem. Our friend here, Mr. Smith, is banished from Dorchester; and as for these two youths, they are ready to cast their lot with what they believe is the truth."

"If you had come yesterday," Mr. Williams replied, "I might have bidden you stay; but this very morning a messenger brought me a letter—we knew afterwards it was from Mr. Winslow of Plymouth—which tells me in kind and loving fashion that this side of the river is claimed by Plymouth, and that if I remain here my good friends in that colony will fall into trouble with the sister colonies of Massachusetts. I can no longer offer you even the hospitality of the shore or the spring or the shelter of the pine trees. I counsel you to leave me to

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

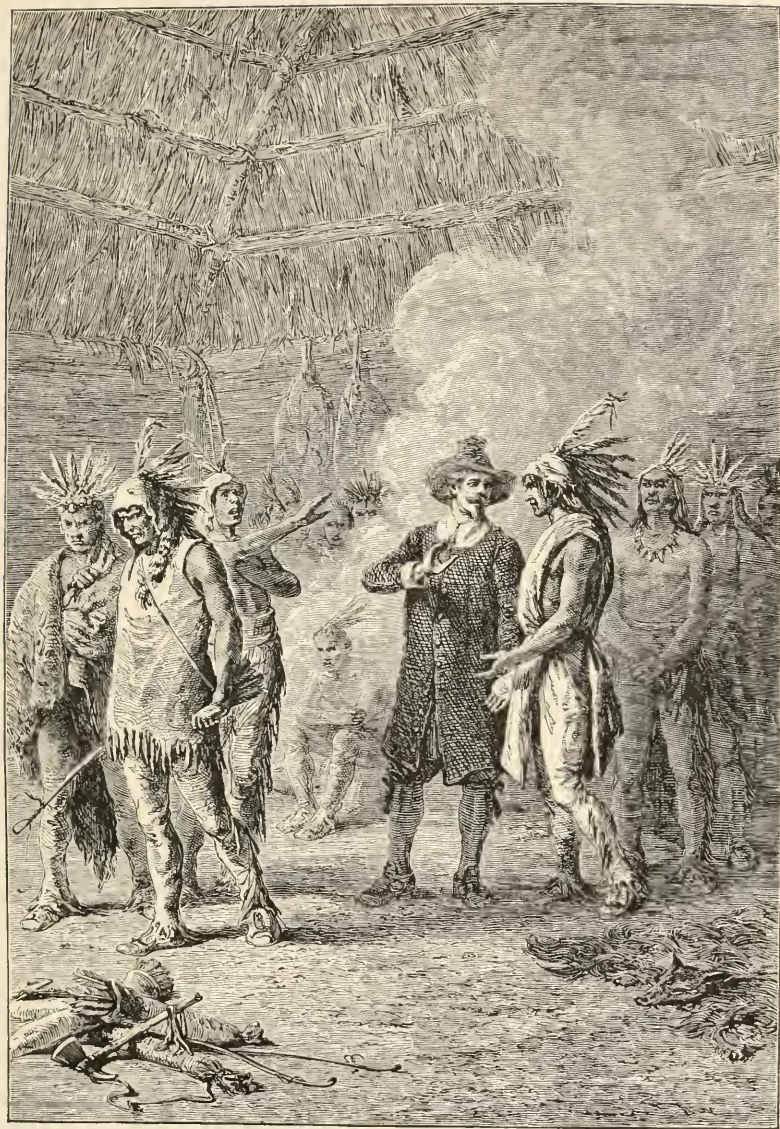
spend my life, as I long ago planned, in teaching the Indians the way of truth."

We talked till late into the night; and at last he was persuaded that he could teach the Indians just as well if he did have a home in a settlement. Then he put into his canoe the cords of the wigwam and what little corn there was, together with a bundle of knives and beads and other things that the Indians like, and we set out to find a place for a home.

"Pity we could n't have taken the cornfield," said Mr. Smith.

"Yes; for it is too late to plant again this season," Mr. Harris said.

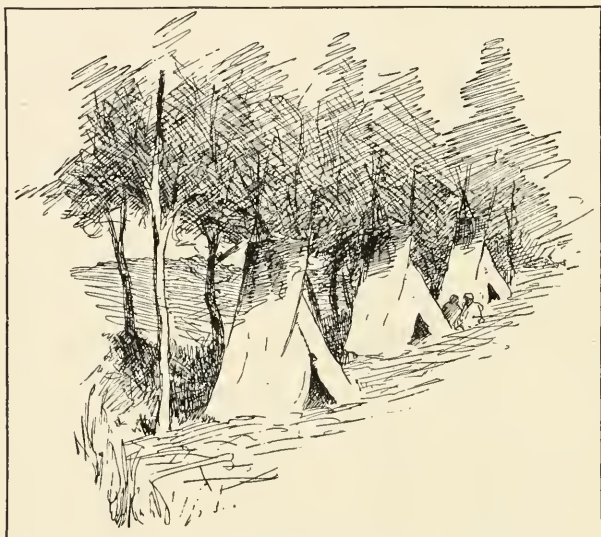
Mr. Williams did not seem at all troubled, as he had been the night before. "This is nothing," he declared. "We are floating down a beautiful river in a sunny morning in June. We have food and companionship. This is very different from my journey of last winter. I was alone. It was bitterly cold; I can feel the chill to-day, even in the warm sunshine. For fourteen weeks I had neither bed nor bread. Sometimes I slept in a hollow tree, and broke my fast with buds from the frozen branches. I heard the cry of panthers. Often wolves howled around me. Many a time I should have sunk down and given myself up to perish if it had not been for the help of the Indians. I know their language. When I dwelt at Plymouth I often made them gifts and visited them in their wigwams, that I might learn to know them and prepare to become their



ROGER WILLIAMS PERSUADING THE INDIANS

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

teacher some day; and they did not forget. If I came upon a group of wigwams, I had only to say, 'Wúnnancáttup. As-sámme,'—I am hungry. Give me food,—and whatever they



INDIAN WIGWAMS

had was freely shared with me. My old friend Massasoit welcomed me, and gave me the land from which we have departed. Truly, these ravens fed me in the wilderness, and if I—”

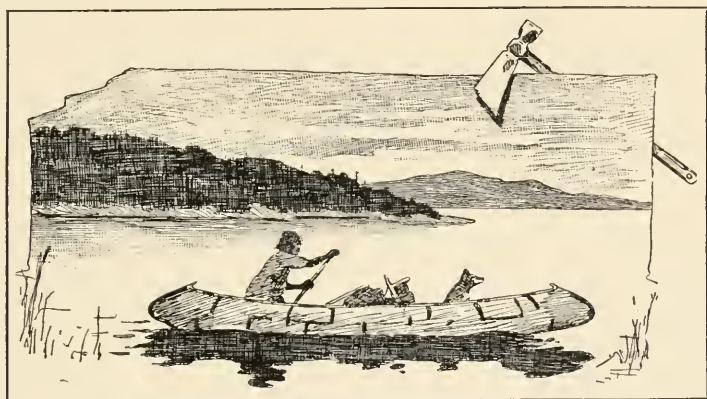
“What cheer, netop [friend], what cheer?” rang out from the shore on the right, where stood three Indians on a great rock, waving their arms and beckoning to us.

“We will come ashore over there and meet you,” Mr. Williams said in Indian; and we paddled on as fast as we could

THOMAS ANGELL OF PROVIDENCE

around the point and along the farther side of the neck of land, up the Moshassuck River.

When we landed, Mr. Williams had a long talk with them. He told us afterwards that they said Canonicus and his nephew Miantonomah ruled this land, and they would permit no English to live on it. "I knew them of old," he said. "We were friends when I dwelt in Plymouth. An Indian does not forget



A BIRCH CANOE

a kindness. Do the best you can for yourselves, and I will go to see them." The Indians went away, and he set off in his canoe. We went to work to put up a wigwam.

It was three days before he came back, but when he did come we had a feast ready for him. We had boiled Indian meal; then with a little wheat flour that we had brought from Salem we had made a sauce and seasoned it with the berries and tender leaves of the checkerberry. We had picked straw-

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

berries and mixed them with meal to make bread. We had caught fish, and we had dug clams and cooked them as the Indians taught us; that is, we made a hole in the ground, lined it with stones, and built a fire in it. When the stones were very hot, we put in the clams with seaweed under and over them. And when they were done, there 's nothing in England that is half as good. We had a newcomer to present to him, Mr. Joshua Verin. He, too, wanted to join the colony.

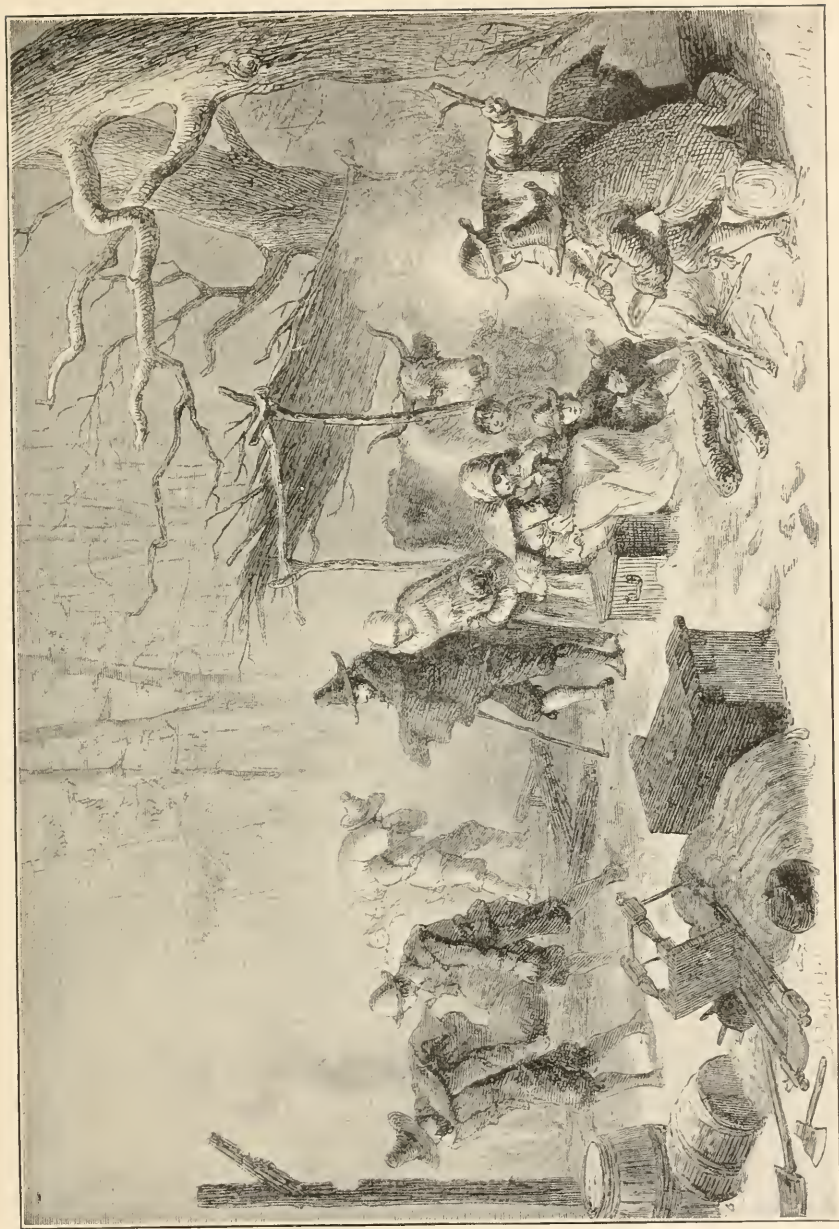
Mr. Williams brought us good news. Canonicus was willing we should stay. At first, he would hardly look at Mr. Williams, for, as he said, the English had sent the plague among his people. Mr. Williams told him that could not be, and made him some presents, and after a while he was as friendly as ever.

“Come and live with us,” he said, “and whatever we have shall be shared with you.”

“But I have a wife and two little children,” Mr. Williams explained. “We need to make a white man’s settlement, but we do not wish to be far from our Indian friends. Will you let us have some of your land that we may make our homes near you?”

Canonicus thought a while, then he said:—

“I have declared that no white man’s settlements should ever be on my land; but you are my brother. You and your friends may come. I will give you freely the land that is along the Moshassuck and Woonasquatucket Rivers.”



EARLY SETTLERS IN AMERICA

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

That's the way Mr. Williams founded a settlement when he did not mean to. Mrs. Williams and the two little girls came in the summer, and ever so many others have come since then. Most of them are farmers; but we have not a plough among us; we have to dig the ground with Indian hoes. We have no cattle, either, and I don't know when we shall have any. A cow costs twenty-five or thirty pounds, and a yoke of oxen forty pounds. Pigs and goats are cheaper and much easier to take care of than cows. The great trouble is losing them in the woods; but Mr. Williams says he hopes to persuade the Indians to let him have one of the islands in Narragansett Bay, and then we can keep them there. We have no mill yet, and so we have to pound all our corn with stones as the Indians do. The Court in Boston will not let us buy anything in the Massachusetts colonies, so we have to do the best we can. They won't let us send any goods to England from their wharves, either, and none can land there for us. Perhaps by and by we can trade at New Amsterdam; but that is a long way off. Mr. Williams has a house in Salem almost as fine as the Governor's; but he had to mortgage it to get money to give the Indians presents. Several people in the Massachusetts colonies owe him money, but he cannot get it. Governor Winthrop would like to help him, but he cannot. He did send him a quantity of food, however; and Mr. Winslow came from Plymouth to visit him. When he went away, he slipped a gold-piece into Mrs. Williams's hand.

THOMAS ANGELL OF PROVIDENCE

I was waiting to paddle Mr. Winslow around the point and across the river, and I saw the tears come into her eyes as she thanked him. I think Mr. Williams is the most generous man I ever knew. The land was all his as much as the coat on his back, and he gave it to us without our paying a penny.

The settlement is laid out in lots running back from the eastern shore of the Moshassuck. Mr. Williams's is just across the road from the spring where we first landed to talk with the Indians. Between the lots and the water there is a road that runs the whole length of the neck. Mr. Williams named the place Providence, in gratitude for God's watchfulness over him. He does not seem to care whether Providence ever becomes a town or not; but Mr. Harris declares that it will, and that some day our road will be a street in a great city. Sometimes I think I should like to be alive two or three hundred years from now and see whether it is really a city, or whether no one lives here but panthers and wolves. I live with Mr. Waterman again, but I have my lots, of course; and if Providence ever does become a city, maybe my great-great-grandchildren will say, "That's the land that my great-great-grandfather had of Mr. Williams, and he had it from the Indians." How I should like to hear them!

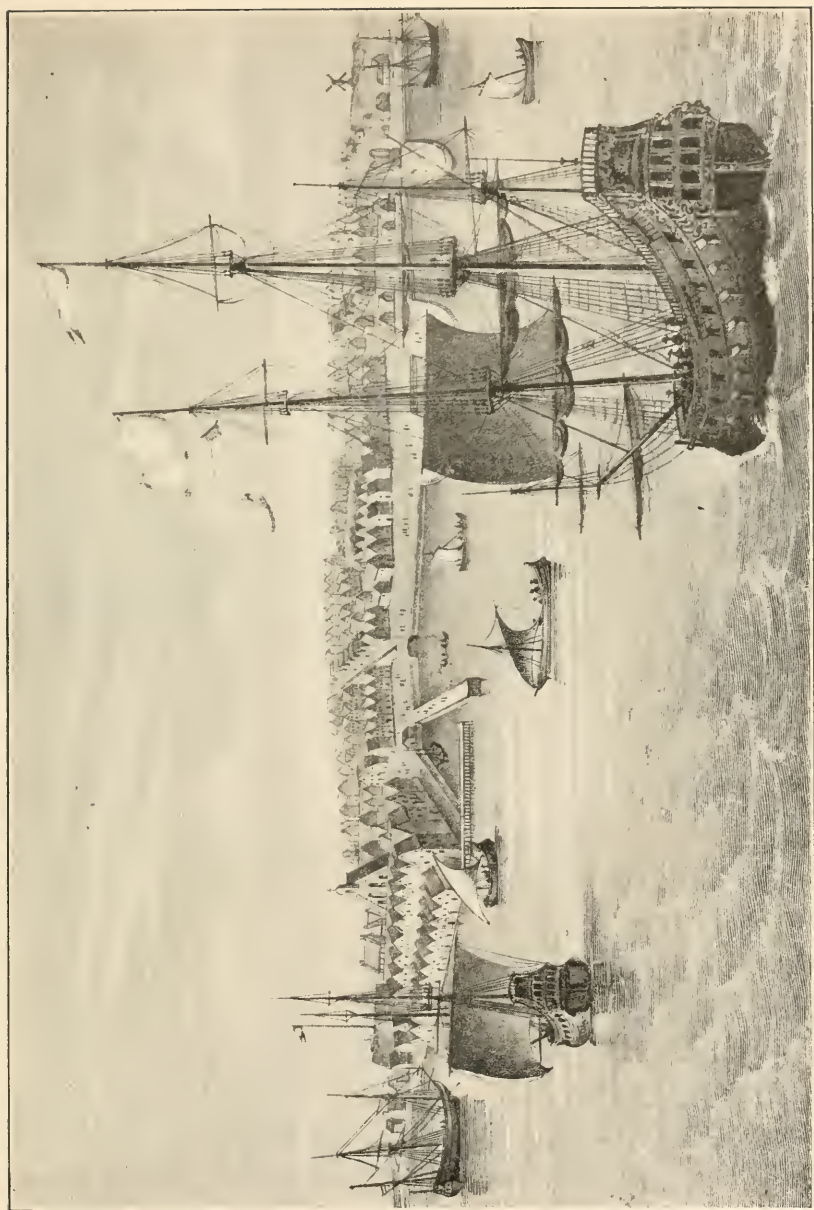
XIII

A Letter written by Polly Bergen of New Amsterdam to her Aunt in England

*New Amsterdam,
September 9, 1661.*

YOU said I must be brave and remember that I was doing what my father wanted me to do; and truly I have tried, and I am trying now as hard as ever I can. Do you remember that dreadful day when you told me about the will, that as soon as I was fourteen I must go away from you and all the people I loved, and stay for four long years with an aunt whom I had never seen? I have n't been happy for even one little minute since that day. I am sure he would never have made such a will if he had dreamed that Aunt Catarina would leave Holland and come to New Netherland.

Oh, Aunt Helen, I am homesick for you and the boys. I'm horrid and cross; but I'll try my very best to forget it all and tell you about things here as you asked me to do, just as if I were a little white-winged angel. I did n't feel the least bit like an angel on the boat, for it was cold and crowded and uncomfortable. Madame Martense was very good to me, but



NEW AMSTERDAM IN 1667

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

she does not know much English, so we could n't talk together very well. We gazed at each other and tried to look pleasant. She taught me a little Dutch; but the only word that I really wanted to say was *Engeland*. You can guess what that means.

I thought that when we came in sight of America the voyage would be almost over, but we went by miles and miles of shore. Sometimes it was low and sandy, sometimes there were rocks, and almost everywhere we could see woods a little way back from the water. There was not a sign of people. Really it seemed more lonesome than when we could n't see any land at all, and I felt more and more homesick every minute. We came into a sort of channel. It was very wide, but after a while the shores began to draw nearer together. That is the East River, Uncle Pieter says. (I'll tell you about him by and by.) We went through a kind of whirlpool, and pretty soon I saw something away off that looked like that big picture of a windmill of my father's, the one that used to frighten me so when I was little. I managed to ask Madame Martense if it was a windmill, and she said yes, but that I must call it a *windmolen* now. Pretty soon I saw two more of them. Then there was something that I thought was a fort and a flag going up on the flagstaff. If it had only been our own dear old St. George's cross, how happy I should have been! But it was the blue, white, and orange of the West India Company. I could see a church and a good many little houses. There



THE STADT HUYS

were some large buildings. The largest of all are the Company's storehouses and the town hall, or *stadt huys* as they call it. The storehouses are where the Company keep the goods that they sell to the Indians for furs, and where they store the furs till a ship comes to carry them to Holland. The *stadt huys* is a queer looking building. It is three stories, and the roof is so steep and high that they put two stories more into that; at any rate, there are two rows of windows in it. The gable ends of the big houses are all made in steps. That is done so the sweeps can climb up to the chimneys.

After a long while we came near enough to see the people

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

on the wharf. Uncle Pieter says there are fourteen or fifteen hundred in New Amsterdam, and I really believe every one of them was there. They did look so queer and short and fat. Some of the men wore long leather aprons with one corner tucked under their belts. A good many of the aprons were red; and indeed there were bright colors enough anywhere to make a rainbow. I suppose the men with the aprons were the laborers. The other men wore long-waisted coats with skirts coming down almost to their ankles. They had waistcoats with large flaps and very full knee-breeches gathered at the knee and fastened with buckles. I am sure that some of the men must have had on at least six pairs of these breeches. They had evidently put on their best clothes to see the boat come in, and they were gorgeous. I saw one in a buff coat with blue silk sleeves. Another had a long purple cloak with a scarlet lining. One fairly shone in green silk breeches embroidered with flowers of silver and gold. Some of the men wore caps, but those that were dressed most wore great beaver hats. There was one man who seemed to be giving orders to everybody. He had a wooden leg, and he stumped about from one side of the wharf to the other. Wherever he went the people got out of his way as fast as they could. They acted as if they were half afraid of him; but I saw him sweep his arm around a little girl who was leaning over the edge of the wharf and pull her back, and she did n't seem at all frightened. He had on a dark red velvet jacket. The sleeves were slashed

POLLY BERGEN OF NEW AMSTERDAM

so that his full, puffed shirt showed, and he had big rosettes on his shoes. His stockings were fastened at the knees with blue silk sashes. The women wore short skirts and a great many of them. Some wore loose jackets and aprons of all colors, and a few wore bodices much like ours. I saw one jacket made of red and blue silk with sleeves of red and yellow. The woman who wore it had blue stockings with red clocks. Most of them had on some kind of headdress. Some wore quilted hoods of silk; a good many wore close-fitting little caps or bonnets that covered their hair but left their ears, and generally earrings, out in plain view. They must like jewelry, for a great many wore strings and strings of gold beads around their necks. They had high-heeled shoes with buckles, and chains around their waists with all kinds of things hanging from them. There were keys and scissors and purses and pin-cushions and needle-cases of all colors and shapes. The children, little ones and big ones, were out in full force. The girls were dressed almost the same as their mothers; and they must have had on as many skirts as the women, for they could n't all have been as fat as they looked. The funny little boys climbed on posts and barrels so they could see all that there was to see, just as our own boys would have done; but it makes me laugh now to fancy Harry or Tommy dressed as these little Dutchmen were. One small boy wore a blue jacket and stockings of the reddest red I ever saw. Some of the smallest ones wore blue aprons buttoned in the back, and so

full that when the wind caught them the little fellows looked like big blue mushrooms, only mushrooms don't have scarlet legs. One boy, however, fairly glittered in yellow stockings and a red jacket.

All this time while I was looking with both my eyes and wondering whether Aunt Catarina was one of those rainbow women, the men were bringing the vessel up to the wharf, and slow enough they were. The people on shore shouted and waved scarfs and aprons and hats and handkerchiefs and even branches of trees. It was pleasant to have them welcome us, but somehow it seemed like such a little shout for such a big country. You see the land had stretched on miles and miles, as I said; and in the whole of it we had seen only this one little group of people. They did n't seem real. They looked so strange, and the sky was so blue and the sunshine so bright, that I almost fancied they were only figures like Punch and Judy, and that if I looked the other way for a minute they would all disappear and leave me alone with nothing but those frightful windmills for company.

At last we were at the wharf and people began to go ashore. I was left alone a minute, for Madame Martense's friends had come on board to meet her, and they were standing up together, all talking Dutch as fast as they could speak. I wished some one would come for me, and then I wished there would n't. I was just thinking how delightful it would be if Aunt Catarina should forget to send for me and I could

POLLY BERGEN OF NEW AMSTERDAM

hide away in some little corner and go back when the ship returned. I was wondering how long it would be before it would sail when I heard a voice ask in the funniest, stiffest way possible, just like the ticking of a great clock, "Is — this — Mistress — Bergen?" "Yes, I'm Polly Bergen," I answered, and it did seem good to know that there was some one on this side of the ocean that belonged to me, even if he was a stranger and spoke English like a clock. He wore square-toed shoes with silver buckles. I saw those first of all, for I was half afraid to look up. Then I saw that he had on green breeches and a green coat with a red lining and big silver buttons. His waistcoat was of red silk embroidered with little green leaves and trimmed with silver lace. He wore a big beaver hat; but I hardly saw it, for when my eyes once came to his face they stopped there. "I — am — Uncle — Pieter," he said; and I forgot for one whole moment how homesick I was, for his cheeks were so red, his mouth so smiley, and his eyes so blue and bright and kind that I could n't think of anything else but how glad I was that he had married my father's sister. "We — will — go — to — the — Aunt — Catarina," he went on in the same stiff way; but he looked as though, if he had only known more English, he would have said all sorts of pleasant things. He held out his hand to me, and I kept fast hold of it as if I had been four years old instead of fourteen, and we stepped upon the wharf. Close to the plank was the dearest little woman you ever saw. She had on a short skirt

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

like the rest and carried a great bunch of things at her side; but I did n't mind that or even the funny little tight cap when I caught sight of her sweet face. She looked so much like the portrait of my father that I knew in a moment she was Aunt Catarina. All of a sudden it came over me that she used to be my father's little sister, that they had played together and gone to school together, and that he must have loved her dearly or he would n't have wanted me to go to her now. She threw her arms around my neck. "My own little girl," she said, "Gerret's dear little daughter!" and she kissed me over and over.

Then we went up the road together, Aunt Catarina on one side of me and Uncle Pieter on the other. Aunt Catarina learned English when she was a little girl; and she says that after my father went to England they always wrote to each other in English. He sent her some of our own books. One of them is here now. It is "Arcadia," by Sir Philip Sidney; and she and Uncle Pieter have been reading it aloud over and over and talking with the English people that are here in the settlement as much as they could so they could talk with me better when I came. Only think of those two grown folk doing all that and working as if they were children at school just to keep me from feeling strange! Aunt Catarina laughed when she told me, but I almost cried, it was so lovely in them.

They told me this while we were walking up to the house. We went by some houses that were made of wood, some of



GOVERNOR PETER STUYVESANT

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

stone, some of red brick, and some of queer little yellow bricks that came from Holland. The houses looked as if they had been dropped down just as it happened, for in some places they faced the street, and in others they pushed out one end to it, as if they were half angry and had turned away as far as they dared. They looked sunny and bright, however. They are long, and I think they must be set down in that fashion so they can get sunshine their whole length. The sky was bluer and clearer than I ever saw it in England, and the houses looked almost as if they had been cut out of paper. They didn't seem any more real than the people on the wharf. I felt as if it was a big toy village and might disappear or tumble down all of a sudden. Just as I was thinking that, I heard a thump, thump behind us. It was the man with the wooden leg whom I had seen on the wharf. "Ah, Heer Hendrick," he said, "whom have we here?" Uncle Pieter said something in Dutch, then he turned to me and said, "This is Governor Stuyvesant." I made my very best curtsy; and the Governor said, "Poor little girl, with no father and no mother. Don't be homesick, little one; we'll make a fine little Dutch lady of you yet." I had thought he was cross to the people on the wharf when he ordered them about, but his voice was so gentle and tender now that I felt as if I had always known him.

Uncle Pieter had taken hold of my hand again, and I liked to have him, for his hand was so warm and comfortable and

POLLY BERGEN OF NEW AMSTERDAM

strong. I began to feel at home with him already with his round, smiley face and his stiff English; and as for Aunt Catarina, I just loved her, she was so sweet and dear and looked so much like my father. But, oh, Aunt Helen, if we could only be in England and not away off in this lonesome country! I've been here just one day, and there are three hundred and sixty-four left of this year besides the other three years. Won't the guardians let me count from the time I left England? Ask them, please, won't you? I'd just as soon give up all the money if they will only let me come home.

It didn't take half as long to get to the house as it takes me to write about it; and pretty soon Aunt Catarina said, "That is our home, Polly." "*Your* home," said Uncle Pieter, and he gave my hand a little squeeze. I really believe he is glad all through to have me come. I squeezed his hand back again, and he said, in that funny, slow way, "We were yesterday alone; now have we one dear little daughter." Aunt Caterina pointed to a window where I could see some short white curtains and said, "That is our new little girl's room." The window was open a little. Just then the breeze blew the curtain away, and I could see a big pot of some kind of red flowers. They have been doing all this for me, Aunt Helen. Isn't it lovely of them!

I could see the end of the house first, where my room is, and then the front. The roof stretches out beyond the house in the back and makes a kind of porch. In front, at the top of

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

the steps, there is a platform with a roof over it, and some low, comfortable seats on both sides. This is the front *stoep*. The house is made of little yellow bricks, and at the gable ends they are mixed with black ones in checkerboard fashion. The windows have heavy wooden shutters with holes shaped like half-moons in the upper part. The door is cut across in the middle. I think that is a good thing, for you can open the upper part to see who is there, and then not let him in unless you choose. There is a big brass knocker on the door, — a lion's head with a ring in his mouth; and in the upper half there are two bull's-eyes of glass. The inside of the house is not the least bit like ours. I am going to tell you all about it another time, for it almost makes me feel as if I was talking to you when I write all these little things. Uncle Pieter and Aunt Catarina are so good to me that I should be wicked not



DUTCH FLAG

to be happy with them; but I do want you and England so much that I cried and cried last night till I went to sleep. If I could only see my own flag, it would n't be quite so bad; but when I looked out of my window this morning, the very first thing I saw was the blue and white and orange of the Company. I'm going to be good, though, Aunt Helen, truly I am; but it's three years and three hundred and sixty-four days longer, and I really can't help being a very homesick little Polly.

XIV

A Second Letter from Polly Bergen to her Aunt in England

*New Amsterdam,
August 16, 1662.*

I HAVE been in New Amsterdam almost a year, and I've seen so much that I believe I could write whole books about it. Indeed, there has always been so much to say that I have never yet kept my promise to tell you all about the house and my first day here. I'll do it before I write another thing. After we were fairly in the house, Aunt Catarina asked if I was not tired. I said no, but she persuaded me to lie down. I did, and I cried myself to sleep. It was quite dark when I woke, and there she stood with a bowl of thick, hot porridge made of milk and corn meal. "Won't you have a little suppawn?" she asked, and she looked as anxious as if I was sick instead of only sleepy. It was good, and I sat up in bed and ate every bit of it. I caught a glimpse of Uncle Pieter standing with a candle just outside the door. Aunt Catarina said, "Now you shall go to sleep again and no one shall trouble you." I went to sleep and I stayed asleep, and

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

the next thing that I heard was the blowing of a horn. I jumped up and looked out. It was just sunrise. The man with the horn wore a pointed hat and had a long staff in his hand. He was almost under my window, and before him was a big herd of cows. They seemed to know just where to go, or else they understood what his horn-blowing meant. I watched them strolling up the road. I could see at two or three houses other cows that seemed to be waiting for them; for when the herd came along they walked out in a quiet, dignified fashion and joined it.

I dressed as fast as I could, but I could n't help looking at the room between times. It was so white that I was almost frightened lest I should get a speck of dust on the floor. There was a chest of drawers as tall as I am, and there was a great low chest carved into all sorts of beautiful figures. I found that I had been sleeping on a thick feather bed with a thin one on top of me. The bedstead wore a little petticoat, or valance, made of red and white linen. There was a white curtain at the window and a flower-pot, — I mean a *bloem-pot*; see how fast I am learning Dutch! — on the wide window-sill. It was full of gorgeous red lilies of a kind that I never saw at home. I don't see how Aunt Catarina ever made them bloom at that time of the year. I went downstairs and ate such a breakfast as I never ate before. The big table is loaded with all kinds of food at every meal. A good deal of it is new to me, but it tastes good. We have oysters almost a foot long.

POLLY BERGEN OF NEW AMSTERDAM

We have all the venison that we can eat. Just think of buying a whole deer for a jackknife! That is what one of Aunt Catarina's neighbors did last week. We have wild turkey and wild goose and ducks and swans and pelicans and lobsters and ever so many kinds of fish. There are beautiful apples, the finest I ever saw; there are cherries and peaches, so many that no one



DUTCH HOUSES, CORNER BROAD AND EXCHANGE STREETS

objects if a stranger picks as many as he likes. There are all kinds of vegetables. The thing I like best is Indian corn. It looks as if a stick a foot long had been covered with rows of tiny yellow beans and then wrapped in a sort of pale green parchment cut into long leaves. We put it into the hot ashes

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

to cook. Sometimes we pull off the parchment first and then roast it before the hot coals. The Indians say the first kernels were dropped from the sky by a crow. And the cakes! There are more kinds than I ever dreamed of. Some of them are fried in lard, and some are baked in a tin oven that stands before the fireplace. I've been here almost a year, and I don't feel sure even now of the names of all the different kinds.

When I began this letter, I meant to tell you first of all about the house. Aunt Catarina took me through it that first morning, and Uncle Pieter followed. In the kitchen there was the greatest fireplace I ever saw and the greatest fire. The backlog was bigger than I, and the other logs were not so very much smaller. The kitchen door was very wide and opened right out on the ground. "What a great door!" I cried, and Aunt Catarina said, "Yes, most people have their logs brought in by men now, but we are on the hillside, and so the horse drags them in every morning, just as was done here twenty years ago." I don't see how any horse ever dared to drag a log into such a clean room. Everything fairly shone. The firedogs were of iron and almost as large as real dogs,—I mean big ones,—and they needed to be to hold such logs. A woman was at work getting dinner. She was hanging big kettles and little kettles and middle-sized kettles on the pot-hooks just as we do at home; but there were two things that I never saw before. One looked as if a great sheet of tin had been bent almost around, leaving the opening next to the fire. This is

the oven; and when they want to roast meat they hang it in this oven. A spit runs through so they can turn it. The other thing is a bake-kettle. It is like a dish on legs. They put bread into the dish and pile hot coals on top. And now, Aunt Helen, I have something worth telling. While I stood looking at the fireplace, a real Indian walked in through the big door. Of course I never saw an Indian before, but I thought they wore feathers and always carried a bow and arrows and a tomahawk. This one was dressed in some old Dutch clothes, — and a funny Dutchman he made, — and instead of a tomahawk he had a pail of water. Aunt Catarina says there is always an Indian hanging around who is glad to cut the kindling wood, bring in water, and do such work. He wants something to eat and a place on the back *stoep* to sleep; but he does not expect any wages. The woman came from Holland. Uncle Pieter paid the cost of her passage, and she has agreed to work for Aunt Catarina till she has made it up. Aunt Catarina says, however, that she thinks the woman means to be married and leave her. Is n't that a shabby thing to do! The fireplace and the big door took up one whole side of the kitchen. On another side was a hanging rack. It was full of pewter plates, and how they did shine! Across the corner was a big dresser, and here were pewter porringers and spoons and some earthen dishes. Uncle Pieter followed us about, and when we came to the pewter he said, "You will one day be good vrouw to some Dutchman and make the

pewter to shine." The kitchen was long and low, and overhead were thick, heavy beams that looked strong enough to hold the Tower of London.

We went out of the kitchen into a hall that goes straight through the house. One door was shut tight. Uncle Pieter put his hand on the latch, and then he stopped as if he was not quite sure whether to open it or not. "Yes, Pieter, open the door," said Aunt Catarina. "Polly wants to see the parlor, I know." He opened the door, but he went into the room on tiptoe, as if he was afraid of waking it up. It was so dark that I could not see anything in it. Suddenly Aunt Catarina said, "Pieter, you take Polly outside and open the shutters so she can look into the window, and I will pull the curtain aside." So Uncle Pieter and I went outside. He opened the shutters and Aunt Catarina pulled away the curtains. I could see that the floor was covered with fine white sand, with curves and little wavy lines drawn upon it. There were some high-backed chairs with rush bottoms, and there was a fireplace with white tiles around it. Over the fireplace was a mantel with two brass candlesticks, and exactly half way between them were some silver snuffers. Over the mantel was a picture that I thought was the ruler of the Netherlands, but there was not light enough so I could be sure. The great beams in the top of the room I thought were carved. The chairs had carved feet and looked immensely heavy. I am certain that I could not move the table. It looked as heavy as a small house,

POLLY BERGEN OF NEW AMSTERDAM

but it was pretty, for it was made of some dark reddish wood, and it had been polished till it shone. It was so bright that I really believe it shines when it is all alone in the dark. Of course no one ever uses the room. I couldn't imagine two people sitting down in those solemn chairs to have a comfortable talk together. I know they could n't say a word. After I had seen so much, Aunt Catarina put the curtains in place



THE STUYVESANT HOUSE

and Uncle Pieter closed the shutters and fastened them; and, though I have been here almost a year, as I said, I have never been into that parlor. Once a week Aunt Catarina takes the maid and goes in. They sweep and scrub and clean and dust. They put down fresh sand and make the figures in it. Then

they draw the curtains together and go out; and no one thinks of such a thing as opening the door again till the next cleaning day comes round. I asked Uncle Pieter one day if the Dutch ever used their parlors, and he said, "Oh, yes, they always use the parlor when there is one funeral. There must be a parlor. With no parlor the good vrouw would not be happy."

There was a room for milk with queer little wooden tubs, and there was a room for spinning. In this room were three spinning-wheels and a big loom. Some one had been at work, for there was a piece of linen half done. "Can you weave, Polly?" Aunt Catarina asked, and I said, "No." "But you can spin?" I had to say no to that, too, and I saw that she was a little shocked. (I found later that all the Dutch girls learn how to spin and weave long before they are as old as I am.)

On the other side of the hall from the parlor a door was half open into another room, and we went there next. It was a big room with little chintz curtains. The sun was shining in as if it liked the place, and I really believe the flowers that were growing in the windows were trying to reach up and catch the sunbeams. It was so bright and easy and cheery after that frozen parlor that I cried right out, "What a dear, sweet room this is!" Aunt Catarina looked perfectly happy. "This is the room I want you to like best," she said. "This is where I will knit and sew and sometimes spin. We will sit here, and you will read to us from the English books, and per-

POLLY BERGEN OF NEW AMSTERDAM

haps you will learn some of the Dutch ?” “How can Polly learn Dutch ?” asked Uncle Pieter. “She has her kos to make.



A DUTCH MAIDEN

You want to make a kos, don't you, Polly ?” “I'm sure I do,” I answered; “but please tell me what a kos is.” “There

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

is a chest for one in your room," said Aunt Catarina, "and here is a kos; but you shan't do it unless you like;" and she pointed out a heavy oaken chest. It was carved with a handsome border of leaves and grapes, and it had great silver hinges and a lock big enough for the door of a cathedral. "Open it," said Aunt Catarina; and I raised the lid. It was full to the very brim with sheets and pillow-cases and tablecloths and rolls of linen. "Every Dutch maiden must have a chest like this," said Aunt Catarina. She must carry the flax up Maiden Lane with the other girls and lay it in the brook to soak and soften. She must spin the thread and weave the linen. Then she goes again up Maiden Lane with her linen. She spreads it out on the grass to bleach; and when it is white she makes it into these things and marks her initials on them in cross stitch. Then when she marries, the chest says to her husband's friends, "See what a good, industrious maiden has become his wife!" The chest was so big that I wondered if the Dutch girls ever had time for anything else, and I asked Aunt Catarina. "Oh, yes," she replied; "they learn how to do all kinds of knitting and how to work samplers. Then they learn to sew and embroider; and of course every girl wants to know how to cook and take care of a house." "Will the Dutch girls think I am very stupid and ignorant?" I asked. "Perhaps they will not care to come to see me, for we can't talk together." That was something I had not thought of before. Just fancy not having even one girl friend! I suppose my

POLLY BERGEN OF NEW AMSTERDAM

face was as long as my arm, for both Aunt Catarina and Uncle Pieter cried out, and Aunt Catarina said, "Many people here know a little English, and the children learn it very fast. There are many English people here now. The young girls will be glad to come to you. Don't think that you will be lonely." She looked troubled, and Uncle Pieter looked as anxious as if I had come down with a fever. I've no business to be lonely with two such dear people; but, oh, Aunt Helen, it is n't home even yet, and, much as I love them, I do long for England and you.

But I have n't told you half about the sitting-room. There was a fireplace, of course,—not so enormous as the one in the kitchen, but so big that I was sure the room could never be cold. There were tiles all around the fireplace, white and shining. There were pictures on them, too, drawn in blue. I think they were all from the Bible, and they were funny enough. What should you think of a Dutch woman gazing at a cradle with a great wooden hood floating down a canal? Can you guess it? It was Moses in the bulrushes. Pharaoh's daughter had on ever so many short skirts, and had keys and scissors and a big pincushion hanging at her side. Moses was dressed just like a Dutch baby. In front of this fireplace there were beautiful brass andirons, and how they did shine!

On one side of the room was a cupboard, a pretty one of some dark, handsome wood. In it were some china dishes and ever so much silver: spoons, tankards, porringers, salt-céllars,

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

sugar-tongs, a milk pitcher shaped like a cow, sifters to sift cinnamon and sugar on hot waffles, and “bite-and-stir” sugar boxes with loaf sugar in one side and powdered sugar in the other.

Across the room from the fireplace were two windows, and between them was a bookshelf. It was a solid one, of course; everything in the house looks as if rolling down a cliff would n't even jar it. Up in one corner of the shelf stood the “Arcadia.” It looked very slender and elegant beside the chunky little Dutch books bound in parchment and printed in heavy black letter. There were two silver-mounted Psalm-books, a prayer-book with silver rings so it could be worn on a chain, a catechism, and a small Bible. The others I could not make out. Under the bookshelf was a little square table with a drawer. It had a white cloth with heavy blue embroidery running all the way around it. This table is a *knaap*, or lightstand; but it was not used for any such common purpose as supporting a candle: it held an immense Dutch Bible with leather covers and heavy silver clasps and corner pieces. Aunt Catarina opened it and turned to the record of births and deaths. There was my father's name with “Geboren den 23^{ste} Augustus 1620;” and “Gestorven den 14^{de} March 1652,” — when I was just three years old. She told me what it meant, but now I can read easy Dutch for myself. Aunt Catarina has taught me Dutch and I have read to her a good deal in English. You know I brought with me that great book of plays

POLLY BERGEN OF NEW AMSTERDAM

by Master William Shakespeare, and we have read ever so many of them aloud. We take the different parts, and you ought to hear Uncle Pieter say: —

“Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip’s bell I lie.”

It’s a shame to laugh at him even on paper, for he is the dearest, kindest uncle that a girl ever had.

Somehow it takes me a long while to tell you about the sitting-room; but there is one thing more that I must not leave out. It looked in the room just like two folding doors. When they were opened, there was a great shelf, and on that shelf was a bed, made up with sheets and pillows and two feather beds, all ready for any guest that might come unexpectedly. That is a *slaapbank*. There are two rooms for guests, however, besides mine, and they have beds with tall posts, carved in a pattern that runs round and round to the very top.

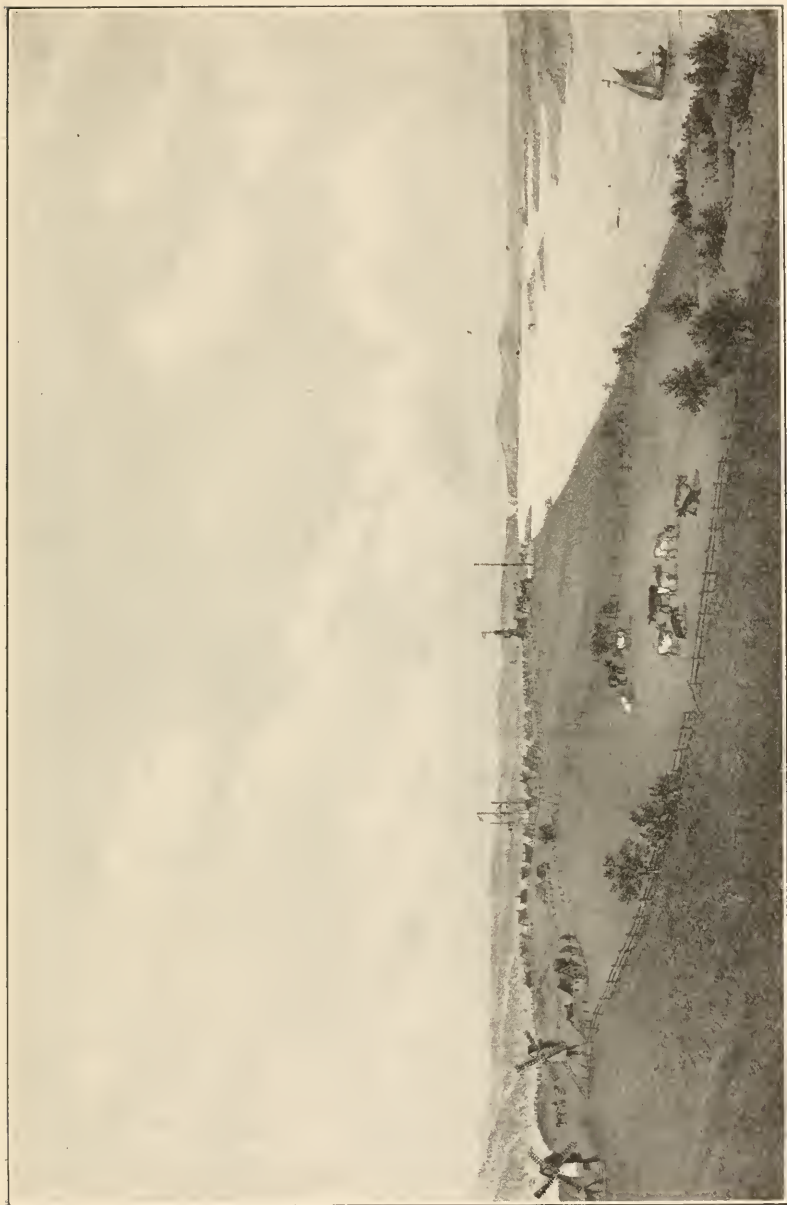
This sitting-room is where Aunt Catarina and I spend a great deal of our time indoors, and Uncle Pieter often comes in to sit with us. When company comes, they are never taken to the parlor, but always to this room. Of course in the summer we sit on the front *stoep*, and we have the cosiest little chats with the neighbors. They never go by without stopping.

I don’t wonder Aunt Catarina said there would be girls

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

enough coming to see me, for there are swarms of them, both English and Dutch, and some lovely French girls who cannot speak English very well. I should be so proud I should n't know what to do with myself if I didn't know that they came quite as much to see Aunt Catarina as to see me. They think everything of her. The older girls, too, those that are as much as eighteen or nineteen, are always coming to ask her something about the linen that every Dutch woman seems to think so much of. I'm not going to make a *kos*, Aunt Helen, but I've learned how to spin, and I've been up Maiden Lane with the other girls ever so many times, and laid bundles of flax in the brook to grow soft and tender. I can't weave yet, but Aunt Catarina says that she will teach me this winter; and so next spring I can carry out some nice linen to bleach that is all of my own making.

We don't spend all our days spinning and weaving, however, for we have had some splendid times. In the winter we take long rides in sleighs that slip over the snow as easily as a boat goes through the water. I have learned to skate; some of the Dutch boys taught me. They, and the girls, too, can skate five times as fast as a boy can run. In the summer we often take a long walk to some lovely place in the woods. The boys make a sort of bower of branches. Then we girls sit down and knit or maybe embroider while the boys go fishing. When they come back with their fish, they make a fire, and we all cook the fish and get dinner. The boys are well laughed



NEW AMSTERDAM FROM THE NORTH, 1679

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

at if they can't catch any fish. After dinner all go in search of strawberries or blackberries or whatever fruit is ripe. Sometimes we go right to the berrying place at first, and carry bottles of cream with us to eat with the berries. Sometimes we row over to Breuckelen and spend an afternoon at the home of some friend. We always bring back peaches or some other kind of fruit, for more grows here than can be eaten, and people are glad to give it away. Then we have all sorts of good times at one another's houses. There are appleparings and huskings and quilting bees. Indeed, whenever anything is to be done that more than one person can work at, the Dutch people have a bee. They come together and pare the apples or husk the corn or raise the barn, whichever it may be, and then they have a supper, with tables loaded as I never saw tables before. After supper there is always a dance. I like the Dutch girls. They are blunt as they can be, but they are honest and kind, and if they are once your friends, they are always. I wish I could carry some of them back with me. It's three whole years more, Aunt Helen, and then I shall have you again. I wonder if there will be a ship ready to sail the very day that the four years are up. Isn't it wicked to say such things when Aunt Catarina is so good to me! We have been reading Master Shakespeare's play, "Julius Cæsar," and when we came to "Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more," I whispered to myself, "That's just the way I feel;" but I don't see how a man

POLLY BERGEN OF NEW AMSTERDAM

who died ages ago could ever have known how a girl would feel to-day.

I am your own little Polly; but don't forget that I have had a birthday. I'm fifteen years old now. Think of that!

*A Third Letter from Polly Bergen to her Aunt in
England*

*New Amsterdam,
August 4, 1664.*

THERE is always something new here to see. When I looked out of my window one morning I saw what looked like a big, fat pincushion tied to the knocker of the front door of the house across the road. I hurried down to ask Aunt Catarina what it was there for. "Why, there's a new baby in the house," she declared. "Was the cushion white?" "No, blue," I answered. "Then it is a boy," she said. "If it had been a girl, the cushion would have been white." She was surprised when I told her we did not hang out pincushions in England. She promised to borrow it some day; and one afternoon she brought it into the sitting-room to show me. It was made of very heavy satin, and so loaded with ruffles and laces and bows that it looked as if a whole swarm of butterflies had lighted upon it. Ever so many names and dates were embroidered on the satin, and Aunt Catarina said they were the names and birthdays of the older children of the family. Every

POLLY BERGEN OF NEW AMSTERDAM

household has such a cushion, and it serves as a sort of family record, for they hand it down from one generation to another. We went to see the baby, of course. It had on a tiny white cap that fitted close to its head and was edged with a very full ruffle. It lay in a cradle of mahogany made with a large roof, or hood, that kept the drafts away from its head. They say that at Fort Orange they make cradles of birch bark. There's a funny little rhyme that people here sing to their babies. It begins, —

“Trip a trop a tronjes,
De varken in de boonjes.”

It means, —

From your throne upon my knee,
The pigs out in the beanpatch see.

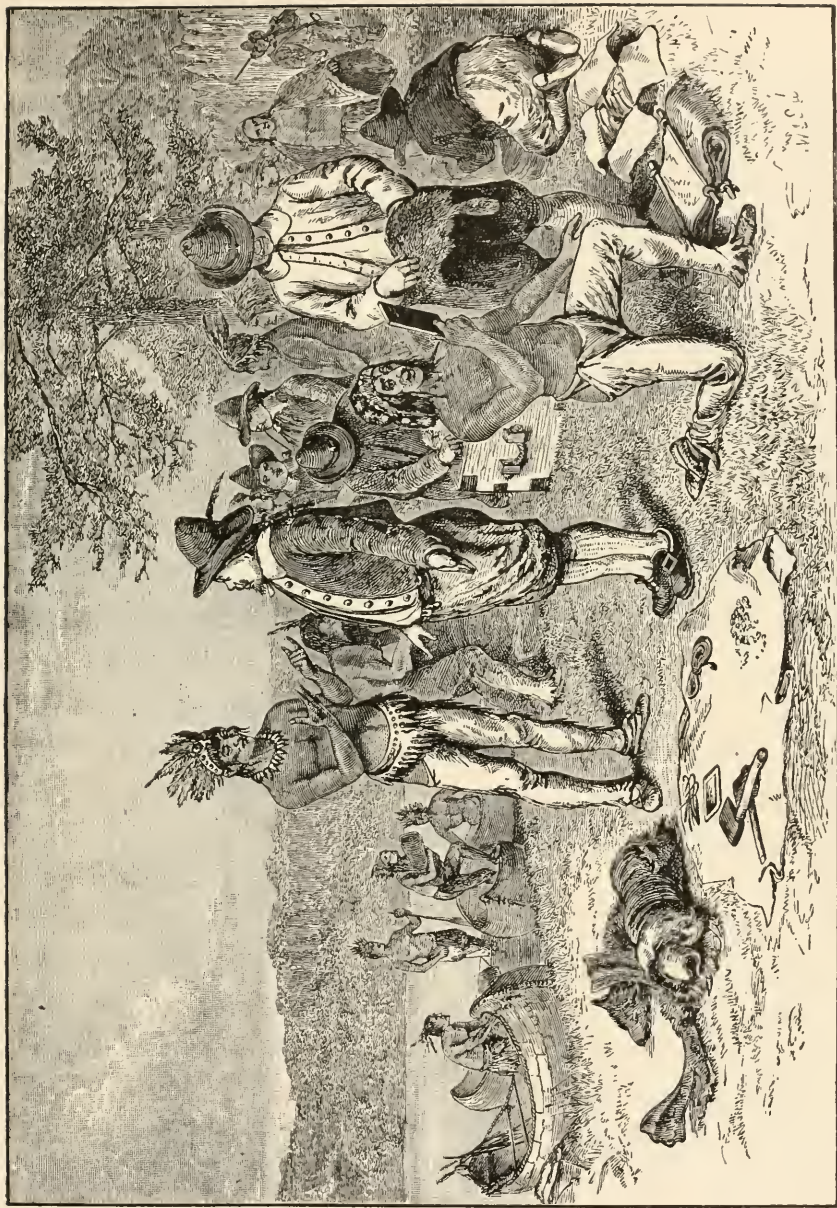
It goes on to say that no one of the pigs, cows, horses, ducks, or calves is so sweet as the baby.

The Indians always take good care of their babies. They roll them up in soft, warm fur and bind them to a board. Then they hang the board in some place where they are sure that nothing can happen to the child. I thought I should be afraid of the Indians, and when I saw one bringing in water for Aunt Catarina I almost expected him to turn around and scalp us; but we hardly ever go out without seeing them. They bring furs to sell to the Company, — no one but the Company is allowed to buy furs, because that is the easiest way to make money, and they want to make it all themselves. The Indians

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

bring baskets and brooms and sassafras, and sometimes deer and turkeys that they have shot. Everybody is kind to them, and one lady has built a large shed back of her house so the squaws can sit there and work. They make beautiful baskets, and we girls often go there to watch them. Saturday is market-day, and then they go to the market-place to sell their baskets and the mats and brooms that they make of corn husks.

The Indians use shells for money, and so do we for that matter, but the Indians did it first. They break off the little twisted ends of the periwinkle shells, smooth them, and string them. This is wampum, and six of these beads are worth a Dutch stiver or an English penny. When we buy things in market we can pay in money or in shells, as we like; but people almost always pay in shells. One of the girls told me that a man was so rich that he had "whole hogsheads of wampum." There is another kind of shell money that is worth more than wampum. This is *sewant*. It is made of the blue part of the clam shell. Three of these beads make a penny. The Indians think the blue *sewant* is beautiful, and they wear long chains of it for ornaments. There are plenty of clam shells over on the Breuckelen shore; but it is so much work to make the wampum, and much more the *sewant*, and the squaws feel so well dressed when they have some strings of it, that I don't wonder they are willing to give venison and arrows and skins to get it, just as we should be to get gold. I think that, if —



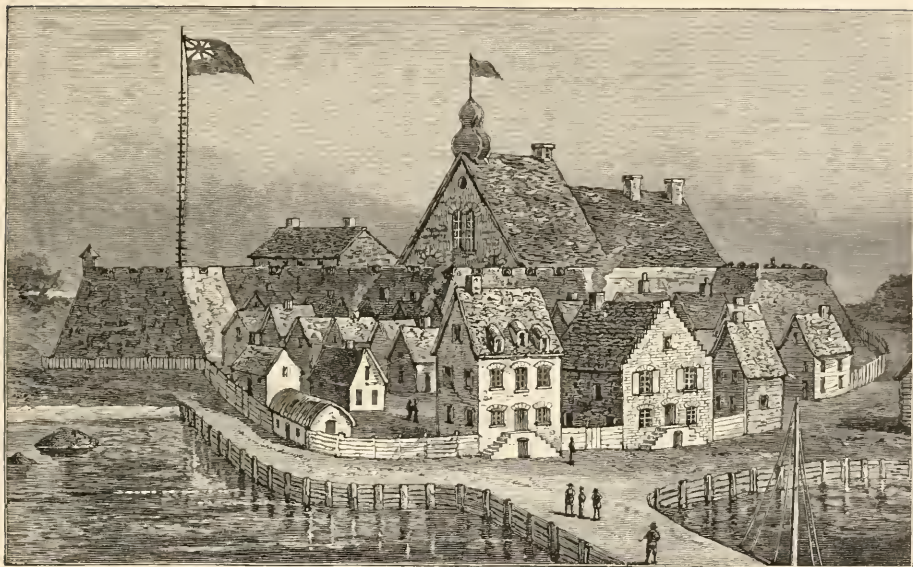
DUTCH AND INDIAN TRADERS, NEW AMSTERDAM

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

*New York,
September 30, 1664.*

I am afraid I shall never know what it was that I thought. I put the letter away, meaning to write pages and pages more about the way the Indians and the Dutch do things, and what I myself am doing when I am not with the young folks on a good time or walking up Maiden Lane with flax or linen, — for I really did weave a piece last winter, and I feel very proud of it, — or just having a cosy little time with Aunt Catarina, telling her about England or listening to her stories of Holland. But something happened that put all thoughts of writing letters quite out of my head. One morning Uncle Pieter came into the house as nearly like a whirlwind as you can imagine so moderate a man. He was too much excited to talk English, but I could understand his Dutch enough to know that four English ships were coming, and that they meant to try to take New Amsterdam. I was so happy that I did n't know what to do; but Aunt Catarina was frightened and Uncle Pieter was troubled. He could n't stop more than a minute, for he is a member of the Council, and they were going to hold a meeting. When he came back, he said that they should strengthen the fortifications and store up in the village as much food as possible so as to be ready for a siege. Just think of me being besieged by Cousin Richard and Cousin William! It might be, for they are both in the navy. The fright was all for nothing, people thought; for the next

POLLY BERGEN OF NEW AMSTERDAM



THE STRAND

thing was the coming of a ship from Holland. The captain knew all about that English fleet. They were to go to Boston, he said, and tell the New Englanders that they must not be so independent and that they must go to the Church of England. The ships were not coming here at all! I was heart-broken. Aunt Catarina was happy, but Uncle Pieter looked sober. He didn't seem to feel satisfied even then that things were just right, and he wanted Governor Stuyvesant to keep two warships that were in the harbor all ready to start for Curaçoa. The captains were indignant enough at the thought of waiting, and the Governor did not believe there was any

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

need of it, for by this time messengers had come from New England to say that the four English vessels were in Boston Harbor, and that Colonel Nicolls, who was in command, was arranging to establish the Church of England in Massachusetts.

It was a whole month after that when a courier dashed into the town at full speed. "The English ships!" he cried. "They have left Boston and they are on their way to New Amsterdam." The Governor was at one of the settlements ever so far up the river, and messengers had to go for him. He came back, and then everything whirled. He stamped around in a perfect rage, Uncle Pieter said, because he had let the two warships sail. He made the people bring their shovels and spades and wheelbarrows and pickaxes and go to work on the fortifications. Then he sent messengers to bring in all sorts of food that could be stored. He had not much time to do this in, for in three days the four English frigates came up the East River and anchored not far from New Amsterdam. I'll own up, Aunt Helen, and say that I did feel half afraid even of my own people, for the frigates were so big and black, and they had so many guns,—one hundred and twenty, Uncle Pieter said. I don't wonder that poor Governor Stuyvesant was almost beside himself, for he had but twenty guns and not much powder. He rushed about from one place to another, storming because more provisions did not come in, hurrying the men who were digging as hard as ever they

could, and raging because there was so little powder. "They shan't have it," he went about muttering. "Powder or no powder, the land is ours and we will hold it." Honestly, it does seem as if it fairly belonged to them. Henry Hudson discovered it and the Dutch settled it. They have held it for half a century, and I can't see why it isn't theirs as much as Holland is. Uncle Pieter did not feel sure that it was best to fight, and I did so hope they would n't.

Last Saturday we saw a small boat coming from the flagship, and Governor Stuyvesant called the Council together. The boat brought a paper from Colonel Nicolls, commander of the fleet, summoning New Netherland to surrender. "We'll never surrender," the Governor declared. Then I suppose he remembered that he must ask the others what they thought about it. The first one said, "The English have certainly a thousand soldiers and we have only one hundred and fifty." "Only one hundred and fifty!" cried the Governor. "Where are the men of the place?" "There are many English among them," the councillor said. "They would rather have English rule than Dutch, and" — but the Governor would n't hear any more from him, and he turned to the next man. "Will you give up your country to a parcel of English thieves?" he demanded. "I would n't give it up if I could hold it," he replied; "but we have neither powder nor food. There's no use in letting them starve us and batter down our houses and then having to yield after all." "You're a coward!" the

Governor roared. "If you had been before St. Martin, you would have known something about how men can fight." "But what are we to fight for?" another one asked. The Governor glared at him, too angry to speak, and the councillor went on. He said, "This is not Holland, it is hardly even a Dutch colony. There are settlers here from England and France and a dozen other countries. We are governed less by our gracious Prince than by the West India Company." "And what has the Company done for us that we should fight for them?" another demanded. "It was their business to strengthen the fort and to keep enough soldiers here to defend us. They care for nothing but buying beaver skins. Why should we lose our homes and maybe our lives to help make them rich? Moreover, the English colonies are much more free than we, and we shall be as well off under English rule as under the Company's."

Then the Governor was so angry that he turned them all out. He went on getting ready to fight. He sent in all directions for food, and he bought all the powder that the colonies up the river would spare. He tried to make the men work on the fortifications; but as soon as he turned away they threw down their spades and picks and began to talk together. Tuesday morning Uncle Pieter was called to a meeting of the Council at the fort. Colonel Nicolls had sent another letter. It said that, if they would surrender, the Dutch people should be just as free as ever to go back and forth between New



GOVERNOR STUYVESANT TEARS UP THE LETTER

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

Amsterdam, and Holland, and that King Charles was ready to give them many more privileges. "It is only right that the people should hear this," said one. "Yes, let us read it to them," cried the councillors. Then the Governor was in a fury. "I won't do it, I won't!" he thundered. He pounded on the floor with his wooden leg, as he always does when he is angry, and tore the letter into pieces. The councillors were indignant, and some of them turned their backs on him and walked out of the fort. There were crowds of people outside, and when they knew about the letter they hooted and groaned and hissed till one would have thought all the geese in the country were there. "Show us the letter!" they cried, "show us the letter!" The Governor was in such a rage that he, too, had gone away from the fort; and the clerk of the Council picked up the bits of paper and read the letter aloud.

When the people heard the letter, there was hardly a man in the village who did not think it best to surrender; but the Governor went on getting ready to fight. Of course the men of the village would not obey him very well, but the soldiers did not dare to refuse. The ships came nearer and nearer, and our men — I mean the English, of course — were landed on the Breuckelen side. Governor Stuyvesant had his guns ready and the gunners standing beside them. We could see them from my window, and we were terribly frightened. He did not fire, however. They say the minister told him it was wicked to shed blood when it would do no good. He did not

POLLY BERGEN OF NEW AMSTERDAM

give up, though, for the next thing we saw, he was marching down to the shore with a hundred of the soldiers. Then Aunt Catarina cried out, "Oh, he's going to fight! The English will be angry and they will burn our homes. I will beg



DUTCH COTTAGE

him to save us." In about a minute she was on her way to the Governor. She could not get very near him, for such a crowd of men and women were around him. A man had just handed him a paper to read. It urged him to surrender, and it was signed by his own son and about a hundred of the principal colonists. The Governor did not rage then, Aunt Catarina said, but he gave a groan, and stood looking away

off as if he had forgotten all about the frigates and the cannon. The women pressed around him. "Save us!" they cried, "save us! Don't let the English soldiers burn our homes. Have mercy upon us! Pity us and our little children!" The children were frightened and they began to cry, "Pity us, pity us!" The Governor stared at them as if he did not see them at all. His lips twitched, Aunt Catarina told me, and he looked as if he was going to cry. Then he said, "Let it be so, but I would rather be carried to my grave." He gave the order to run up a white flag at the fort; and before Aunt Catarina was at home her home was safe.

Now that it is all over, I really think that both Uncle Pieter and Aunt Catarina are glad of the change. They call me the little rebel, and laugh at me and say I must hurry with my *kos*, for it will not be long before some young officer will be coming for me, and they are in the best of spirits. Next Sunday, after the Dutch service at St. Nicholas, we are to have our own service read by the English chaplain. I asked Aunt Catarina if I might go, and she said of course I might. "Better go with her, Catarina," Uncle Pieter said. "Remember those young officers." He will take the oath of allegiance to England. He says it is right to do that if England rules him and protects him. Governor Stuyvesant has promised to take it, and so have a great many of the men. Uncle Pieter saw the first meeting between the Governor and Colonel Nicolls, who is governor now. He says that they did not look the least

POLLY BERGEN OF NEW AMSTERDAM

bit as if they hated each other, and that two such brave soldiers as they will be good friends before many months have passed.

Do you realize how the months are passing and that in less than a year I can see you again? And yet there is much here that I hate to leave. Uncle Pieter and Aunt Catarina will be so sorry. If there were only some way of floating England over here, or of floating New Amsterdam — but it is n't New Amsterdam any longer; it is New York now — over to England! Why can't people have the ones they love best all together in one place? I'm here and you are there, and all I can do is to wish and wish and wish that we were together somewhere.

XVI

A Fourth Letter from Polly Bergen to her Aunt in England

*New York,
February 16, 1665.*

I AM almost eighteen years old, but I'm going to believe in good fairies as long as I live. I feel like a girl in a magic palace, for my wish has come true. When I read in your letter that Uncle thought that, now New York was under English rule, there would be a better chance for the boys here than in crowded England and that you were coming here to live, I fairly shouted with delight. Aunt Catarina laughed, then she cried, then she did both at once, and Uncle Pieter was about as bad, — I mean as good, — the dear man that he is!

And now it is February, and you will be here in May! Perhaps this letter will never reach you, ships are so slow; but who cares if it never even gets on board of a ship, for you're coming, you're all coming, to this big, splendid country, where there is room for everybody. What glorious times we will have, and what a happy, happy, happy Polly I am!

XVII

A Letter written by Judith March of Newbury, Massachusetts, to her cousin, Anna Maitland, in England

Newbury, February 21, 1664.

I WAS eleven years old yesterday, but if all my birthdays are going to be as bad as this one I shall wish I had been born on the twenty-ninth of February. The trouble began on the day before. It was the Sabbath, and I did the wickedest thing I ever did in all my life: I laughed right out in meeting. It was dreadful. The minister stopped and looked straight at me, everybody looked at me, and I was so ashamed. Father always stands by me, but he was gazing up at the gallery as if he did not know anything had happened; and I could feel how mortified mother was. Oh, I was never so wicked before.

This is what made me laugh. The people were singing, —

“With reverence let the saints appear
And bow before the Lord,”

and they sang it, —

“And bow-ow-ow, and bow-ow-ow.”

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

The meeting-house is so cold that mother has a sheepskin bag nailed to the seat to keep her feet warm, and father lets me bring Ponto. He lies down in front of me and I put my feet on his back. He never did such a thing before. He is the best dog in the meeting; but this time, almost before the people had stopped singing "And bow-ow-ow," he called out "Bow-wow-wow" in that big grum voice of his. I suppose he had a bad dream. That was when I laughed. There was a little knothole in the floor, and I would have given anything to slip through it and get out of sight.

Mother never punishes any of us on the Sabbath, but the first thing Monday morning she told me how bad I had been. She said she would n't whip me on my birthday, but I must spend the day so I should remember it. Then she put a chair with the back to the window and gave me my knitting and said I must knit all day.

Oh, I was so tired! It would not have been quite so bad if the stitches had not been all alike, or if I could have taken just one peep out of the window sometimes; but I had to knit till dinner time and then go right back to the chair and begin again. Everybody was at home washing, and there was not a sound on the common till about two hours after dinner. Then I heard some one come galloping up as fast as he could gallop. He stopped close to our house, and I heard people coming and talking to him. I could not tell what they said, and I did not dare to turn round to look out. Pretty soon I heard a



A PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR

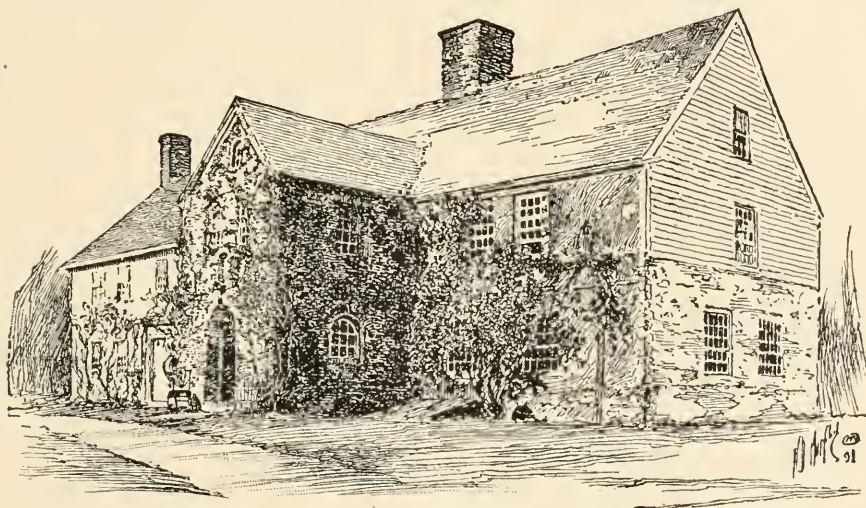
strange voice call, "At noon, good friends, at noon to-morrow," and the horse galloped away.

In a little while the town crier began to ring his bell and call out, "O hear ye, O hear ye! At twelve of the clock a proclamation by the Governor of New York will be read on the common. O hear ye, O hear ye!"

I kept wishing and wishing that father would come, and at last he came. "There's great news," he said; "but I cannot tell it with the little maid sitting there and looking so sorrowful." "I told her she must sit in that chair and knit all day for a punishment," said mother. Father thought for a moment, then he put his arm round me and swung me off the chair. Next he swung the chair through the open door into the bedroom, and the knitting flew into the corner. "There, wife," he said, "if there's no chair she cannot sit in it; and if she cannot sit in it she cannot knit. And so, little maid, your punishment is over—is n't it, wife? You were a very naughty girl, Judith," he said to me, and tried hard to look cross; but I heard him whisper to mother, "They all sat looking like so many gravestones; but truly, wife, I was hard put to it to keep from smiling myself. If I had, would you have set me up in a chair with some knitting needles?" "Oh, Hugh March," cried mother, "how is a woman to bring up her children as they should be brought up with such a man as you about?" But really I don't think she was sorry. She is never angry with father, no matter what he does.

JUDITH MARCH OF NEWBURY

Then he began to tell her about the stranger. "He has come from Albania," he said, "from Colonel Nicolls." "And who, pray, is Colonel Nicolls, and on which side of the ocean is Albania?" asked mother. "Colonel Nicolls is the governor



THE SPENCER-PIERCE HOUSE, OLD NEWBURY

of what used to be New Netherland; but now it belongs to the Duke of York, and so he has named New Amsterdam New York. Isn't that news enough for one day?" "Yes," said mother, "but you have more. You're no dissembler, Hugh; out with it." Then he told her there was a fertile country near New York which Colonel Nicolls had named Albania, and it was going to be open to settlers. Mother did not look pleased, but all she said was, "Don't be hasty, Hugh."

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

“No, wife,” returned father, “I don’t think I am hasty. When I once see a thing, I don’t have to stand and wonder whether I really have seen it or not; that’s all. And, indeed, wife, I don’t think I’ve done so badly. I came over with Stephen Kent as only a ’prentice lad with hardly a shilling to my name; and in fifteen years I had the handsomest wife in town, and she wore the handsomest silken hood and scarf.” “And was presented to the court for doing it,” mother added. Then father laughed one of his big hearty laughs and cried, “And didn’t you have a fine time that day! I can see you now walking into court wearing the hood and the scarf, and holding yourself as straight as a poplar. You held your head higher still when you walked out and the clerk was writing on the records that your husband had enough property to have the right to give you some silken gewgaws if he chose.”

I suppose they had forgotten all about me, for suddenly they stopped talking, and mother sent me away on an errand.

I wish I was a boy so I could do things. The strange rider read the proclamation this morning. Father went and George went and even Hugh. Hugh is only eight and I am eleven; but he is a boy, so he could go to hear it, but I couldn’t. Father told us all about it when it was over. Governor Nicolls has made some promises that he calls “concessions” to all the people that will come to settle on his land. I understood some of them. One is that any one may believe what he chooses about religion if he does not do anything to hurt other people.

JUDITH MARCH OF NEWBURY

Another is that twelve men are to form a council to help the Governor make the laws. The Governor says that every settler who comes before next January and brings a musket, ten pounds of powder, twenty pounds of bullets, bandeliers and matches convenient, and provisions for himself for six months shall have one hundred and fifty acres of land. He does not have to pay anything for it for five years, and then only one penny an acre each year.

Father wants to go, but mother does not want him to. I don't want to go away from Newbury, but George and Hugh are ready to go anywhere, and even little John brought in his kitten and said, "Me and Kitty going to Albania."

My hand is so tired I cannot write any more. If we go we shall have to start before very long.

XVIII

A Second Letter from Judith March of Newbury to her cousin, Anna Maitland, in England

Newbury, September 1, 1665.

FATHER and George went, and we stayed here, mother and I and the two little boys and the baby. Mother did not want father to go, and he promised that if he did not like very, very much, he would come back in a year. It seems so strange and lonesome without him. And I shall have to be so good for a whole year, for there's no one now to get me out of my punishments when I am naughty.

They went by boat. When a boat was coming this way early in the spring he sent us a long letter; and he sent another a little while ago by a man who was coming from New York to Boston. He says their land lies at the mouth of a river that empties into a bay. It is a little river, but it is so deep that vessels of thirty or forty tons can come up in front of their doors. The Dutch call the bay the Achter Koll, which means bay after the great bay; but father says that freeborn Englishmen need not talk Dutch unless they choose, and they call it the After Cull. It cost twenty fathoms



OLD NEWBURY HOUSE, ABOUT 1700

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

of cloth, two coats, two guns, two kettles, ten bars of lead, and four hundred fathoms of wampum. They built some little huts with clay squeezed in between the logs, and there they stayed all winter long. Father always laughs at things, and he wrote that there never was such a climate to suit the whims of all sorts of people, for the wind did not stay in the same quarter three days together. He said it was not so cold as Newbury, but that somehow it *felt* colder, and he had wished a good many times for his own snug little house. Mother looked as pleased as could be when she read that, for she does not want to go to Albania. Father said he thought it was going to be a fine place for a man to get rich. It is so near New York that they can sail there easily and sell what they have to sell and buy whatever they want. "It will be like going up to London," he wrote; "and surely we shall have enough to sell, for we can raise beans, potatoes, carrots, turnips, melons, and all other sorts of vegetables and fruit. As for peaches, the boughs fairly break down with them. The cranberries are like cherries, and would make much better tarts than either cherries or gooseberries — if only my handsome wife were here to make them. Tell the little maid," he added, "that she must learn to be as good a cook as her mother, so she can come to Albania and make tarts for her father while her mother sits under the trees and eats strawberries and cream." He says people tell him everything grows much faster there than in Massachusetts; that you can plant

JUDITH MARCH OF NEWBURY

corn in **May** and harvest it in **June** or **July**. He drank some cider from a tree that, they told him, was only four years old, but bore enough apples this year to make four barrels of cider. He thinks that two men coming in **September** or **October** could clear ground enough to raise twenty quarters of grain the following year. He believes that olives would grow there, and he is sure that silkworms would do well, for there



TOPPAN HOUSE, BUILT BY JACOB TOPPAN 1674

are so many mulberry trees. Maybe some day, Cousin Anna, I can send you a silk gown from my own silkworms. What do you think of that!

The most interesting thing he wrote in that letter was about catching herring. The herring swim up the brooks into fresh

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

water to spawn. He said that George and Abraham Toppan went out one morning and caught some in the Indian fashion, as they had no nets. They made a round pinfold two yards across and one foot high, with a gap for the fish to go in. Then they took two long birches, tied the tops together, went a stone's throw above the pinfold, and dragged the birch boughs down stream. They drove so many fish into the pinfold in half an hour that they had three bushels to carry home. Besides the herring, there are as many fish as there are here, he wrote, and oysters enough for all England. Sometimes a whale is caught in the great bay or even driven ashore in a storm. Then they can take large quantities of oil and bone and sell them in New York at a big price. No one is afraid of the Indians, for the Five Nations are friendly to New York and to Albania, or New Jersey, as father says we must call it now.

He wrote that, however, in his second letter, the one that came only a little while ago. There was so much in this that it would take all night to tell it. Father did not write it all at once; he wrote the first part in July, and when mother read it she cried, "He'll come back now, Judith, he'll surely come." That part of the letter said that before Governor Nicolls gave them the right to the land, the Duke of York had sold Albania to Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret. Mother said that meant that Governor Nicolls had had no land to grant, and so the settlers had no right at all to the land that they had

JUDITH MARCH OF NEWBURY

bought with their kettles and coats and handfuls of powder. She did not stop to read the rest of the letter; she jumped up and ran to the window that looks toward the water. "This letter was written in July," she cried, "and maybe he is already on the way. Perhaps he will be here for supper. We'll have honey, and tarts made from the cherry preserve that your grandmother sent from England, and—" Then she saw the rest of the letter lying on the floor, and she began to read it. It said that when the news came about the duke's selling Albania Governor Nicolls came right to see them. "Don't give it up," he pleaded, "only stay here for a while. The duke cannot know what a beautiful country he is selling. I am going home at once, and I will beg of him not to throw away the garden of all America."

They agreed to wait till they could hear what the duke said; but they found out very soon, for one morning they saw a ship coming into the bay and sailing straight for the After Cull Colony. They did not know what to do, but at last they all marched slowly down to the shore. The first one to land was a handsome young man with a hoe on his shoulder. "Good morning, sirs," he cried. "I am Philip Carteret. My brother, Sir George Carteret, has bought this land of the Duke of York, and sent me here to be governor. I feared me greatly lest there might be nothing but wolves and panthers in my domain, and I'm right heartily glad to find some of my own countrymen." Father said he bowed like the parley-voos,

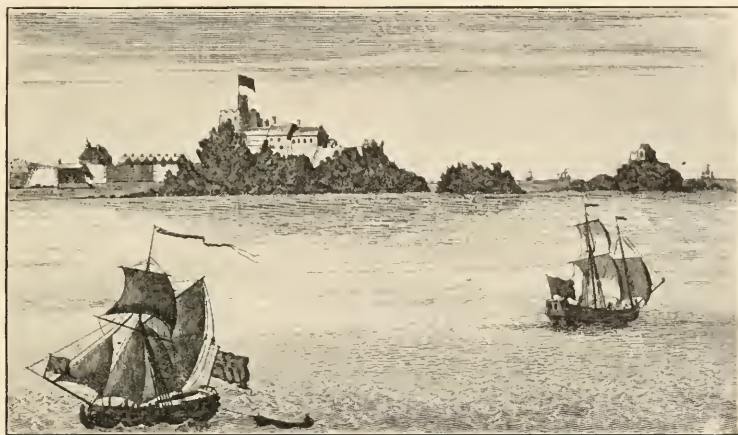
LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

but he had a good honest English face, and he looked them straight in the eyes like an Englishman. "I hope you will stay," the Governor went on, "and help me make a fine large colony, as good as any in America. I'll promise for my part to give every man the rights of an Englishman, and he shall have whatever religion he believes true."

Father said they did not know just what to say. They did not want to promise to stay there, but the new Governor was so pleasant and so polite that they did not like to say they would not. Besides, they kept thinking of the richness of the soil and the New York markets, and the whales that might be thrown up on the shore. "And when a man is thinking of a creature as big as a whale," father wrote, "he has n't much room in his mind for even a handsome young governor." The Governor did not wait, however, to hear what they would say. By that time the thirty men and women who had come with him had landed, and he fell to introducing them to our people as if he was having the best time in his life. "She can weave, maybe fifty ells a day," he said of one woman; "and here's another," he went on, "who can spin like a spider, one hundred knots an hour, more or less. This man can tan leather for your shoes; that one can make your clothes; here is a blacksmith equal to Vulcan; and here's the best ropemaker in the world. You'll give him room in the After Cull for a ropewalk, will you not? And, friends, we are so weary with the long voyage, will you not take us in among you and let

JUDITH MARCH OF NEWBURY

us rest a little?" Father said he looked so young and slender and tired that they all felt ashamed of giving him so poor a welcome. They had built four frame houses, and these they gave up to the Governor and his people, much as they hated their Frenchy ways. He says the Governor and most of the



ELIZABETH CASTLE, JERSEY, THE CARTERETS' STRONGHOLD

people live on the Island of Jersey. They "talk French and bow French and walk French," but they are as true to the king as any of us; and they are so grateful and so anxious to help everybody that the old settlers cannot help liking them.

The morning after they landed, the Governor called the old settlers together and told them he would keep all the promises that Colonel Nicolls had made, and that he wanted to buy shares in their town association just as they themselves had done. "We'll have the best colony in the land," he said.

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

“After Cull is not half good enough name for it. Let us call it Elizabeth Town, in honor of one of the best women that ever lived, my sister-in-law Elizabeth, the wife of Sir George Carteret.” The duke himself had given a new name to the Province, and now it is Nova Cæsarea, or New Jersey. The Governor told them that was because when Cromwell’s men were fighting against King Charles I, fifteen years ago, Sir George Carteret, who was governor of the Island of Jersey, would not haul down the king’s flag. He had to do it after a while, but his fortress was the last in the whole kingdom to yield.

There, Cousin Anna, you asked me to tell you about Newbury, and I have written all this long letter about Elizabeth Town and New Jersey. I did n’t mean to; but mother and I have read father’s letters over and over so many times that I know them by heart, and when I begin to write I can’t help writing them. Mother treats me now almost as if I were grown up and at least a hundred years older than on that wretched Sabbath day when I laughed in meeting. We talk and talk about father and George, whether they will want to stay there and have us come to them, or whether they will come home. I’d like to go there, and even mother says she should like to have “spring a month earlier and autumn a month later” than in Newbury. I wonder which it will be.

XIX

A Letter written by Timothy Holden of Pennsylvania to his Cousin Henry in England

Chester, 11th month, 5th day, 1683.

INASMUCH as thou art my only living cousin, I take my pen in hand to send thee a word of cousinly greeting. It is true that my remembrance of thee is more slender than it would have been if I had not left England at so early an age, but the bonds of relationship are strong, and I would gladly come into a closer acquaintance with thee.

Father said he wished I would write thee a letter, and when I told him I didn't know how to begin it, he said he would show me; so I wrote what comes before this just as he told me to. I asked him what I should write about, and he said, "About thy life here in Pennsylvania, about thy home, and thy young friend Tamaqua, and the coming of the noble Governor." It does n't seem as if there was much to write about them. If I lived in London as thou dost, there would be something to tell. Mother has told me about the streets and the Tower and the great steeple houses and the crowds that are coming and going all the time. Don't I wish I could see them!

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

There's one thing I want to see more than all the rest, and that is the Flying Coach. I wish I could ride in it just once. Mother says she thinks people must be thrown out of the coach and hurt or killed, and that no one ought to tempt Providence by trying to drive fifty-five miles in thirteen hours over the rocks and gullys and mudholes between London and Oxford. I should n't want to be killed, but I don't believe it would tempt Providence very much if I went only once just to see how it would seem. Hast thou ever been in the coach? How many horses does it have? Father says one needs six horses at least to make a journey in England or else his carriage will be stuck fast in some mudhole. I suppose thou hast seen the king and the Duke of York drive out in state. That must be a splendid sight. Father says it is far more edifying to see our Governor being rowed down the Delaware to meet his councillors to decide what is for the truest good of his province and the service of God. Of course I like to see the Governor, but I'd like to see the king, too.

It must be glorious to live in London; I mean it would be if they did n't put Friends in prison. It is five years ago that we came here, and I was just seven years old then, so I can't remember anything about the sights. Sometimes after I have gone to bed I shut my eyes and think hard, and then I can seem to see a rather dark little room with some people in it. One is talking or praying — I don't know which — and the others are all sitting as if they were in meeting. That must

TIMOTHY HOLDEN OF PENNSYLVANIA

have been the house we lived in. I can remember, too, that suddenly the doors were burst open, and some men caught hold of my father and some of the others. The men were rough and I was frightened. Father said something to them, and one of them replied, "You can't count three, I suppose?" and they laughed so loud that I was more afraid than ever. I was angry, too, for I knew how to count, and I thought they meant that my father didn't know how. I cried out, "My father can count. Thou art a bad man; go away!" Mother said, "Hush, hush!" but the men laughed louder than ever. They went away and took my father and two of the others with them. Of course I know now that the law would not let more than three meet together in a house to pray; but I was very little then. I can't remember anything else until we were going on board the ship. I saw the black water on both sides of the plank and I was afraid. Smallpox broke out. The body of a man who had died was wrapped in canvas and dropped overboard. I thought that was very strange and dreadful. There was another little boy just as old as I, and we played together. One morning mother said, "Herbert is ill, and thou must not go near him." Pretty soon he died and was dropped overboard. I had not thought that they would do that to little boys, but only to grown folk, and I was frightened. "Will they ever do that to me?" I asked. "God must have His own when He calls for it," father said; "but He is good to all, and He will never forget to care for even a little child." I did not take the dis-

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

ease; and it was not so very long before we left the ship and came on shore. All I can remember of the landing is that my father took me in his arms and got into a little boat. Then he set me down on the grass under a tree and said, "Thou must stay here till thy mother comes to thee. Don't thou be afraid. In this land we are free, so free that two or three may gather in His name if they will."

That place was Chester, but we don't live there now; we live in Philadelphia. Father says that some day Philadelphia may be as large a city as London is; but of course when thou lives in London and sees so much that is grand, thou dost not care to hear about our little town. I just asked mother what I should write about next, and she said, "Write about the coming of that good and noble man, the proprietor, for Cousin Henry, and thy Uncle James, too, will be glad to hear of that, I am sure."

Oh, Henry, I know thou wouldst have liked to see him. Sometimes I think it would be good to be a man; but when he came, I was glad that Tamaqua and I were just boys, for we could slip in anywhere and see everything. Father says I have sometimes an undue curiosity; but surely it cannot be very wrong to wish to see a good man. Dost thou think it is? I forget that thou art but little older than I. It is so far to London that it seems as if thou must be grown up. Do people grow faster in cities, I wonder? Father would say that was untimely levity when I was writing about the Governor; but

TIMOTHY HOLDEN OF PENNSYLVANIA

I am glad thou art just a boy like me and Tamaqua. Tamaqua is an Indian boy, and he stays with us some of the time. I like him better than any other boy. We have played together ever since I was little. He will give me anything that he has. He



TAMAQUA

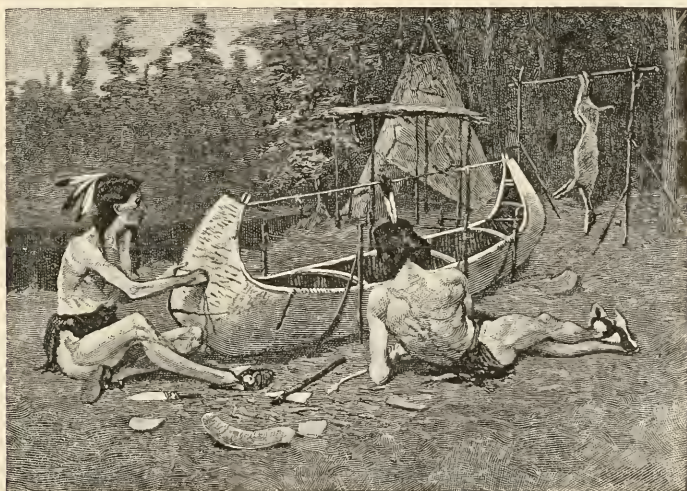
is n't old enough to go hunting, but we fish together and set traps. Dost thou know how we catch wild turkeys? We make a square pen covered at the top. There is a door held up by a string fastened to a catch. The catch is on the ground, but it is covered with chaff and a little grain. The turkeys go in

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

and begin to scratch for the grain. Some one among them is sure to hit the catch, and then the door shuts tight. We caught one once that weighed forty-six pounds. Tamaqua showed me how to make a hook of a bird's claw or of the bone of a fish, and how to make a fish line of Indian hemp. We twist it and roll it and it makes as good a line as those that come from England. We make fish nets too. Tamaqua knows how to do almost everything. He can do a good deal more than the English boys. I can run faster than he, but he can paddle a canoe faster than I. We paddled eighteen miles one day. I'll tell thee about it by and by. The Indians have two kinds of canoes. They make some out of birch bark and some out of the trunks of trees. They bring furs to the white people and buy axes now, but they used to cut down trees by burning them. They built a big fire around the root of the tree they wanted. Then they tied wet rags or wet moss to the end of a pole and kept the trunk sopping wet so the fire could n't burn too high. By and by the tree fell. Then they built a line of fires along the trunk that burnt down into it. Of course they kept it wet where they did not want it to burn. When the fires had burned deep enough they put them out. Then they took shells or sharp pieces of flint and scraped it out smooth. For some of the cutting they used a sort of hatchet that they made of stone. They find a piece of hard stone shaped as nearly as can be like the iron part of an axe. They rub it on another stone till one edge is sharp. Then they notch the

TIMOTHY HOLDEN OF PENNSYLVANIA

other edge, the blunt one, in two places. They put the stone into a split stick for a handle, and wind it round and round with sinews till it is firm and strong. I have seen ever so many, and Tamaqua's father has given me one for my own. He is a big brave. When I go to his wigwam he is very good to me. We have venison and hominy and fish and dried berries and turkey and partridges and all sorts of good things,



INDIANS BUILDING A CANOE

and I am sure they taste better there than anywhere else. There is a fire in the centre of the wigwam, and after we have eaten we sit down by it and Tamaqua's father tells us stories. He has been almost everywhere, away up the river farther than any of our white men, and he has been in New York, too.

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

There are windmills there, and when he saw the first one he was afraid, because he thought there were spirits within it making the sails turn around. He says that when the Indians first saw a big ship coming, they thought it must be the canoe of their Manito, or god. I can talk Indian as well as I can English. "Issimus" means brother, and I call Tamaqua my issimus. The Indians can't say *Quakers* very well; they call us *Quekels*; and when they want to say *English*, they call it *Yengees*. Father says he believes they are descended from the ten lost tribes of Israel, and that the Governor thinks so, too. That's in the Old Testament; but thou lives in London and of course thou knows about it. Whether he is a lost tribe or not, Tamaqua is the best boy here, and I am sure thou wouldst say so if thou couldst see him.

Mother has been reading this and she says, "Thou didst begin to write of the coming of the Governor. Dost thou think it is courtesy to leave him and write about a little Indian boy and the way his people catch turkeys and make canoes?" I told her the Governor had said we must "be tender of offending the Indians," and I didn't believe he'd care one bit. Then she said, "Ah, Timothy, thy father would say thou wert given to levity. Thou must conform." I said I was conforming to what William Penn said, and wasn't he a good man to follow? She smiled a little and said, "Thy father must teach thee. Thou art far beyond my instruction." I told her I didn't know where to begin to write about the coming

TIMOTHY HOLDEN OF PENNSYLVANIA

of the Governor, and she said I might begin with the first that we heard of his plans.

The first that I heard was when a ship came in from England, and one of the Friends who was on board said he had heard that William Penn was trying to plan a way to help the Friends; that he was very rich; that the king and the Duke of York liked him, and they would do a good deal to please him. Before long another ship came, and then we heard that he had asked the king to give him a piece of land in America instead of a great sum of money that ought to have been paid to his father, and he was going to found a settlement where every one could worship God in the way that he thought right.



CHARLES II

When that word came, Chester must have been just like London, I am sure, for people talked all day long. I asked father to tell me about William Penn, and he said, "He is an upright man in England, who prefers to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Then I asked mother, and she said he was the son

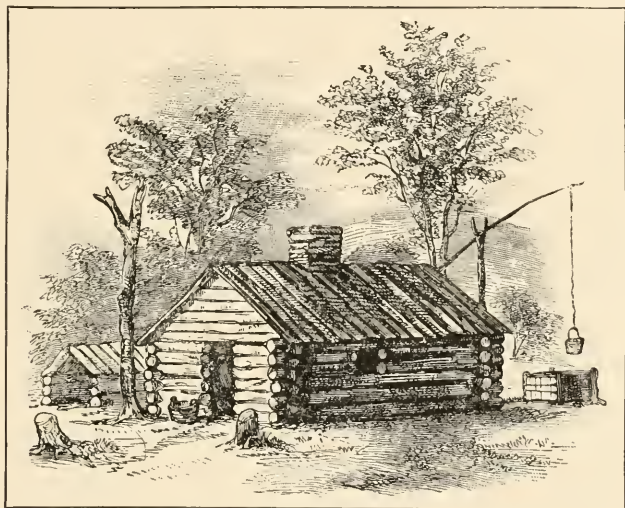
LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

of a rich man, a great admiral. Of course I knew he was a Friend; but she told me he might have had high rank at court, only he would rather stand by the truth. She said he had been thrown into prison; but that when he was sent there he carried his pen and paper with him, and then he wrote such strong pamphlets about the truth that his enemies wished he was free. "And will the king let him come into his palace?" I asked, and mother said, "Yes, for the truth is mighty and shall prevail. The king is even pleased when he comes, for the Lord has bestowed upon him the grace to win many hearts. The king and the Duke of York are even wont to jest merrily and familiarly with him. One of the Friends on the vessel that has just come told me there is a story in England that when he was at the palace one day the king took off his hat, made a low bow to him, and stood with his hat in his hand. Friend Penn asked, 'Why dost thou uncover thy head, friend Charles?' The king laughed and said, 'Wherever I go, I notice that only one man has his head covered.'"

Everybody talked about Friend Penn and his land. We all hoped that Chester was within his grant, but no one knew surely, and no one knew when he was coming. It was not long before another boat arrived; and then everybody looked sober, for Friends on board said the land had not been given him yet, and some of them feared it would not be. I went to Tamaqua's that day, and I told him about William Penn. His father listened to every word. I asked if he thought the king

TIMOTHY HOLDEN OF PENNSYLVANIA

would give him the money or the land. He said, "Wampum here, land there; give land. He will come." I told father afterwards, and he said that was what he thought, too, and that he was n't going to build our house till we were sure



LOG HOUSE

whether the grant would take in Chester. He had built a little log house at first, but of course he wanted to live on William Penn's grant. So did every one else in Chester; and whenever a ship came in we all hurried to the shore to ask what news there was. It must have been as much as two years after we heard of it first that William Markham came. He is a cousin of the Governor's, and every one liked him. He said the grant of land had been made and the parchment sealed

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

with the king's seal. Didst thou ever see the seal, Henry? I've seen the belts of wampum that the Indians give when they make a treaty. There! mother is asking, "Hast thou brought over the Governor yet, Timothy? Isn't thy boat a little slow?" I told her I was only delaying a minute to be courteous to his cousin. She said, "Don't forget to tell Henry how glad we were to see him," and I won't. Father says that for a week, whenever two Friends met, one of them would be sure to say, "The hand of the Lord is in it." He said once that in England, when the world's people are glad, they ring bells and fire guns and flaunt banners and march idly up and down the streets, but that Friends rejoice more wisely and reasonably.

Until William Penn comes William Markham is to be governor. He told everybody what an immense tract of land the king had granted. The Duke of York had given up a big piece of his, too, so William Penn's people could get to the ocean easily. The whole grant is to be called Pennsylvania. William Penn wanted it to be called New Wales, and when the king would n't have that, he said, "Then let us call it Sylvania, *woodland*." "Pennsylvania," said the king. Friend Penn didn't like that: he thought people would say he was trying to exalt himself; but the king said no, it was in honor of Admiral Penn, his father.

Friend Markham had brought a letter from the proprietor to be read to the colonists who were already on his land,

TIMOTHY HOLDEN OF PENNSYLVANIA

and he read it to us the first thing. It said that he hoped we should n't be troubled because he was governor, for we should make whatever laws we thought right, and he should be glad to agree to anything that would make us safe and happy. It was a good, kindhearted letter, father said, and he was much delighted. In a little while another letter came, and this one was to the Indians. He told them that the king had given him a great province in America and he hoped to enjoy it with their love and consent. There were some presents with it to give them. I asked father what would happen if the Indians should say they did n't want him to come. He said they could n't help being pleased with so just and kind a message. "But if they want their land for themselves," I said, "and don't care to sell it to even such a very good man, would Friend Penn give it up, and should we have to go back to England where they would put us in prison?" Father said that could never be. I don't see why, but of course he knows.

Our people at Chester liked William Markham, and they liked the commissioners, too. The Governor could n't come over for some time, but the three commissioners that he sent began to buy land of the Indians. Nobody knew just where the city was to be. Father asked one of the commissioners what sort of place they were looking for. He said the proprietor wanted them to find a site where the banks were high and dry and where a good deep river flowed into the Delaware, so boats could sail far up into the country. "And

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

would not Chester suit thy instructions?" father asked. "Chester is a very good place," the commissioner replied, "but we must look all about." The very next day the commissioners went farther up the river. Tamaqua and some of the other Indian boys came to see me, and I asked them if there was any place up stream that had higher banks and a bigger creek. They said yes, there was; that at Coaquannock, a little farther up, a big ship could sail close to the shore and moor to the trees. I told father about it, but all he said was that we would wait and see what the commissioners decided. Ever so many others were waiting, for some more ships had come over. One of them was frozen in close to Chester, and the people had to stay there all winter.

The commissioners went up and down the river, and at last they chose Coaquannock as the place for the city. Some of the people went there right away, but father said they couldn't be sure just where their lots would be, and he thought it would have been better to wait until the Governor had come.

I thought the Governor never would come, but when he did Tamaqua and I went to meet him without knowing it. We went down the river in his canoe farther than we had ever been before. We were just turning to come home when Tamaqua said, "Look, see the ship!" and, sure enough, away down the river there was a ship coming up stream as fast as ever it could. "Let's go and meet it," said Tamaqua, and we paddled with all our might. Pretty soon the ship went slower, and it turned



ARRIVAL OF PENN'S COLONISTS

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

toward the bank. We knew then it wasn't just coming to Chester to bring some colonists. I felt almost sure that William Penn was on board and that he was going to stop where the Swedes live. I tell thee, Cousin Henry, we paddled then as hard as ever we could. Just think of it! the commissioners and William Markham and father and the other settlers were waiting at Chester, and we two boys were the only ones that knew anything about what was happening, — I mean the only ones from Chester. We saw people on the bank and some log houses a little way back, and then we were sure that it was Newcastle. The Swedes and ever so many Indians were there. The Swedes wore leather vests and breeches and shaggy woollen coats. They had queer little caps, with a sort of flap in front. The women had homespun skirts and jackets made of skins. They were all shouting something in Swedish. It sounded so much like "Welcome!" that I think it must have been that. A boat put off from the ship, and then the people shouted more than ever. We landed and hurried up the bank so as to see everything.

It really was the Governor himself. He jumped out of the boat as if he liked to jump. He ran up the bank as easily as I could, and then he began to talk to the people and shake hands with them. Some of the men that had come from the boat were kind of prim, but he was n't, not the least bit. There was some one to explain to the Swedes what he was saying, but he did n't bother much about that ; he talked right on to one and

TIMOTHY HOLDEN OF PENNSYLVANIA

then to another, and acted as if he was glad all through to see them. They were all pleased. He talked to the Indians just as he did to the Swedes, as free and easy as could be. I whispered to Tamaqua and asked if he liked him. He said, "Yes, I do. He stands up straight, and looks as if he was n't afraid of any one."

Just then the Governor turned and saw us boys. "How dost thou do?" he asked. "Dost thou live here? Thou art an English boy, if I mistake not. What is thy name?" "Timothy Holden," I replied. "And has thy father the same name?" I said he had. Then the Governor said, "I know him. He has borne witness to the truth in prison and out of prison. Thou art the son of a good and faithful man. And who is this with thee?" "That's Tamaqua," I said. "How dost thou do, Tamaqua," he asked. Of course Tamaqua talks just as I do, and so he answered. "I am well, and I am glad to see thee." The Governor looked pleased. "*Thee!*" he said. "And so we have a little Indian Quaker. That is good. Did you two come from Chester?" We told him about our paddling down, and he said, "It must be quite a long distance. Be here when the ship sails, and I will take you back with me."

Tamaqua and I looked at each other. Just think, Cousin Henry, we two boys were going up on the Governor's vessel! Then I remembered that when I told mother, she would ask the very first thing, "Didst thou thank him properly?" I thanked him, but I don't know what I said, I was so glad

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

and so proud. Father says that I must not be proud of things that are not of my own merit; but he does n't want me to be proud even when they are of my own merit. Anyhow, I think I must have been proud this time, for I thought of the other boys at Chester, and I knew they would almost give their heads to sail up with the Governor.

I was so pleased that I nearly forgot to watch what was going on till I saw a man go up to William Penn with a piece of turf and a twig and a handful of sand that must have come from the river bank. Then I remembered father's telling me that Newcastle was on the land of the Duke of York. He had given it to William Penn, but it would n't really be his till he had taken seisin, or possession, with twig and turf. Tamaqua and I slipped in between the people and got close to the Governor. He had in his hand a piece of parchment with a big seal on it. The man gave him the turf and twig and sand, and said, "Here I deliver you seisin and possession in the name of all the lands contained in this deed." Then the people shouted and shouted.

After this was done, the Governor and some of the other men sat down to talk together, and Tamaqua and I went off to see what sort of houses the Swedes lived in. They were not half so good as ours in Chester, and the Swedes have been in Newcastle ever so many years. They were made of logs like some of ours, but they had only one room, and the doors were so low that I am sure father would bump his head if he tried



John Penn

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

to go in. Their windows did not have any glass. There was just a hole with a board that would slide before it.

We did not dare to stay long, we were so afraid the ship would sail. The Indians were pleased as could be that Tamaqua was going up the river on the Governor's boat, and one of them promised to bring the canoe to Chester the next day. The Governor started to walk down to the shore, and we followed, but we kept a long way back, for we were afraid he might have forgotten about our going with him. He had n't, though, and all of a sudden he turned around and asked, "Where's my escort? Where are Timothy Holden and my Indian Quaker boy?" We hurried after him then and went on board the vessel. I had thought it was a fine thing to paddle all the way to Newcastle by ourselves, but it was much better to sail back with the Governor. Before we had been on board very long he came to us and asked how old we were. Then he said: "I have a little boy at home in England. His name is Springett. He is not quite so old as you, but when he comes here I hope you won't think he is too young to play with such big boys. Wast thou sorry, Tamaqua, when thou knewest I was coming?" "No, I was glad," Tamaqua said. The Governor looked pleased, and then he asked me if I was glad or sorry. I said I was very glad, and before I thought I was telling him about our celebration out in the woods. Father told us, as I wrote thee just now, that in England, when the world's people were very much pleased, they rang bells and fired guns, and hung out flags, and

TIMOTHY HOLDEN OF PENNSYLVANIA

walked up and down the streets in line. Tamaqua and I did n't feel as if we had done anything at all just to say that we were glad, and we thought it would n't be very wicked to celebrate for once as the world's people do. So we went away off in the woods where we were sure no one would see us, and then we celebrated. I had a flag that a sailor on one of the ships had given me, and we had taken one of the cow bells. We had n't any gun, but we shot some arrows, and then we marched up and down, waving the flag and ringing the bell. Is that at all the way the world's people in London do when they are glad? Governor Penn didn't think it was the least bit wicked. He said he knew his little Springett would have liked to be with us, and he was very glad indeed that we were pleased at his coming. Then some one called him away, and he did not speak to us again.

It did not seem any time at all before we were at Chester. The Indians had carried word that the Governor was coming, and the people were all ready to meet him — and us. I had thought it was a pretty fine thing to come up the river with the Governor, but it was n't anything at all compared to going ashore with him. Of course we did n't go in the same boat. The Governor and some of the other men went first; but when we did go the people on the shore all looked at us, and we knew they were wondering how we came on the Governor's ship. Some of them asked us, but all we said was that he invited us. Father and mother were there. Father had

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

to go to Robert Wade's house to help receive the Governor. He said, "I shall ask thee to tell me about this later."

Tamaqua and I went home with mother. We told her all about it. She looked as pleased as could be, but she said, "Art thou very sure that thou wast not in the least bold?" "Yes, I am sure," I answered. "We did n't say one word, and we never thought of doing such a thing as coming up in the ship, did we, Tamaqua?" Tamaqua said "No," and I guess mother thought it was all right. At any rate she gave us a splendid supper. I don't believe the Governor had a better one. We had biscuit and butter and honey and apple-pie and chocolate. I was n't at all afraid that father would blame me, for he always thinks the same as mother. I told him about it, and when mother asked, "Thou dost not think Timothy has been in fault, dost thou?" he said. "No, I do not see that he has done aught that is wrong. It was a great kindness in the Governor. Thou must not be proud of it, Timothy. Remember that it was not because it was thou, but because it was a boy, and William Penn has a boy of his own. It is no merit of thine that thou art a boy, and thou must never be proud of what comes not from thine own merit." Dost thou ever feel proud, Cousin Henry? Father would say I was not heartily conformed to the truth, but I'd like to feel a little proud once just to see how it would seem,—I mean proud of something so great that nobody could say I ought not to. No one will read this, and I am going to say the rest of it just for thee, not even for

TIMOTHY HOLDEN OF PENNSYLVANIA

Uncle James. That night I was so tired that I went to sleep on the floor in front of the fireplace. When father began to cover the fire I half woke up, and I heard him say, "Yes, Hannah, he is honest and manly, and it seems to me small wonder that the Governor should have felt a drawing toward him." Mother laughed a little and said, "And art thou sure, Timothy, that no bit of worldly pride hath made its way into *thy* heart?" Father only said, "Hannah, dost thou not think it time honest folk were abed?" Dost thou suppose he could have meant me? If I was certain that he did, I should know just how it felt to be proud, for I'd rather be called honest and manly by my father than by any one else.

While I was writing that, mother asked, "Hast thou landed the Governor yet, my son?" When I told her I had him only as far as Chester, she said I'd better say farewell, and send this letter by the ship that sails for England on the morrow. "Thou canst write again soon," she said, "and begin at the place where thou left off. Stick a pin in thy memory, and see thou stick it in firmly, for thy father hath some great news to tell thee."

Therefore I say farewell to thee, Cousin Henry.

P. S. Thou canst not guess how I wish the great news was that I was coming to visit thee in England or that thou wast coming to visit me at Chester.

XX

A Second Letter from Timothy Holden to his Cousin Henry

*Philadelphia in Pennsylvania,
8th Month, 3d Day, 1684.*

I REMEMBER that when I sent thee my other letter mother had just told me I was to hear some great news. This is what it was: that we were to go away from Chester and live in the Governor's town of Philadelphia. I was glad and so were mother and father. Tamaqua was glad, too, for he could come to Philadelphia easier than to Chester. He stayed with me a week after the Governor came, and when the Governor went to see the place that the commissioners had chosen for his town we went with him; I mean we went a long while before him, for it is fourteen miles up stream, and we had heard that he would have six men to row him, so of course he could go a good deal faster than we.

We didn't know just where he would land, but we went past the mouth of the Schuylkill River and on to where a little creek cuts through the high bank. There were so many people on the shore that we knew he was coming there. Friend

TIMOTHY HOLDEN OF PENNSYLVANIA

George Guest was building a house near the creek. He was at the shore, and the men who were working on his house were hurrying down just as we came in sight. More were coming, and up the river we could see Indians paddling down in their canoes. When the Governor came, the people all went up close to him, and we went, too. One of the commissioners asked him, "Friend Penn, dost thou approve of our choice of a site for thy city?" "Most assuredly I do," he said. "The river seems to be of a goodly depth and the banks are high and dry. The air is like the best air of England. It is an ideal spot for a green country town that may never be burned and may always be wholesome." "He likes it," Tamaqua whispered. "Will he come here to live?" "I hope so," I whispered back, "for I want to see Springett. I wonder if he is afraid of his father because he is such a great man and goes to see the king." "I'm not afraid of my father," Tamaqua said, "and he can shoot better than any other brave in our tribe." Then we heard the Governor talking to some of the people around him. "This is an excellent place for a landing," he said. "The creek is clean and has a low, sandy beach. We will mark it on the plan of the city for a public landing place."

He seemed glad to see everybody, whether they were white or red. The young braves came near him just as the English did; but the older ones sat on the ground a little way off and watched everything that he did. "Why don't they come nearer,

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

like the others?" I asked Tamaqua. "Don't they like the Governor?" "The young men may do as they will," he said; "but the older braves do not think it well to press forward to meet a stranger unless he has come to their wigwams to ask for food or a place to sleep."

The Governor sees everything, and it was not long before he noticed that some of the Indians had not been near him. He went straight up to them and said, "I have come to be your friend and to live in love and peace with you." The interpreter told them what he had said, and they gave the kind of grunt that they do when they are pleased. The Indians stayed all day, and the Governor acted as if he had always known them and lived with them. Some of the streets had been marked out, and when he went about to see them he invited the Indians to go too. He asked them a good many questions about the different kinds of trees, how long the creek was, and whether it was much smaller in the summer. He wanted to know, too, about the fishing, what kind of fish they caught, and whether they used lines or nets. By and by, when they sat down on the ground to eat the hominy and roasted acorns that they had brought with them, he sat down, too; and when they offered him some of the food, he took it and ate it as if it tasted good. I thought father would say it looked bold if we went very near, so I could n't hear what he said to them, but it must have been something about their games, for all of a sudden some of them got up and began to



INDIAN DANCING

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

leap and run. The Governor sat and watched them. When they had shown him what they could do, he got up as gravely as if he was in First Day meeting, and made some leaps that were higher than any of theirs. The Indians grunted, and Tamaqua said, "They like him because he plays their play and beats them. They like him, too, because he is sober and is n't always trying to smile to them."

It was the best day I ever had except the one at Newcastle. Father had come up with the Governor, and after a while he showed us where our lot was. He said he should begin on the house right away, and he had some men engaged to help him. He told us how the Governor had planned the town. The streets were all to be straight. Some of them run north and south and the others east and west. About where he thinks the middle of the town will be, he is going to make two streets cross that are wider than the others. That is Centre Square, and it is where the state-house and market-house and the chief meeting-house will stand. Thou canst not guess how strange it seemed when father pointed away off into the woods and said the state-house would be over there.

Of course we went home that night, but it was not long before we came to Philadelphia to live. Our house was one of the first that was finished, for ever since father first heard of the Governor's grant, he had been thinking of going to Philadelphia. He had a good deal of the timber ready and he bought more of the Swedes. In just a little while we could

TIMOTHY HOLDEN OF PENNSYLVANIA

use one room, or rather two rooms, for there was a little loft over it where I slept, and Tamaqua, too, whenever he was with me.

Tamaqua and I had such good times when we were building. There were a good many things that we could do to help



TAMAQUA HUNTING

the men, of course; but when there was nothing for us to do at the house we used to go down to the creek fishing, or out to the Duck Pond to get wild ducks. The Duck Pond is about a quarter of a mile from the river. It is a big shallow

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

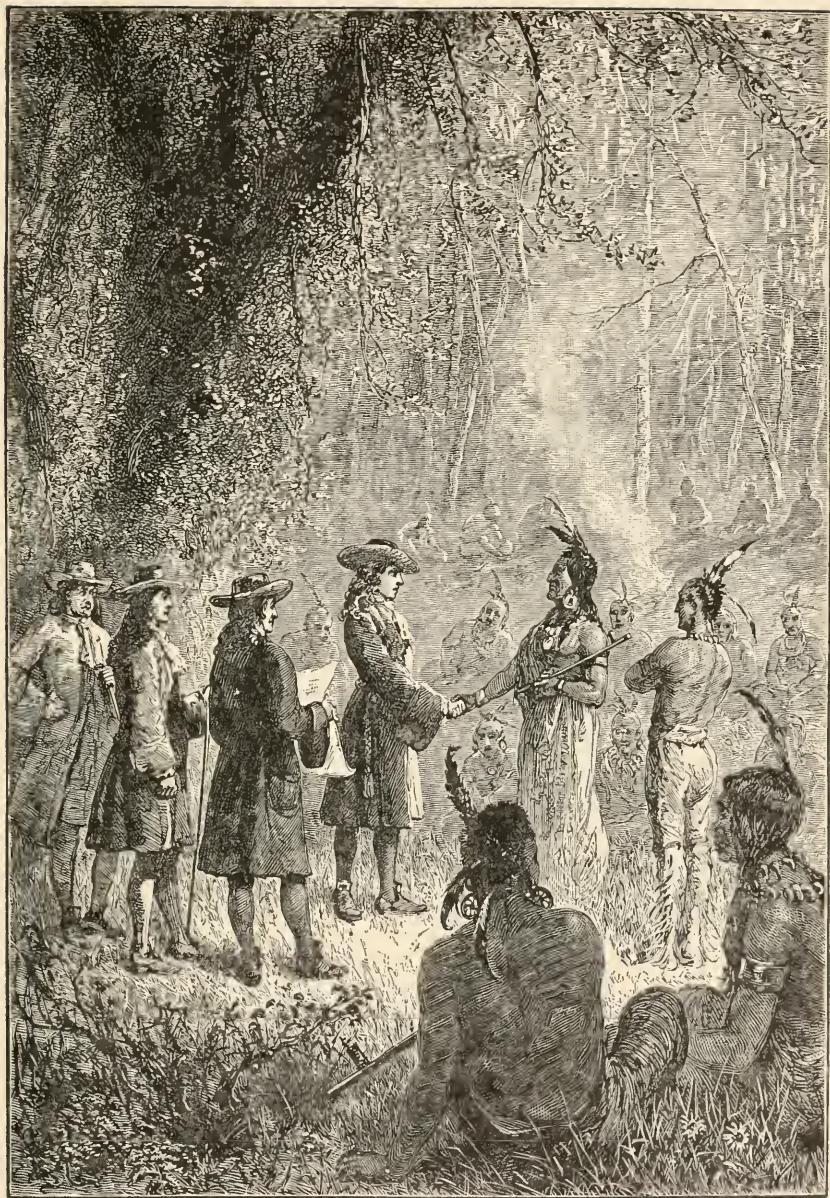
pond half full of spatterdocks. The ducks and geese like the place, and so many come that anybody can shoot them. I wish father would let me take his gun, but he says I am not old enough. Tamaqua has taught me how to use a bow and arrow, however, and I hardly ever miss. Mother calls the Duck Pond our market, and when we come back she asks, "Well, boys, what have you brought me from the market to-day?" That is n't the only market we have, though, for the Swedes and the Indians bring in something to sell almost every morning. Dost thou like venison, Cousin Henry? Father says only rich people can have it in England, and that even on his own land no one is allowed to kill a deer unless he owns land enough to bring him in one hundred pounds a year. Here in America any one may go into the woods and shoot as many as he likes; but we often buy them of the Indians, and we never pay more than two shillings apiece. The Indians kill them for the skins and leave the flesh in the woods unless they think they can sell it to us. We can get turkeys that weigh thirty pounds for one shilling. There are plenty of wild swans, and there are oysters six inches long. We have nuts and apples and cherries and pears, and we have so many peaches that the hogs get tired of eating them. There are melons and wild grapes and I don't know what else. I don't mean that we have all these things at the same time; but if thou wilt only come and visit me for a year thou shalt have them all and as many of them as thou wilt. Mother knows how to make all sorts of good things.

Thou ought to have some of her pop-robins. They are made of flour and eggs and things and dropped into boiling milk. Tamaqua likes them as well as I do, and all the Indians seem to like whatever we have. The Indians are very good to us. They often bring us presents. The boys come to play with me, and when I have work to do they help me. I like them all, but I like Tamaqua best; he is my *issimus*, thou knowest. Of course we give the boys good things to eat, and father and the other men make the braves presents; but they are very kind even when they know they will not be paid. There's a poor woman here alone with nine children. Her husband died on the ship coming over. The white people built her a cave—I'll tell thee about the caves by and by—and the Indians were as kind as they could be. Some of them came every day and brought her venison or turkey or fish or partridges, and when she tried to pay them they would n't let her.

I don't really wonder that the Indians are good to us, for the Governor is so good to them. He does everything he can to make them understand that he likes them and wants to be a good neighbor. He asked them to meet him one day at Shackamaxon so they could make a treaty of friendship. Shackamaxon is a little way above the city. It is one of the Indians' old council grounds. In the summer we boys often go there swimming. We went there that day thou mayst be sure, for we wanted to see everything that was done. I don't believe the Governor would call it undue curiosity. Anyhow,

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

he looked as pleasant as could be when he saw Tamaqua and me sitting on the ground a little back of the half circles of braves. Tamaqua says Indians don't like to make treaties in houses, but out of doors. More of them came than I ever saw together before. When Governor Penn came the commissioners were with him and some of the other men. My father was there, too. They brought axes and knives and scissors and beads and kettles and shirts and caps and hoes and all the other things that Indians like. The Governor wore a sash of blue silk network. He always wears handsome clothes when he goes to the council. I asked father if that was because he was proud. He said no, but that it would not be courteous to the people for him to go to the council meanly clothed. I'd like to be a governor some day. He didn't smile, but held his head up high and looked very dignified. If I held my head so, I think father would say I must not be proud. The Governor stopped under a great elm tree. The presents were spread out, and then the biggest chief came forward and laid down his bow and arrows. He put a sort of crown or wreath on his head with a little horn in the front and sat down. (Tamaqua says the horn means that he is a powerful king, but that he wants peace.) The braves all laid down their weapons and sat down in a half circle behind him. The older ones were nearest and the young men were back of them. Then the Governor talked to them. I can't remember half that he said, but I know he told them that the Great



PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

Spirit knew he wanted to live in peace with them and be their true friend. He had a parchment with him that he read to them. It told what the white men and the Indians were to do to help each other and not be a trouble to each other. The Indians listened to every word, and whenever he stopped they grunted, as they do when they are pleased. When he was through reading he gave them the presents he had brought. He told them that they were of the same flesh and blood as he, and that Indians and white men must be the same as if they



WAMPUM



PENN'S WAMPUM

were one man's body divided into two parts. I wish thou couldst have seen the Indians, Cousin Henry. They sat as still as if they were so many stones. I don't believe they even winked. When the Governor was through, the chiefs talked together a little, then one of them walked up to him and took his hand and said, "My king has bidden me to tell you what is in his

mind." There was ever so much more that I have forgotten, but at last he said, "We will live in love with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and moon shall endure." The big chief gave the Governor a wampum belt. We could n't

see it very well then, but Tamaqua and I saw it one day a good while afterwards. It was woven of blue and white beads, and in the middle is a picture, made in beads, of two men holding each other's hand. One is meant for a white man and the other for an Indian. Tamaqua said, "We'll be friends like that, Timothy." I rather think we will.

The Governor is just as good to every one else as he is to the Indians. He gave more than a thousand acres of land to Friend George Fox, the founder of our society; and he gave a house lot in the town to Friend Key's little John, the first baby born in Philadelphia. The baby was born in one of the cave houses, and now I'll tell thee about them. People are living in some of them still. Thou sees, people came here so fast that there was not any place for them; a ship came every three or four weeks full of people from Holland and Germany as well as England, Ireland, and Wales. The surveyors worked as hard as ever they could, and sometimes we boys carried the chain for them; but they could n't mark out the houselots as fast as they were wanted; and so even the men who had brought material for their houses from England could n't begin to build. The Governor does not mean to have any houselots along the river bank, and that is where the caves were made. Tamaqua and I made one to play in. It was just like those that some of the other people made. We dug down about three feet at the edge of the bank. We drove stakes around the sides and twisted in twigs. Then we piled up sods

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

close to the stakes. For a roof we laid poles side by side and put rushes and big pieces of bark upon them. Then we laid sods over it all. After the grass had grown on the sods no one would have thought anything was there except a little hillock, if it had not been for the chimney. We built that of stones plastered together with clay mixed with grass. Most of the caves were larger than ours, and some of them were built of thicker poles and had good strong roofs; but ours was good to play in, and one man thought it good enough to live in. I'll tell thee about him by and by.

Of course every one was in a hurry to get into his own house; and just as soon as a lot was marked off the owner went to work to build. Eighty houses have been built already. Some are made of wood, some of brick, and a few of stone. We can tell when it is going to rain by looking at the stone houses. The lime that was used in them was made of oyster shells, and two or three days before a storm the walls are dripping with water. One house is built right into a little hill. There is a door at each end. One leads into the living-room, the other into the loft; but there is no need of steps, for it opens right out on the side hill. So many people were building that a bell was rung every day when it was time for the laborers to go to work or to their meals. The men take turns in going around every night at nine o'clock, and no one is allowed to stay any later at an inn unless he lodges there. The Governor's house is the handsomest one I ever saw. He has one

TIMOTHY HOLDEN OF PENNSYLVANIA

in the town, but I mean the house farther up the river. He calls it Pennsbury. He had Friend Markham choose a place for it and begin it before he himself came. He told father he wanted to bring up his children in the country. Tamaqua and I go to see the house every little while. It is sixty feet long. I wonder if a palace is any bigger. There is a great door in



LETITIA COTTAGE, PENN'S FIRST HOUSE IN PHILADELPHIA

front with beautiful columns. The top of each one is carved into a grapevine and a bunch of grapes. He brought those from England. The rooms are all high and big, and there is one that I really believe would hold a hundred people. That is where he means to have his councils and meet the Indians. There is going to be a stable large enough for twelve horses,

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

and there'll be a dairy. I heard him telling Friend Markham where he wanted them to stand. I thought his wife was a great lady, but when he was talking about the dairy he said, "A good dairy my wife will love." There is an orchard of apple and peach trees already set out. He is going to have a large garden sloping down to the river. He says he shall send over seeds for it; and he wants wild flowers brought from the woods to put into it. I wonder if father would say I was unduly curious about the house. Anyhow, he said one day that we ought to know about the lives of good and worthy men, so we may admire and imitate them; and I'm doing it. I don't see why we need to wait till people are dead and in books before we admire them. The Governor is surely a good man. Everybody likes him. The Indians call him Onas. That means a quill or feather. He has learned their language so he can talk with them. He doesn't spend all his time watching his own house, but he goes about and helps any one who needs help. Everybody helps everybody else to raise the houses and do the things that no one could do alone.

Have I told thee about the streets? Those that run north and south are to be numbered: Third Street, Fourth Street, and so on; but those that run east and west are to be named for the trees. There will be Walnut, Spruce, Pine, Chestnut, and others. There are seven inns already, and the innkeepers have all they can do, for there are so many carpenters and other workmen who haven't any homes. Then, too, ships are

TIMOTHY HOLDEN OF PENNSYLVANIA

coming every little while, and people want somewhere to stay till they can build their own houses. The Governor does not want any one but widows or men who are not strong to keep inns. He says that a strong, well man can do other work and leave the inns to those who cannot work so hard. Tamaqua and I have rented our house. What dost thou think of that, Cousin Henry! One of the newcomers said that if we would let him use our cave till his house was built he would give us each a good saw. We told him he might use the cave, but father said I must not take the saw, for it was not brotherly to take advantage of one who was in necessity. I want to be brotherly, but I should like that saw, and the man has four others. Mother says never mind, for when I go to school again I shan't care so much about it. Our teacher is Master Enoch Flower. Maybe he has been thy teacher, too, for he taught twenty years in England. We have to pay four shillings a quarter to learn to read English. To learn to write costs two shillings more; and to learn to cast accounts is two shillings more than that; so for eight shillings a quarter we can learn everything he can teach. Mother taught me to read and write when I was little, but she wants me to learn to cast accounts. It costs a good deal to go to school, and it doesn't cost anything to go fishing or nutting. Father always tells me that we ought not to spend money lavishly, but he says I must go to school.

There's something else to tell thee. We have a regular

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

post rider once a week. What dost thou think of that! We can send a letter from here to Chester for two pence, and from here to Newcastle for four pence. The rider puts a notice on the door of the meeting-house so people can know just when to bring him their letters. Dost thou not think it is wonderful to have a man all ready to carry a letter for thee more than thirty miles? I am afraid the rider would want a good many shillings if he had to carry this letter across the ocean. It is the longest one I ever wrote in all my life, and maybe thou wilt tire of reading it before thou comest to the end. The Governor is going back to England to bring over his family and help the Friends there, for he has heard that ever so many have been put into prison. The ship is to sail in a day or two, and this letter will go, too. When I began I thought there was n't anything to write, but now I don't know where to stop. I wish I could visit thee, and I want to see the London sights as much as ever. Still, I don't see how there can be anything in London finer than Pennsbury, and I am sure no man in England is kinder or wiser or brighter than our Governor. Father says I am prone to exaggeration, but truly this is not exaggeration, not the least wee bit of it.

Wilt thou not write me a good long letter to send when the Governor comes back?

XXI

A Letter written by Bessie Clinton of London to “Sister Margaret”

London, June 5, 1732.

I HAVE wanted a sister ever since I can remember. I used to fancy that I had one somewhere a little older than I. I called her “Margaret,” and I thought she would surely come to me some day. She was not to work hard like mother, but to have time to sing to me and tell me stories when my back hurt. I thought I knew just how she looked. She had brown eyes and brown hair that shone when the sunshine was on it. She was tall and strong and well, not little and lame like me; and she could go out of doors without any one’s helping her down the stairs. When she came in she would put her hand on my head and say, “Poor little sister Bessie! I wish you could have gone with me.”

Once — but that was when I was very little, of course — I asked mother if I should n’t ever have an older sister, and she said no. I cried that night until I went to sleep, I was so sorry.

Last night I dreamed that I had a sister, and when I woke

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

I thought I would write her a letter, just as if she was not make-believe, and it would seem almost as if she was real. That is why I am writing to you, and it does seem a little bit as if you belonged to me and had only gone away somewhere.

I wish you were real, there are so many things I want to ask you. I want to know all about our house in the country, where we lived before father promised to pay that money for his cousin. Mother told me that it was a pretty house with great oaks and yews and holly trees around it. The birds used to come there and sing. There was a fountain, too, and rosebushes, and in the spring violets bloomed here and there all through the grass. There was a garden full of flowers, and there was another one with peas and beans and melons and berries and all sorts of good things. There were two men who worked out of doors. I had a nurse who did nothing but take care of me. Sometimes I think I can remember just how it looked; but I suppose I cannot, for I was only a little more than two years old when father had to sell the house to pay that money, and we came to London. I do remember one thing, though, I am sure of it. It was of father's lifting me up into a great apple tree covered with pink and white blossoms, and I picked both hands full. There are so many questions I want to ask about our home; but father never speaks of it, and whenever mother does it always makes her cry.

We had four rooms when we first came to London, and

BESSIE CLINTON OF LONDON

from one of them I could see a green tree away down the street if I leaned very far over the sill. That was so pleasant; but after a while we moved to a place where we had three rooms, and now we have only two, or rather, one little room and a sort of closet. Mother sits by the lightest window and sews all day long when she can get any sewing to do. I thread her needles and pull out the basting threads, and sometimes, when the work is very coarse, she will let me help her sew. She will not let me sew on the finer work, for, she says, if it is not very well done indeed she will not have any pay and she won't be able to get any more work, and then we should surely starve.

We have been very hungry sometimes. I can tell you about it because you are my sister, even if you are only a make-believe sister. We have n't had anything but bread for a good while; but it does seem so good when we have enough or almost enough of that. Father is always trying to find work. When we came to London he thought it would be easy to make some money and then we could go back to our old home. He tried and tried, but we grew poorer all the time. Then he helped to unload ships, he sold shoe-laces on the streets, and he helped a bricklayer till the man had n't any more work for him. Once he worked in a place where they printed a newspaper. They were willing he should have the bits of white paper that were left, and mother taught me to write on them. She taught me to read in "Robinson Crusoe."

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

We used to have some more books, but they have all been sold. Mr. Defoe's name is written in this one. When I was a baby, father came up to London, and he saw "Robinson Crusoe" in a bookstall. The bookseller told him it was selling as fast as it could be printed. "There is Mr. Defoe now," he said. "He is crossing the street, and if he comes in I will present you to him." He did come in. He wrote his name in the book to please father. Then he looked at the picture of Robinson Crusoe on the first page and said, "Happy man, to have lived so long away from the wrongs and injustice of the English law." He told father that a friend of his had just been sent to prison because he could not pay some money that he owed. "All debtors are not knaves," Mr. Defoe declared, "and some day this country will find it out." Father has told us about it ever so many times, and he thinks so much of that book. I do hope we shall not have to sell it; but on the days when we have n't anything to eat I am almost willing to let it go. Father owes the baker some money and so he does not like to let us have any more bread. Sometimes he will give us a stale loaf, but sometimes he gets angry and screams, "No, you'll get no more bread from my oven. Pay for what you have had if you want any more." One day last week he was dreadful. He cried, "No; it's beggars like you that ruin honest men like me. You ought to be in prison, and if you don't pay me what you owe me I'll put you in the Fleet, I vow I will." Father's face was white as it could be when he

BESSIE CLINTON OF LONDON

came home, and mother and I were so frightened that we forgot all about the bread. Father told us what the baker said, and mother cried, "He could n't be so cruel, he could n't."



DANIEL DEFOE

He knows we mean to pay him just as soon as we can." "Better men than I have been in the Fleet," said father, "but I believe it would kill me to go there." "Could n't we ask some one to help us?" said mother; and father replied, "Oh, Mary, I could n't, I could n't go to any of our old friends. I

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

could n't bear it to have them know about us. There was one man I would have gone to, and that was Daniel Defoe, but he's been dead for a year. No, there is no one to help us; we must bear whatever our fate may bring."

We did not have anything to eat that night. The next day father walked all day long up and down the streets, trying to find some work to do. Just before dark a gentleman asked him to hold his horse, and when he was ready to go he tossed him some money. Father supposed it would be a penny, but it was a whole silver shilling. He hurried to the baker's and gave him sixpence. Then he bought a loaf of bread and brought it home to us. I wish I could do something to earn money. I could sell pins on the street maybe, if I could walk more than a little at a time, only mother would never let me. She would not let me play with the children on the other floors in the house with us when I was little, and when they saw me they used to call out, "Proudie! Proudie!" Maybe that's why I wanted a sister so badly. It seems as if there ought to be some work that even a lame girl could do to earn something, but there is n't any one to ask. Oh, if you were only a real sister Margaret, how glad I should be. It almost seems as if you were when I am writing, and I am going to tell you the one thing that I should rather do than anything else. I'd like to go with father and mother in a ship far and far away from the prison and the baker and the little dark room to some big light place where we could live and always

BESSIE CLINTON OF LONDON

have enough to eat. Father would plant a garden just as Robinson Crusoe did, and we should be so happy together. I suppose you would never be real, but I should keep thinking of you as if you were, and I am almost sure that I should keep on writing letters to you.

XXII

A Second Letter from Bessie Clinton to "Sister Margaret"

*On Board the Ship Anne,
January 2, 1733.*

I NEVER was so happy in all my life. Only think, we are going to live in a new and wonderful country just as Robinson Crusoe did! We are going to have a house and a garden and flowers and trees. I asked Governor Oglethorpe if there were any trees in Georgia, and he laughed and said maybe I should think there was not much besides. He has been very good to me. Everybody is good and kind, and some one is always ready to help me. Mother never cries now, and father is as happy as he can be. Most of the men on board have always lived in the city and do not know much about planting, and they are never tired of talking with him about it. He tells us every morning what he means to have in our garden, and he draws little pictures of it with beets and peas and turnips and melons and pumpkins and potatoes all growing together. He will have some fields, too, and he means to raise hemp and flax and Indian corn. Mother and

BESSIE CLINTON OF LONDON

Alice and I sit and knit, and father tells us over and over what he will do. Alice has always lived in London. Her father kept a bookstall; and, is n't it the strangest thing in the world, it was at his stall that my father bought the "Robinson Crusoe"? Alice is a year older than I, and father says he remembers seeing a tiny girl playing in the back of the room. That makes it almost the same as if I had always known her. Mother likes Alice. Alice's mother is dead, and she is going to keep house for her father. She knows how to do everything. We are hoping that our houses will be close together. The "Robinson Crusoe" was sold on one of those dreadful days before father met Governor Oglethorpe. I can't bear to think of them, but sometimes I can't help it. Father could n't get any work, and mother did not have any sewing to do, and there was nothing to eat. I looked through the little closet and took up every dish over and over to see if there was not just a wee bit of bread hidden somewhere. That was when we sold Mr. Defoe's book. We sold everything but the clothes we had on. The baker would not give us another crumb, he said, until we had paid for every loaf that we had had. We owed for two weeks' rent, and the landlady said we must leave the next day. Father came up and told us. Then he sat with his head hanging down as if he could never lift it up. Mother put her arm close around me. At last father looked at her and said, "It was a sad day for you, Mary, when you married me. I have tried my best and I have failed.

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

There is nothing for us now but to go out on the streets and starve." Just then we heard tramping on the stairs. The door was thrown open and the baker and an officer came in. "That's the man," the baker cried, and pointed to father. "Look at him now, will you! I work hard from morning till night, and he sits here amusing himself with his family as if he was quality. I'll not feed him and his lazy folks any longer. He owes me three and six, and he'll lie in the Fleet till he pays every farthing of it, he will." "And he owes me, he owes me two weeks' rent," the landlady screamed, for she had heard what was going on and had come up the stairs as fast as she could. "He'll not stay here twenty-four hours longer." "That he won't," said the baker, "for he's going straight to the prison." "And I've lost my rent!" the landlady almost shrieked. "Do you get out of my house!" she cried to mother, and shook her fist at her. Mother did not seem to hear her at all, she was just looking at father. She threw her arms around his neck, but the officer pulled her away. "None of that!" he said. "We've no time for any kissing and love-making to-day," and in a minute he had taken father away with him. Then the landlady began again. "Put on your bonnets," she screamed, "and your fine clothes, if you are such gentlefolks. You're too good to go about with me and my girl, but you're not too good to live upon me." "But we have nowhere to go to-night," said mother, and her voice was as quiet and gentle as it is when she speaks to father and me. "Won't you allow

BESSIE CLINTON OF LONDON

us to stay here just one more week? There must be work somewhere that I can do, and I will try so hard to find it." "No, I won't," declared the landlady; "you get out this minute." "But surely you will not turn us into the street to-night. See, it is almost dark; won't you let us stay just until morning? You would not be able to rent the rooms to-night." "No, more 's the pity," the woman grumbled. "I ought to have sent you packing two weeks ago, and then they 'd be bringing me in two shillings a week. I always was a soft-hearted fool. I suppose you 'll stay till morning; but if you 're not out of this house before the bell strikes ten, you 'll go to the prison, too." Then she slammed the door and went downstairs.

Mother and I sat there and did not speak. It grew darker and darker. I put my head in her lap, and I was so tired and hungry that I fell asleep. It seemed as if I had slept a long while when steps on the stair woke me. I heard the door flung open, and some one called, "Mary! Bessie! where are you?" It was father.

Father told us that when they came to the prison they met two gentlemen who seemed to have just come out. Both of them had kind, good faces; but one was very tall and handsome and walked like a soldier. That was my dear Governor Oglethorpe. They stopped and looked at father a moment, and he heard the other man say softly, "Colonel, if I mistake not, here is one of the very sort." The Governor replied, "True.

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

Supposing we were to make a beginning right here, an earnest of what we mean to do for many men a little later?" Then he asked the officer if they might speak with his prisoner for a few minutes. The baker grumbled, but the officer touched his cap and said, "Whatever your honor pleases." They took father one side and asked him all about what he owed, where he used to live, and how he came to be in such need. They were so kind and friendly that he told them everything. They asked him how he would like to cross the ocean and go to a new country, have land and a house freely given him. The baker caught what they were saying and he burst in with, "Indeed, you'll not take my debtor out of the country before my very eyes. I'll have my three and six for all the fine gentlemen in London." "He owes you three and six, then?" asked the Governor; "and is there any way for him to pay it if he is in jail?" "No," growled the baker; "but I'll not have him free to go about and enjoy himself." "But you would like to have your money. Is there not more chance of your getting it if you allow him to go to a new country where he can have work? There are thousands of men in London who cannot find anything to do, and even if they succeed they have but a shilling a day. In America a man can earn three shillings." "Yes, I stay here and toil and moil and let him go off to America to be a rich man! I'll do no such thing. Perhaps your honor will pay the little debt?" Governor Oglethorpe said, "No, I shall not pay it. Listen to me. If you put



OGLETHORPE

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

this man in prison you get nothing; if you allow him to go where he can find work you will probably get your money. Which do you choose?" The baker thought a while, then he snarled out, "Take him if you want him," and went away grumbling.

Governor Oglethorpe told father more about the new country. He said the settlers would not have an easy life; that land would be given them, but a large part of it was covered with trees, and much hard work must be done before it would be fit for planting. "We will give you provisions for a year and tools to work with, and we will help you to build yourself a house," he said; "but you will have to meet much hardship. There is danger, too. It may be that we shall not succeed in gaining the friendship of the Indians; and, moreover, Georgia will be the colony nearest to the Spaniards of Florida. There must be military drill; there must be long nights of watching; there may be fighting, and possibly even death. On the other hand, the soil is so rich that it yields a hundred-fold if you barely scratch the ground. The woods are alive with game and the rivers with fish. The first years will be full of hard work, it is true; but it will be for yourself and your family. You will call no one master, and there will be no prison for honest men."

Father told him he would be only too glad to go. Then the Governor said he thought he could arrange matters so he would not have to go into the jail even for the night. He

BESSIE CLINTON OF LONDON

asked more about what father could do, and at last he said, "The vessel will not sail for some months yet, but we have need of much assistance. Come to me to-morrow morning and I think I can find work for you. Perhaps it would be better to pay you your first day's wages to-night," and he gave him three shillings. "I am not often mistaken in a man," he said, "and I do not believe it will be long before you will be the hirer instead of the hired." He went back into the jail, and very soon a man came out and told the officer to let father go.

Oh, we were so glad to have him with us again! We could n't talk of anything but America and what we should do when we were once in Georgia. Father worked for Governor Oglethorpe till November. Then we went to Gravesend and came on board the vessel with the other settlers. By and by some of the trustees came to see us, and they told us that Governor Oglethorpe had decided to go with us, and that he would stay in Georgia until we were settled and comfortable. Every one was delighted, for he is so good to us that we all love him. Just think, he is a rich man, and he has a beautiful home in England, and he has left it to come to Georgia with us! He planned it all and got the money to pay for our coming. I know now how horrible the prison is, and what should we have done if father had had to go there! They put thieves and pirates and murderers into the same room with men who have lost money trying to help some one else, as he did. If the debtors will not give presents to the warden, some-

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

times he puts heavy irons on their legs so tight that the poor men are lame all the rest of their lives. Sometimes he screws iron collars about their necks until their eyes almost start out of their heads. One of Governor Oglethorpe's own friends was shut up there because he owed some money. He would n't make presents to the warden, and so he was put into a place where there was smallpox, and he took it and died. When Governor Oglethorpe knew about it he determined to do something to aid people who could not help being poor. He told Parliament how prisoners were treated, and then he told them about his plan to carry some poor families to America, give them land, and help them make homes for themselves. Parliament gave him ten thousand pounds, and a great many other people gave besides. Thomas Penn, who is governor of a Quaker colony in America, sent a gift of one hundred pounds. Governor Oglethorpe has been so good to us on the ship. He brought his own food aboard, but he has not kept it for himself; whenever people were sick he always carried them some of his good things, and most of the way he had the same food that we did. We have been on the water seven weeks, and the Governor says he hopes that in a week more we shall come to Charleston.

I asked mother if she thought it was foolish to write to a make-believe sister, and she said no, she was glad I was doing it. She told me to write just as much as I could, so that when I was ever so much older and had forgotten about these days,

BESSIE CLINTON OF LONDON

I could read what I had written. As if I could ever forget about Governor Oglethorpe's saving my father from that dreadful prison and bringing us to America!

There's something else that makes me happy besides coming to Georgia and knowing Alice: my back doesn't ache nearly so much as it used to, and I've really walked a long way alone on the deck two or three times.

Alice has promised to be my sister always; but I shan't ever forget my dear make-believe sister, and I shall write you a long, long letter by and by.

XXIII

A Third Letter from Bessie Clinton to "Sister Margaret"

Savannah in Georgia,

March 10, 1734.

WE are in our own house, and no one can turn us out for not paying the rent. There is so much to tell that I hardly know where to begin. Alice — she has just come in — says begin anywhere, only don't forget to put her in.

We have been in Georgia more than a year. Oh, we did so long to see the land, and those last days on the boat I felt as if I could n't wait. Alice and I used to get just as far up in the bow as we could and watch and watch. Alice's father laughed at us, and asked if we thought we had better eyes than the lookout. I am sure we looked as closely as any one could, but he called out, "Land ahead!" before we dreamed that it was anywhere near. Even then I did not really believe it was shore, for it did not look anything like the cliffs of England. It was only a long, low, bluish cloud just above the water. Alice and I both thought it looked a good deal more like a London fog than like good firm land that we could stand on;

BESSIE CLINTON OF SAVANNAH

but we watched it just the same, and after a while we could see that the upper part was darker than the lower. Then the upper part began to look green and the lower part yellow, and we had to believe that our London fog was made up of trees and sandy shore. The ship anchored, for we were not far from Charleston. Away up the bay, or river, we could see houses. The land is so low that they looked as if they were floating on the water. Governor Oglethorpe called us together on deck, and we all kneeled down while Mr. Herbert, our chaplain, prayed and thanked God that we had had a safe



CHARLESTON IN 1742

voyage and were come to the land where every honest man might find work and a home. Then the Governor went ashore to see the Governor of South Carolina. The next morning the king's pilot came aboard to show us the way to Beaufort.

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

Governor Oglethorpe and some gentlemen from Charleston went on farther to choose a place for our settlement. It was funny enough to watch the people go ashore. We had been on the water so long that they staggered when they stepped out of the little boats, and some of them could not walk much better than I. I did n't have to try to walk, for Alice's father and mine lifted me up and carried me ashore. There were some settlers in Beaufort, and they all came out to welcome us.

It did not seem at all like coming to a strange land. The Charleston people had n't ever seen us, but they sent word that they had a present for us and would forward it as soon as we had chosen a place for a town. You would never guess what it was: it was twenty barrels of rice, a great herd of cattle, and pigs enough to give one apiece to half the families in the settlement. The Beaufort people were as friendly as if they had always known us. After Governor Oglethorpe came back, we all had a feast together; for he gave us turkeys and fowls and hogs and beef, a big supply of wine, and a whole hogshead of beer.

The Governor told us a little about the place where we were to live. He said it would be called Savannah because it was on the Savannah River. The bank, he said, was steep and high, and there were woods on both sides of the river for a great many miles. There were Indians two or three miles away, but he thought they would be friendly. I did so want

BESSIE CLINTON OF SAVANNAH

to see an Indian, but I never expected to sit on the same bench with one in church.

We were all in a hurry to get to Savannah, and as soon as the feast was over we went on board a sloop and some peria-guas — that's a queer sort of boat, flat-bottomed and so narrow that it can go anywhere — and went up the Savannah River. I wondered whether our own old home, that I cannot remember, was any more beautiful than Georgia. The water was so blue and the sunshine so bright that I don't believe Robinson Crusoe's island was half so delightful. It was January then, and so there were no flowers; but I could see masses of jasmine vines that some one at Beaufort had told mother would soon be all ablaze with the sweetest yellow blossoms she could imagine. There were evergreen trees of ever so many kinds, and a soft gray moss hung from their branches. After a while we came to a smooth, white, sandy beach. It looked so clean and hard that I said I wished I could walk on it. "So you can," said Alice. "Look! the sloop is steering towards it, and there is the high bank, and there are the woods on both sides of the river, just as Governor Oglethorpe said. It is surely Savannah." And so it was.

I was so glad we were there, and yet I could n't help feeling strange and lonesome. If there had been just one person who was glad to see us, it would have been different; but the land did not look as if it cared to have us dig it up and cut its trees down. Everything was growing as if it had a right

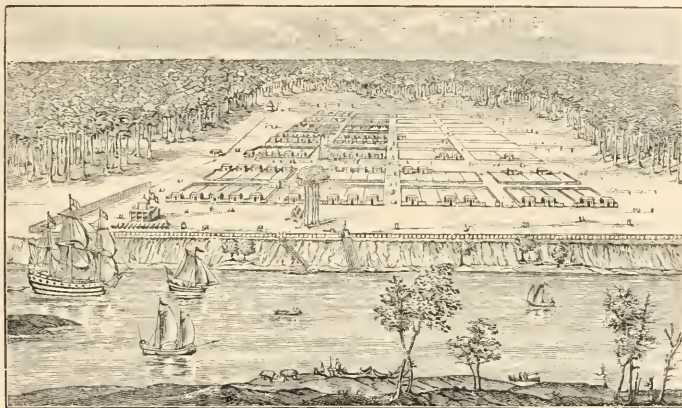
LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

to its own place and there was no room for us. Governor Oglethorpe thinks there will be a great city here some day; but when we were in the boats and looked up at the bluff over our heads, it did not seem as if there would ever be even the tiniest little village.

I wonder what I should have done if some one had said, "Now, Bessie, begin your settlement." But Governor Oglethorpe seemed to know what to do without stopping to think, and we were no sooner at the top of the bluff than he called, "Now men, there is work for every one. It will soon be night, and we must have shelter. Tents first." The tents had been rolled in tight bundles, and it did not seem any time at all before four had been put up. "They are for the mothers and the little children," the Governor said. "Those are our palaces. Now for the cottages." He had brought some workmen with him from Charleston to help us and teach our men, for a good many of them did not seem to have any idea how to use an axe or a saw. They all went to work, however, and tried their very best. Some of them cut down big boughs from the trees for forked poles. The boys trimmed off the little branches with hatchets. Then the men drove them into the ground in couples a little way apart, each couple twenty or thirty feet from the next, and laid other poles across them, resting in the crotches. All this time the little boys were gathering dry leaves and twigs for the fires, and mother and the other women were hard at work cooking and opening the great

BESSIE CLINTON OF SAVANNAH

bundles of blankets. They spread these over the poles, and there were the shelters. Before dark there were enough of these shelters for us all, and we were glad to lie down under them and go to sleep. Governor Oglethorpe had had a great



SAVANNAH IN 1731

watchfire kindled, and that was bright and cheery; but you do not know how strange it seemed to lie there on the ground with the fire blazing and the stars blinking down through the trees. Governor Oglethorpe posted sentinels; but once, when I woke in the night, I saw him walking around the camp. When he came near us the firelight shone on his face, and I thought I had never seen any one look so happy. If I were a man, I should want to be just such an one as he is.

The next morning there was plenty of work for everybody, and how things did whirl! Every one but me seemed to have

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

something to do. I suppose I looked forlorn, for Governor Oglethorpe called, "What is the matter, Bessie? Do you wish you were in England?" I said "No, but I wish I could do something to help." "I'll find you some work," he cried over his shoulder, and hurried on to the shore where they were building a crane to lift the goods from the boats up the bluff. The Governor never forgets, and pretty soon one of the boys brought me a basket of seeds of different kinds, and said they had got mixed, and Governor Oglethorpe wanted me to pick them over and put those of a kind together. I was so glad to do something that would help, and not be the only idle one in Savannah. When the men were well started at unloading the boats, the Governor left them and began to mark out where the town was to be. As he went by me he said, "Happy now, aren't you? That will save a good deal of time by and by." He really made me feel as if the little bit that I had done would help ever and ever so much in building the city. Just as soon as the town was marked out, the men began to cut down trees; and every little while I could hear some great tree fall to the ground. The saws were buzzing all the time, cutting boards and timbers, and it was only a little more than a week before half of the ground where the city was to be had been cleared and the first house begun.

Of course our gracious king had given Governor Oglethorpe the land for our colony, but he meant to make sure that the Indians were willing, so, as soon as everybody was at

BESSIE CLINTON OF SAVANNAH

work and knew just what to do next, he started to go up the river where there was a little Indian village two or three miles away. An Indian woman who had married an English trader went with him as interpreter. We all went to the top of the bluff to see him start. He waved his hat and bowed, and we shouted, "Good-by! Good luck!" Then the men began to row, and the workmen all hurried away to get as much done as they could before he came back. Alice said she wished she could have gone instead of the Indian woman, and her father has called her his "little squaw" ever since.

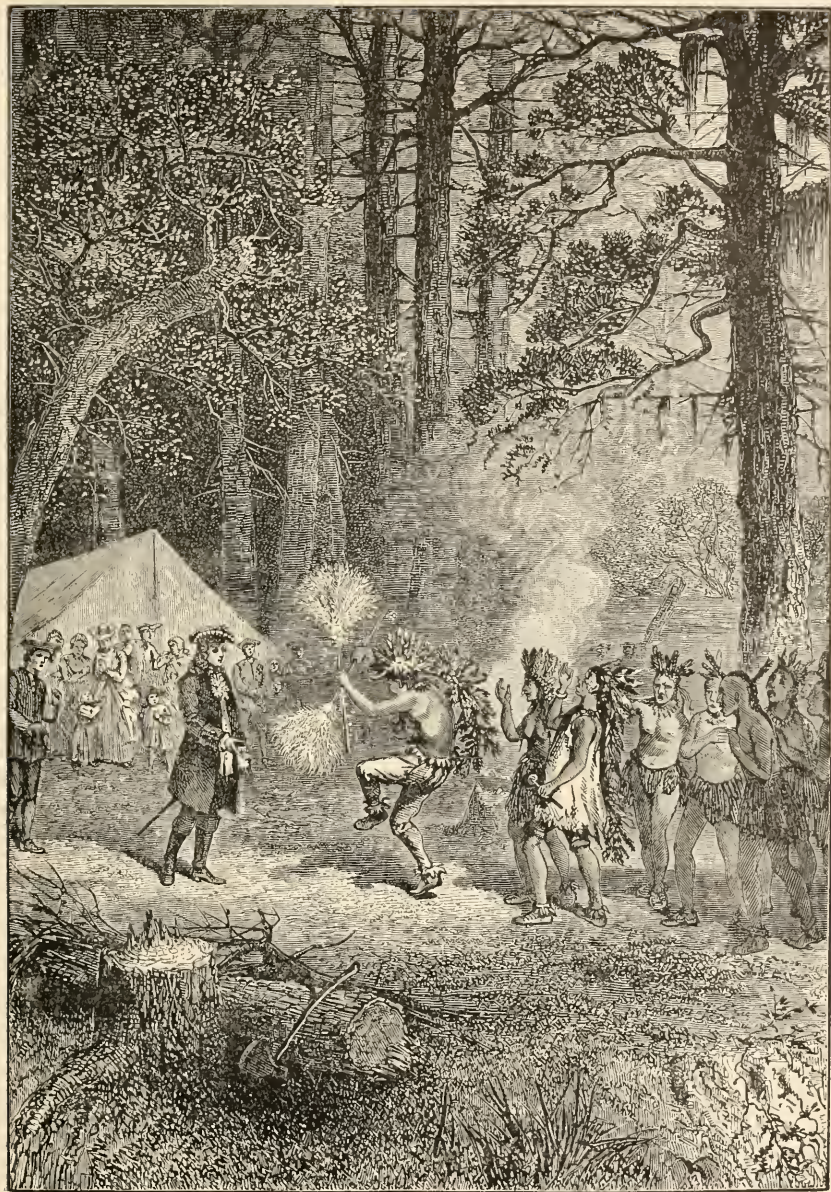
You cannot think how lonesome it seemed while the Governor was gone. Some of the people call him "Father Oglethorpe," and it really felt almost as if a father had gone away. It was about sunset when he came back, and we were glad enough to see him. As soon as he was fairly up the bank, we all gathered around him and asked how the Indians had behaved. "They welcomed me like a brother," he replied. "The chief, or Mico, is Tomo-chi-chi. They say he is ninety years old, but he does not seem more than sixty. We greeted each other. Then I told him that I and some of my people had come to his country to live, that we hoped he would not be sorry, but that we should buy and sell of each other and always be good friends. He nodded gravely, then he said, 'I am glad that you have come. The Englishmen are wiser than the red men. The Great Father has given more knowledge to them than to us. We wish to be like you, to be subjects of

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

the same king, to be with you as brothers. We wish to have lands among your lands, to send our children to learn with your children. We wish to learn what the Great Father has taught you.' Then he brought forward a bright-faced little boy and said, 'This is Tooanhowi. He is the son of my brother. When I am gone he will be chief of my tribe.' He said that his tribe was small, but that there were two other tribes not far away that were large and powerful. He will arrange for some of their chief men to come here to meet me."

I wanted so much to see an Indian before we came, but I did feel a little bit afraid when canoes full of Indians began to come down the river and the men landed just below our bluff. They marched straight into the settlement and asked for "the Great Man." I should not have felt afraid if he had been here, but he had gone to Charleston. The Indians said nothing, but went off a little way, built some wigwams, and evidently meant to wait till he had come back. There were at least fifty of them, and I think more men than were on guard kept awake that night.

Governor Oglethorpe came the next day and went right to their camp. Father said he greeted those Indians as if they were princes, and asked them to hold a council with him. They went into one of our new houses. There was not much room for any one else, but a few of our people were there, and my father was one of them. It was two or three hours



OGLETHORPE RECEIVING THE INDIANS

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

before they came out. We could hear them talking, but we could not tell what was said. When it was all over, the Indians walked away in single file. Governor Oglethorpe came out first, and then the others, bringing some great bundles and a skin of shaggy brown fur. When father came, he declared he would rather have seen that meeting than the opening of Parliament and the Lord Mayor's procession, too. He said that after the Indians were all seated, the Governor told them just what he had told Tomo-chi-chi, that he wanted to be good friends with them, to have some of their land, and to trade with them. Then he sat down. For a little while no one spoke. Then a handsome Indian, almost tall enough to be a giant, rose and made a speech. "We are ignorant," he said, "but the same Great Spirit made both us and you. We believe that He has sent you to teach us, and therefore we give you freely all the land that we ourselves do not need. We are from the eight towns of our tribe. Our wealth is in buckskins, and each town has sent you a roll of them." Then he laid eight bundles of skins at the Governor's feet.

Tomo-chi-chi had brought his gift, too. He held up the skin of a buffalo, painted on the inside with the head and feathers of an eagle, and said, "Here is a little present. The English are swift like the eagle, for they can fly over the vast seas. They are strong like the buffalo, for nothing can withstand them. The feathers of the eagle are soft, and signify love; the skin of the buffalo is warm, and signifies protection;

BESSIE CLINTON OF SAVANNAH

therefore I hope that you will love and protect our little families." After that they talked about trading and made a list of prices. A gun is to cost ten buckskins; sixty bullets, one buckskin; an axe or a hoe, two; a brass kettle, one buckskin a pound. Then the Governor made his presents. He gave every chief a laced coat and a hat and a shirt. To the other great folk of the tribe he gave either a gun with ammunition or else a mantle of coarse, heavy cloth. Every one had some gift, and father said they seemed delighted enough when they said farewell.

Tomo-chi-chi and his Indians are so near that they come to see us very often. Just as soon as he could, Governor Oglethorpe had a place set off to teach the children, and Tooanhowi came every day to learn "what the white boys learn," as he said. He and his uncle both come to church every Sunday. Father thinks Tomo-chi-chi is about as wise as any white man he ever saw. He certainly knows how to make his Indians do what he wishes. One day not long after the council a Charleston boatman got drunk and beat an Indian named Fonseca. "Tie him to a cannon till he is sober," said the Governor, "and then he must be whipped." "No, do not whip him," Tomo-chi-chi pleaded. "If Fonseca, too, asks for his pardon he shall not be whipped," said the Governor. Then Tomo-chi-chi went to the Indian who had been beaten and urged him to ask for the man's pardon. "No," declared Fonseca, "he beat me. Let the Great Man beat him." Then the chief said, "But, Fonseca,

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN

you like to get drunk, too, and when you are drunk you quarrel. Some day you will quarrel with an Englishman and beat him; and then, if this man is beaten now, the Governor will say you must be beaten." Then Fouseka agreed to beg that the man might be pardoned, and they asked the Governor to let them untie him.

My dear make-believe sister, Alice has read this letter and she declares that I have left out all the things that I ought to have put in. She says I certainly ought to write about the public garden that Governor Oglethorpe has laid out, where he planted pears and apples and olives; and in the warmest part coffee, cotton, and cocoanuts, to see if they would not grow here. She says, too, that I ought to say that the Governor lived in a tent under four great pine trees for almost a year, and that even now his house is not nearly so good as the others; that I must not leave out the rattlesnakes, the mosquitoes that bite through buckskin, and the alligators that stare at the boats, or lie with their noses just above the water, swallowing whatever floats into their mouths, even bits of wood. Father asked if I had put in anything about the drill, and said I must be sure to write what good soldiers the men are becoming, and that we should not be the least bit afraid now even if the Spaniards did come up from Florida and try to "wipe out the English," as they say they will. He says, too, that I must not forget to tell how much wine we hope to make before many years have gone, and how rich we expect


BESSIE CLINTON OF SAVANNAH

to become from that and from raising silkworms. I did not forget the silkworms, but I kept them until the last, because that is the very best of all, except one other thing. Governor Oglethorpe knew before we came that mulberry trees grow wild here, and so he brought silkworms; and he thinks it will not be long before we can send thousands of pounds' worth of silk to England. He brought a family of Italians to Georgia to teach us how to take care of the worms and wind the silk; and, even if I am a helpless little lame girl, I can take care of silkworms as well as any one. The other thing, the very best of all, is that maybe I shall not always be a "helpless little lame girl." A good many people have been here to visit our colony, and last week Governor Oglethorpe brought one of them to our house to show him my silkworms. He hardly looked at them, but began to ask me about my being lame. He asked at least a score of questions, and he looked pleased with everything I said. He went away that night; but Governor Oglethorpe told father in the morning that his friend was a very skillful physician. "He expects to come here again within a year," he said, "and he told me he was almost sure that he could cure the lameness of the 'little silky girl,' as he called her." There can never be anything better than that to put into a letter, so I'll not write another word.

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